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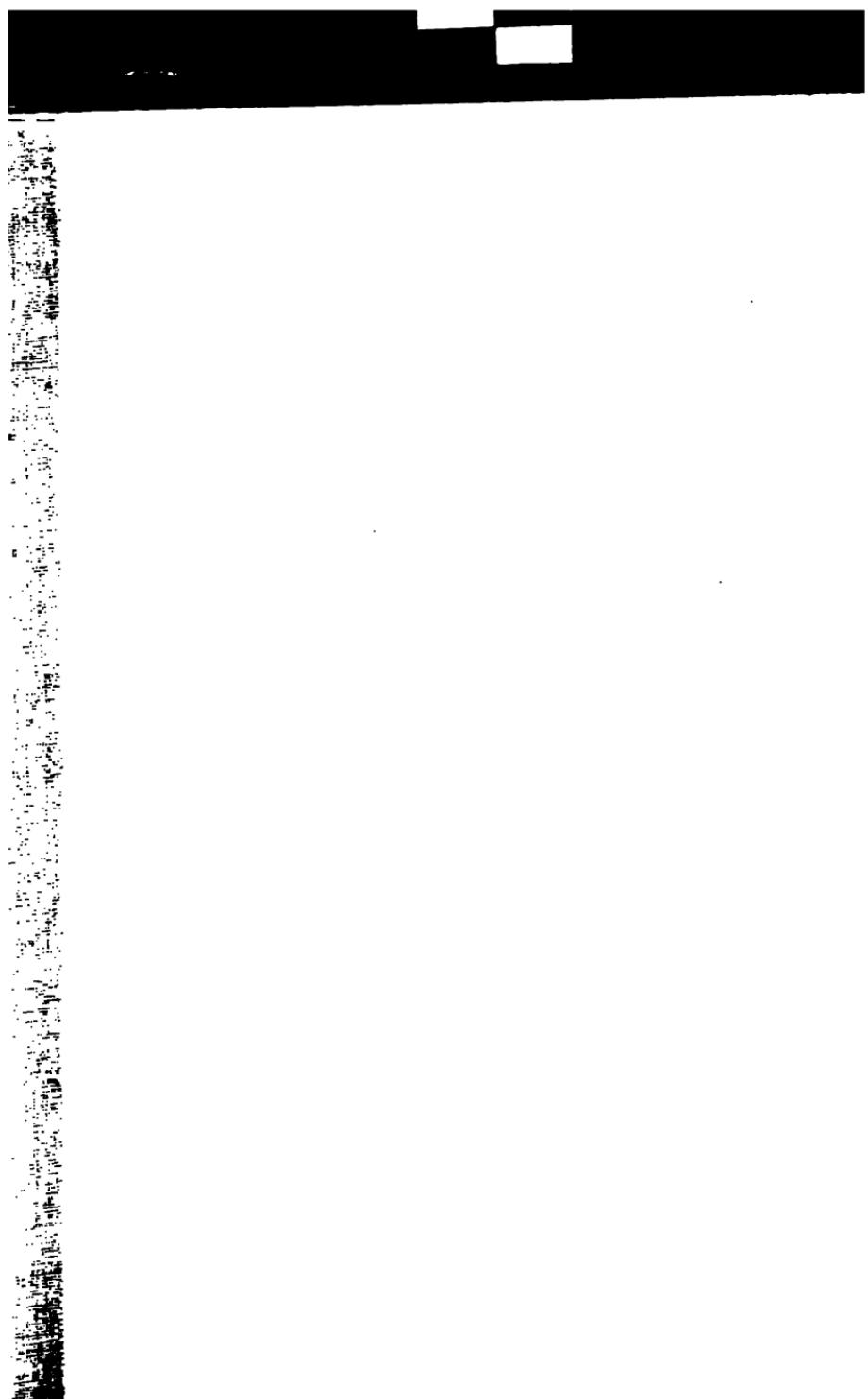
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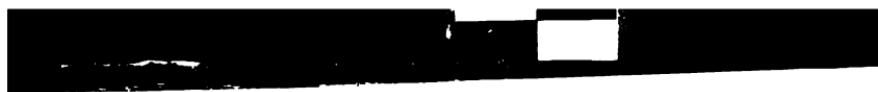
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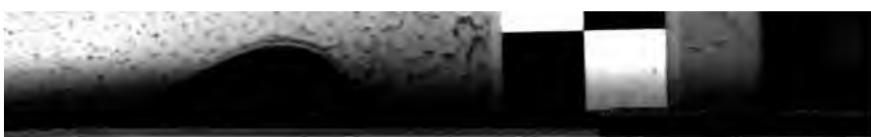
HISTORY OF THE DRAMA
AND
GENERAL CRITICISM
INDEX OF CHARACTERS
BIBLIOGRAPHY











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**History of the Drama
♦ Index to Characters ♦ Bibliography ♦**

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Hudson, Worcester, Boston,
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**AN HISTORICAL SKETCH
OF THE
ENGLISH DRAMA BEFORE
SHAKESPEARE**





AN HISTORICAL SKETCH
OF THE
**ENGLISH DRAMA BEFORE
SHAKESPEARE**

By REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL. D.

CHAPTER I.

MIRACLE - PLAYS.

THE English Drama, as we have it in Shakespeare, was the slow growth of several centuries. Nor is it clearly traceable to any foreign source: it appears to have been an original and independent growth, the native and free product of the soil; not a mere revival, or reproduction, or continuation of what had existed somewhere else. This position will be found very material when we approach the subject of structure and form; for it evidently infers that the Drama in question is not amenable to any ancient or foreign jurisdiction; that it stands on independent ground, has a life and spirit of its

An Historical Sketch

own, is to be viewed as a thing by itself, and judged according to the peculiar laws under which it grew and took its shape. That is, it had just as good a right to differ from any other Drama as any other had, from it.

The ancient Drama, that which grew to perfection and, so far as is known, had its origin in Greece, is universally styled the Classic Drama. By what term to distinguish the modern Drama of Europe, writers are not fully agreed. Within a comparatively recent period, it has received from high authorities the title of the Romantic Drama. A much more appropriate title, as it seems to us, suggested by its Gothic original and used by earlier and perhaps equally good authorities, is that of the Gothic Drama. Such, accordingly, is the term by which we shall distinguish it in these pages. The fitness of the name, it is thought, will be seen at once from the fact that the thing was an indigenous and self-determined outgrowth from the Gothic mind under Christian culture. Of course, the term naturally carries the idea that the Drama in question stands on much the same ground, relatively to the Classic Drama, as is commonly recognized in the case of Gothic and Classic architecture. We can thus the better realize that each Drama forms a distinct species by itself, so that any argument or criticism urged from the rules of the ancient against the modern is wholly impertinent.

The Gothic Drama, as it fashioned itself in dif-

ferent nations of modern Europe, especially in England and Spain, where it grew up and reached perfection simultaneously and independently, has certain not inconsiderable varieties. Upon the reason and nature of the variations we cannot enlarge: suffice it to say that they do not reach beyond mere points of detail; so that their effect is to approve all the more forcibly the strength of the common principles which underlie and support them. These principles cover the whole ground of difference from the Classic Drama. The several varieties, therefore, of the Gothic Drama may be justly regarded as bearing concurrent testimony to a common right of freedom from the jurisdiction of ancient rules.

Of the origin and progress of the Drama in England our limits will permit only a brief sketch, not more than enough, perhaps not enough, to give a general idea on the subject. Ample materials for the work are furnished to our hand in Warton's *History of English Poetry* and Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, so that the only merit or demerit we can claim is in so selecting and condensing the matter as may best agree with our judgment and our space.

In England, as in the other Christian nations where it can be regarded as at all original, the Drama was of ecclesiastical origin, and for a long time was used only as a means of diffusing among the people a knowledge of the leading facts and doctrines of Christianity as then understood and received. Of course, therefore, it was in substance

and character religious, or meant to be so, and had the clergy for its authors and founders. Nevertheless, we cannot admit the justice of Coleridge's remark on the subject. "The Drama," says he, "re-commenced in England, as it first began in Greece, in religion. The people were unable to read,— the priesthood were unwilling that they should read; and yet their own interest compelled them not to leave the people wholly ignorant of the great events of sacred history. They did that, therefore, by scenic representations which in after ages it has been attempted to do in Roman Catholic countries by pictures."

Surely, it is of consequence to bear in mind that at that time "the people" had never been able to read: printing had not been heard of in Europe; books were with great difficulty multiplied, and could not be had but at great expense; so that it was impossible "the people" should be able to read; and while there was a simple impossibility in the way, it is not necessary to impute an unwillingness. Nor does there seem to be any good reason for supposing that the priesthood, in their simplicity of faith, were then at all apprehensive or aware of any danger in the people being able to read. Probably they worked, as honest men, with the best means they could devise: they endeavoured to clothe the most needful of all instruction in such forms, to mould it up with such arts of recreation and pleasure, as might render it interesting and

attractive to the popular mind. In all which they seem to have merited any thing but an impeachment of their motives. However, what seems best worth the noting here is, the large share which those early dramatic representations had in shaping the culture of old England, and in giving to the national mind its character and form. And perhaps later ages, and ourselves as the children of a later age, are more indebted to those rude labours of the Clergy in the cause of religion, than we are aware, or might be willing to acknowledge.

In its course through several ages, the Drama took different forms from time to time, as culture advanced. The earliest form was in what are commonly called *Mysteries*, though the older and better term is, *Plays of Miracles*, or *Miracle-plays*. These were founded, for the most part, on the events of Scripture, though the apocryphal gospels and legends of saints and martyrs were sometimes drawn upon for subjects or for embellishments. In these performances no regard was paid to the rules of natural probability; for, as the operation of the Divine power was assumed, this was treated as a sufficient ground or principle of credibility in itself. Hence, indeed, the name *Marvels*, *Miracles*, or *Miracle-plays*, by which they were commonly known.

The earliest instance that we can refer to of a *Miracle-play* in England was near the beginning of the twelfth century. Matthew Paris, in his *Lives of the Abbots*, written as early as 1240, informs us

that Geoffrey, Abbot of St. Albans, while he was yet a secular person brought out the Miracle-play of St. Katharine at Dunstable; and that for the needed decorations he sought and obtained certain articles "from the Sacristy of St. Albans." Geoffrey, who was from the University of Paris, was then teaching a school at Dunstable, and the play was performed by his scholars. On the following night, his house was burnt, together with the borrowed articles; which he regarded as a judgment of Heaven, and thereupon assumed a religious habit. Warton thinks the performance to have been about 1110; but we learn from Bulæus that Geoffrey became Abbot of St. Albans in 1119; and all that can with certainty be affirmed is, that the play was performed before he took on him a religious character: it may have been somewhat earlier or somewhat later than 1110. Bulæus also informs us that the thing was not then a novelty; but that it was customary for teachers and scholars to get up such exhibitions.

Our next piece of information on the subject is from the *Life of Thomas à Becket*, by William Fitzstephen, as quoted in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1599. Becket died in 1170, and the Life was probably written about twelve years after that event. Fitzstephen gives a description of London and, after referring to the public amusements of ancient Rome, he continues thus: "In lieu of such theatrical shows and performances of the stage, London has plays

of a more sacred kind, representing the miracles which holy confessors have wrought, or the sufferings whereby the firmness of martyrs has been displayed."

It appears that about the middle of the next century itinerant actors were well known; for one of the regulations found in the *Burton Annals* has the following, under the date of 1258: "Actors may be entertained, not because they are actors, but because of their poverty; and let not their plays be seen, nor heard, nor the performance of them allowed, in the presence of the Abbot or the monks." There was some difference of opinion among the clergy as to the lawfulness of such exhibitions; and in an Anglo-French poem written about this time they are censured with much sharpness, and the using of them is restricted to certain places and persons. An English version, or rather paraphrase, of this poem was made by Robert Brunne in 1303. The writer sets forth, among other things, what pastimes are allowed to "a clerk of order," declaring it lawful for him to perform Miracle-plays of the birth and resurrection of Christ in churches, but a sin to witness them "on the highways or greens." He also reproves the practice, then not uncommon, of aiding the performance of Miracle-plays by lending horses or harness from the monasteries, and especially declares it sacrilege if a priest or clerk lend the hallowed vestments for such a purpose.

The doctrine of transubstantiation seems to have been especially fruitful in this kind of performances. The festival of *Corpus Christi*, designed for the furthering of this doctrine, was instituted by Pope Urban IV. in 1264. Within a few years from that date, Miracle-plays were annually performed at Chester during Whitsuntide: they were also introduced at Coventry, York, Durham, Lancaster, Bristol, Cambridge, and divers other towns; so that the thing became a sort of established usage throughout the kingdom. A considerable variety of subjects, especially such as relate to the incarnation, the passion, and the resurrection of the Saviour, was embraced in the plan of these exhibitions; the purpose being, if we may credit Robert Brunne, to extend an orthodox belief in those fundamental verities of our religion.

A very curious specimen of the plays that grew out of the *Corpus Christi* festival was discovered in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, the manuscript being certainly as old, it is said, as the reign of Edward IV. For our knowledge of it we are indebted to Mr. Collier, who says "it is perhaps the only specimen of the kind in our language." It is called *The Play of the Blessed Sacrament*, and is founded on a miracle alleged to have been wrought in the forest of Arragon, in 1461. The scene of action was doubtless imaginary, and the legend much older than the date assigned; the time of the miracle being drawn down near that of the representa-

tion, in order that the spectators might be the more impressed with the reality of the events. In form, it closely resembles the Miracle-plays founded on Scripture; our Saviour being, as was common in such plays, one of the characters: the others are five Jews, a bishop, a priest, a Christian merchant, a physician, and his servant. The merchant, having the key of the church, steals away the Host, and sells it to the Jews for £100, under a promise that they will become Christians, in case they find its miraculous powers verified. They then put the Host to various tests. Being stabbed with their daggers, it bleeds, so that one of the Jews goes mad at the sight. They next attempt nailing it to a post, when one of them has his hand torn off as he goes to driving the nails; whereupon the doctor and his man come in to dress the wound, but, after a long comic scene betwixt them, are driven out as quacks and impostors. The Jews then proceed to boil the Host, but the water forthwith turns blood-red. Finally, they cast it into a heated oven, which presently bursts asunder, and an image of the Saviour rises and addresses the Jews, who make good their promise on the spot. They kneel to the bishop; the merchant confesses his crime, declares his penitence, is admonished, and forgiven under a strict charge never again to buy or sell. The whole winds up with an epilogue from the bishop, enforcing the moral of the play, which of course turns on the doctrine of transubstantiation.

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There are several sets or series of Miracle-plays extant, the most notable of which are those known as the Towneley, the Coventry, and the Chester collections. The first includes thirty-two plays, and the manuscript is supposed to be as old as the time of Henry VI. The second consists of forty-three plays, said to have been performed at Coventry on the festival of *Corpus Christi*. The manuscript of them appears to have been written as early at least as the time of Henry VII. The third series, called Chester Whitsun Plays, numbers twenty-five. These are extant in three manuscripts, the oldest of which was made by Edward Gregory, who at the end calls himself "a scholar of Bunbury," and adds that the writing was finished in 1591.¹

Mr. Markland makes out a strong probability that Miracle-plays were first acted at Chester in 1268, only four years after the establishment of the *Corpus Christi* festival. From that time, they were repeated yearly, with some interruptions, till 1577. The Towneley series probably belonged to Widkirk Abbey: at what time they grew into use there and at Coventry is not certainly known. But we have abundant evidence that such exhibitions formed a regular part of English life in the

¹ The *York Plays*, probably written about 1340-50, are another important series. They have been edited, with Glossary and Notes, by Lucy Toulmin Smith (1885). See also Ward's *English Dramatic Literature*, revised ed. (1899), vol. I pp. 65-70.

reign of Edward III., which began in 1327. For Chaucer alludes to "plays of miracles" as things of common occurrence, and in *The Miller's Tale* he makes it a prominent feature of the parish clerk, "this Absolon, that joly was and gay," that he performed in them:—

"Sometime, to shew his lightnesse and maistrie,
He plaieth Herode on a skaffolde hie."

And in 1378, which was the first year of Richard II., the choristers of St. Paul's, London, petitioned the king to prohibit some ignorant persons from acting plays founded on Scripture, as conflicting with the interest of the clergy, who had incurred expense in getting up a set of plays on similar subjects. And we learn from Stowe that in 1391 the parish clerks of London performed a play at Skinner's Well, near Smithfield, which lasted three days, and was witnessed by the king, the queen, and nobles of the realm. Stowe also informs us that in 1409 there was a great play at the same place, "which lasted eight days, and was of matter from the creation of the world."

We have already spoken somewhat of the part which was taken by the clergy in these old dramatic performances. Something further on this point may well be added. It is recorded of Lydgate, monk of Bury, that he wrote a series of plays from the creation. And the register of the Guild of *Corpus Christi* at York, which was a religious

fraternity, mentions, in 1408, books of plays, various banners and flags, beards, wizards, crowns, dia-dems, and scaffolds, belonging to the society; which shows that its members were at that time concerned in the representation of Miracle-plays. It appears that a few years afterwards these performances, because of certain abuses attending them, were discontinued; but in 1426 William Melton, a friar, who is called "a professor of holy pageantry," preached several sermons in favour of them; and the result of his efforts was, that they were then made annual, suitable measures being taken for preventing the former disorders. But the best evidence as to the share the clergy had in these representations is furnished by the account-book of Thetford Priory from 1461 to 1540, which contains numerous entries of payments to players, and in divers cases expressly states that members of the convent assisted in the performances. These were commonly held two or three times a year: in 1531 there were five repetitions of them; after which time there are but three entries of plays wherein the members participated with the common actors; the old custom being broken up most likely by the progress of the Reformation. Further information on the subject is supplied by Dean Colet, who in 1511 delivered an *oratio ad clerum* at St. Paul's, in which he complains that the clergy lose themselves in bancketings and vain discourse, in *plays* and sports, in hawking and hunting; and he urges

them to study the laws and holy rules of the fathers, which forbid clergymen to be traders, usurers, hunters, *public players*, or soldiers.

The custom in question, however, was by no means universal. We have already seen that in 1391 and 1409 plays were acted by the parish clerks of London. In cities and large towns, these performances were generally in the hands of the trading companies. Our information touching the *Corpus Christi* plays at Coventry extends from 1416 to 1591; during which period there is no sign of the clergy having any share in them. The records of Chester also show that the whole business was there managed by laymen. And in 1487 a Miracle-play on the descent of Christ into hell was acted before Henry VII. by the charity boys of Hyde Abbey and St. Swithin's Priory. Long before this date, acting was taken up as a distinct profession, and regular companies of actors were formed; but of these we shall have to speak more hereafter.

That churches and chapels of monasteries were at first, and for a long time after, used as theatres, is very certain. The Anglo-French poem already referred to informs us that Miracle-plays were sometimes performed in churches and cemeteries, the clergy getting them up and acting in them. And Burnet tells us that Bishop Bonner as late as 1542 issued an order to his clergy, forbidding "all manner of common plays, games, or interludes to be played, set forth, or declared within their

churches and chapels." Nor was the custom wholly discontinued till some time after that; for in 1572 was printed a tract which has a passage inferring that churches were still sometimes used for such purposes. The author is remarking how the clergy read the service: "He again posteth it over as fast as he can gallop; for either he hath two places to serve, or else there are some games to be played in the afternoon, as lying for the whetstone, heathenish dancing for the ring, a bear or a bull to be baited, or else jack-an-apes to ride on horseback, or *an interlude to be played*; and if no place else can be gotten, it must be *done in the church*."

When plays were performed in the open air, temporary scaffolds or stages were commonly erected for the purpose; though in some cases the scaffold was set on wheels, so as to be easily moved from one part of the town to another. From an account of Chester, written in the time of Elizabeth, it appears that the structure there used had two stages, one above the other; the lower being closed in, to serve as a dressing-room for the actors; while the performance was on the upper stage where it could be seen by all the spectators. Sometimes the lower stage seems to have been used for hell, the devils rising out of it, or sinking into it, as occasion required. It is pretty evident, however, that in some of the plays more than one scaffold must have been used. And Mr. Collier thinks there can be no doubt, from some of the stage-directions in the

Towneley and Coventry plays, that two, three, and even four scaffolds were erected round a centre, the actors going from one to another across "the mid place," as the scene changed, or their several parts required.

As to the general character of the plays themselves, this may best be shown by brief analyses of some of them. Our specimens will be chiefly from the Towneley series, as these are the most ancient. The first play of the set includes the Creation, the revolt of Lucifer and his adherents, and their expulsion from heaven. It opens with a short address from the Deity, who then begins the creation, and, after a song by the cherubim, descends from the throne and retires; Lucifer usurps it, and asks his fellows how he appears. The good and bad angels have different opinions on the subject: the Deity soon returns, and ends the dispute by casting the rebels with their leader out of heaven. Adam and Eve are then created, and Satan ends the piece with a speech venting his envy of their happiness in Eden.

The second play relates to the killing of Abel. It is opened by Cain's plough-boy with a sort of prologue, in which he declares himself "a merry lad," and warns the spectators to be silent, wishing, if any one make a noise, "the devil hang him up to dry." Cain then enters with a plough and team, and quarrels with the boy for refusing to drive the team. Presently Abel comes in, and wishes God

may speed Cain, who meets his kind word with a very unmentionable request. The killing then proceeds, and is followed by the cursing of Cain; after which he calls the boy, and beats him "but to use his hand;" he owns the slaying of his brother, and the boy counsels flight, lest the bailiffs catch them. Next we have a course of buffoonery: Cain makes a mock proclamation in the king's name; the boy repeats it blunderingly after him, and is then sent off with the team; and the piece ends with a speech by Cain to the spectators, bidding them farewell for ever, before he goes to the devil.

The third of the series is occupied with the Deluge. After a lamentation from Noah on the sinfulness of the world, God is introduced, repenting that He has made man, telling Noah how to build the Ark, and blessing him and his. Noah's wife is an arrant shrew, and they fall at odds in the outset, both of them swearing by the Virgin Mary: she complains that he does nothing for the family. Noah begins and finishes the Ark on the spot, "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" then tells his wife what is coming, and invites her on board. His description of the flood is rather poetical; part of it may be rendered in modern English thus: "Behold the heavens! All the cataracts are opened, both great and small; the seven planets have left their stations; thunders and lightning strike down the strong halls, bowers, castles, and towers." Her ladyship stoutly refuses

to embark ; this brings on another flare-up ; he befriends her with a whip ; she resents that kindness, but comes off second best ; wishes herself a widow, and the same to all the other wives in the audience ; he exhorts all the husbands to break their wives in, lest they get broken in by them. At length harmony is restored by the intervention of the sons ; all go on board, and pass three hundred and fifty days talking about the weather ; a raven is sent out, then a dove ; they all debark, and there an end.

Two plays of the series are taken up with the Adoration of the Shepherds. After a soliloquy by the first shepherd on the uncertainty of human life, the second enters, and picks a quarrel with him ; then the third arrives on horseback, parts them, and tells them he never saw any act so but "the fools of Gotham :" thereupon they all become friends again, eat supper together, drink ale, sing songs, and go to sleep. While they are asleep, an angel announces to them the birth of Christ, and they, waking, see the star. The third shepherd refers to Isaiah and other prophets, and quotes Virgil, though not correctly ; the second objects to this display of learning ; and they hasten to Bethlehem, and make their offerings.

The next play is worthy of special notice, as being not a religious play at all, but a piece of broad comedy, approaching to downright farce, and having touches of rude wit and humour. The

An Historical Sketch

three shepherds, after talking awhile about their shrewish wives, are on the point of striking up a song, when an old acquaintance of theirs, named Mak, whose character for honesty is none of the best, comes amongst them. They suspect him of meditating some sly trick; so, on going to sleep, they take care to have him lie between them, lest he should play the wolf among their woolly subjects. While they are snoring, he steals out, helps himself to a fat sheep, and makes off with it, as he had often done before. His wife fears he may be snatched up and hanged; but her wit suggests a scheme, which is presently agreed upon, that she shall make as if she had just been adding a member to the family, and that the sheep shall be snugly wrapped up in the cradle. This done, Mak hastens back, and resumes his sleeping-posture, to avoid suspicion. In the morning, the shepherds wake much refreshed, one of them saying that he feels "as light as leaf on a tree;" but Mak pretends to have a crick in the neck from lying long in an uneasy position; and as they walk to the fold, he whips away home. They soon miss the sheep; swear by St. Thomas of Kent that they suspect Mak; go to his cottage; knock: he lets them in, tells them what his wife has been doing, and begs them not to disturb her: she joins in the request; and, as the least noise seems to go through her head, they are at first taken in: they ask to see the child before they go, and one of them offers to give

it sixpence: Mak tells them the child is asleep, and will cry badly if waked: still they press on; pull up the covering of the cradle, see their sheep, know it by the ear-mark; but the wife assures them it is a child, and that evil spirits have transformed it into what they see: this will not go, they are not to be gulled any further; they beat Mak till they are tired out; then lie down to rest; the star in the east appears, and the angel sings the *Gloria in excelsis*: then they proceed to Bethlehem, where they find the infant Saviour, and give Him, the first "a bob of cherries," the second a bird, the third a tennis ball.

No. 17, which represents the baptism of Christ, deserves mention, in that a passage relating to the seven sacraments of the Romish Church is crossed out, and the *number* of the sacraments erased; thus proving that the play was in use after the Reformation.

In the eighteenth play of the series, we have the Betrayal. Pilate with his burnished brand exacts silence, calling himself the grandsire of Mahound, and then goes to talking with Annas and Caiaphas about the miracles of Christ. Presently, Judas enters, offers to betray his Master, and accepts thirty pence in reward. Next, Christ is discovered eating the Paschal lamb in the house of a man named *Pater-Familias*. He foretells the betrayal; and *Trinitas*, who is a personification of the Trinity, comes in to tell Him that He must descend into

hell, to release Adam, Eve, the Prophets, etc. This is followed by the apprehension, which is accomplished by Pilate, and some knights whom he describes as "courteous Cæsars of Cain's kindred."

In the nineteenth play, Christ is carried, by two torturers, before Annas and Caiaphas, and the latter, enraged at His silence, breaks forth in divers insults, threatening to thrust out both His eyes, to put Him in the stocks, and to hang Him. By the advice of Annas, He is then sent before Pilate; and the piece ends with the torturers and a man named Froward-taunt beating Him.

No. 20 presents Christ on Pilate's scaffold, who makes a speech, avowing himself "full of subtlety, falsehood, guile, and treachery," and the friend of all that "use backbitings and slanderings." He refuses to sentence Christ, but secretly gives orders for the crucifixion while washing his hands. St. John carries the news to the Virgin and the other women; and at the close Christ enters bearing the cross, and foretelling the destruction of Jerusalem.

This brings us to No. 21, in which, after a speech from Pilate, reviling the audience, calling them "harlots, dastards, thieves, and michers," and telling them to keep still, the hands of Christ are bound, and the cross erected. The torturers then taunt and mock Him, speaking of Him as a king just going to ride in a tournament. This is followed by the nailing of Him to the cross; after which the torturers draw cuts for His garment.

At last, "a blind knight," Longius by name, being led in, thrusts a spear into the Saviour's side, when some blood flows upon his eyes, and their sight is immediately restored.

These four pieces, it would seem, were meant to be performed together; being, in effect, much the same as the several acts or scenes of a regular drama.

No. 23 sets forth the Descent into Hell. Adam sees the "gleam" of Christ's coming, and speaks of it to Eve and the Prophets, who sing for joy. Rybald, the porter of hell, calls in terror on Beelzebub to make ready for resistance; and divers fiends, together with "Sir Satan our sire," are summoned, while "watches are set on the walls." Satan, angry at being disturbed, threatens to knock out Beelzebub's brains. The devils refusing to open the gates, Christ exclaims, *Attollite portas*, and they forthwith burst. Satan from below orders the fiends to hurl him down: being answered "that is soon said," he then goes up from the pit of hell; Christ tells him He has come to fetch His own, and the Father hath sent Him. Satan then argues with Him on the injustice of releasing those already damned: his arguments failing, he begs Christ to release him also. Christ replies that He will leave him the company of Cain, Judas, Achitophel, and some others; and that such as obey His laws shall never come thither: whereat Satan rejoices, that hell will soon be more populous than ever, as he means to walk east and west, seducing mankind

into his service; but, Christ exclaiming, "Devil, I command thee to go down into thy seat, where thou shalt sit," he "sinks into hell-pit." Adam, Eve, Moses, and the Prophets, being then set free, conclude by singing *Te Deum laudamus*.

The Chester and Coventry plays, for the most part, closely resemble the Towneley series, both in the subjects and the manner of treating them; so that little would be gained for our purpose by dwelling much upon them. A portion, however, of the Coventry series, from the 8th to the 15th, inclusive, have certain peculiarities that call for special notice, as they show the first beginnings or buddings of a higher dramatic growth, which afterwards resulted in what are called Moral-plays. This part of the set all form, in effect, one piece, and, for our present purpose, may as well be so regarded. They relate to matters connected with the Saviour's birth, and are partly founded on an apocryphal gospel. One of the persons is named Contemplation, who, though having no part in the action, serves as speaker of prologues, and moralizes on the events. This, evidently, is an allegorical personage, that is, an abstract idea personified, such as afterwards grew into general use, and gave character to the stage-performances. And we have other allegorical personages, Verity, Justice, Mercy, and Peace.

The eighth play represents Joachim sorrowing that he has no child, and praying that the cause of his sorrow may be removed; Anna, his wife,

heartily joins with him, taking all the blame of their childlessness to herself. In answer to their prayers, an angel descends, to announce to them the birth of a daughter, who shall be called Mary. Next follows the presentation of Mary, which is done in dumb show, Contemplation remarking on what passes. Mary is represented "all in white, as a child of three years' age;" and after a long interview between her and the Bishop, Contemplation informs the audience that fourteen years will elapse before her next appearance, and promises that they shall soon see "the Parliament of heaven." Next, we have the ceremony of Mary's betrothalment. The Bishop summons the males of David's house to appear in the temple, each bringing a white rod; being divinely assured that he whose rod should bud and bloom was to be the husband of Mary. Joseph comes as one of them: after a deal of urging, he offers up his rod, and the miracle is at once apparent, "a dead stock bareth flowers free." When asked if he will be married to the maiden, he deprecates such an event with all his might, and pleads his old age in bar of it; nevertheless the marriage proceeds. Then we have many words of tender farewell between the Virgin and her parents, the mother saying to her, among other things,—

"I pray thee, Mary, my sweet child,
Be lowly and buxom, meek and mild,
Sad and sober, and nothing wild."

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While this is doing, Joseph goes out, but presently returns, and informs the Virgin that he has "hired a pretty little house" for her and her maids to live in, and that he will "go labouring in far country" to maintain her. Then comes the Parliament of heaven, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost taking part in the deliberations. The Virtues plead for pity and grace to man; the Father replies that the "time is come of reconciliation;" Verity objects, urging that there can be no peace made between sin and the law; this calls forth an earnest prayer from Mercy in man's behalf; Justice takes up the argument on the other side; Peace answers that "if man's soul should abide in hell, between God and man ever would be division," in which case she, Peace, could not live; which brings them all to accord, as "heaven and earth is pleas'd with peace." The Son then raises the question how the thing shall be done: after Verity, Justice, Mercy, and Peace have tried their wit and found it unequal to the cause, a council of the Trinity is held, when the Son offers to undertake the work by assuming the form of a man, the Father consents, and the Holy Ghost agrees to coöperate. Gabriel is then sent on an errand of salutation to Mary: he makes known to her the decree of the Incarnation; after which the Holy Ghost, the Son, and the Father descend to her, each giving her three benedictions.

Joseph is absent some months. On returning, he discovers the condition of Mary, is in great afflic-

tion, and reproaches her; but, an angel coming to him and explaining the matter, he makes amends. Then comes the visit of Joseph and Mary to Elizabeth. After which, Ahizachar the Bishop holds a court, and his officer summons to it a large number of people, all having English names, the purpose being to make sport for the audience, who are told to "ring well in their purse," thus showing that money was collected for the performance. Mary is brought before this court, to be tried for infidelity, and Joseph also, for tamely submitting to it. Two Detractors appear as their accusers. The innocence of Joseph is proved by his drinking, without harm, a liquid which, were he guilty, would cause spots on his face. Mary also drinks of the same, unhurt; whereupon one of the accusers affirms that the Bishop has changed the draught, but is himself compelled to drink what there is left, which cures him of his unbelief.

No. 15 relates to the Nativity. It opens with a dialogue between Joseph and Mary: he, it seems, is not fully satisfied of her innocence, but his doubts are all removed in this manner: Mary, seeing a high tree full of ripe cherries, asks him to gather some for her; he replies that the father of her child may help her to them; and the tree forthwith bows down its top to her hand. Soon after, the Saviour's birth takes place on the stage.

The necessities of the subject, or what seem such to us, must be our excuse for stating some of these

things; which, though doubtless full of solemnity to the simple minds who witnessed them, are apt to strike us as highly ludicrous; so that they can hardly be mentioned without seeming irreverence.

Besides these three sets of Miracle-plays, there are several other specimens, some of which seem to require notice. The first to be mentioned is a set of three, known as the Digby Miracle-plays, one of which is on the Conversion of St. Paul. It is opened and closed by *Poeta*, in person. St. Paul first enters on horseback, and after his conversion he puts on a "disciple's weed." One of the persons is Belial, whose appearance and behaviour are indicated by the stage-direction, "Here to enter a Devil with thunder and fire." He makes a soliloquy in self-glorification, and then complains of the dearth of news; after which we have the stage-direction, "Here shall enter another Devil called Mercury, with a firing, coming in haste, crying and roaring." He tells Belial of St. Paul's conversion, and declares the belief that "the devil's law" is done for; whereat Belial also is in dismay. They plot to stir up the Jewish bishops in the cause; which done, they "vanish away with a fiery flame and a tempest."

The play to be next considered relates to Mary Magdalen. This seems to have required four scrafolds for the exhibition, as Tiberius, Herod, Pilate, and the Devil have each their several stations; and one of the directions is, "Here shall enter the

prince of devils on a stage, and hell underneath the stage." Mary lives in a castle inherited from her father, who figures in the opening of the play as King Cyrus. A ship owned by St. Peter is brought into the space between the scaffolds, and Mary and some others make a long voyage in it. The heroine's castle is besieged by the Devil with the Seven Deadly Sins, and carried. Lechery then beguiles her with a flattering speech; Luxury takes her to a tavern; there a gallant named Curiosity treats her to "sops and wine," and seduces her. The raising of Lazarus, who also had Cyrus for his father, takes place in the performance; and the process of Mary's repentance and amendment is carried through in proper order. Tiberius makes a long speech glorifying himself; a parasite named Serybil flatters him on his good looks, and he in return blesses Serybil's face, which was probably carbuncled as badly as Bardolph's. Herod makes his boast in similar style, and afterwards goes to bed, though merely in order, it seems, to make room for other actors. The devils, headed by Satan, perform a mock pagan mass to Mahound. The three kings of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil figure in the play, but not prominently. A priest winds up the performance, requesting the spectators not to charge the faults on the poet, but on his want of skill or cunning.

Here, again, we see the gradual introduction of allegorical characters, in the shape of virtues and

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mental qualities personified, as Lechery, Luxury, and Curiosity. This is carried still further in another play, of a later date, called *The Life and Repentance of Mary Magdalen*; where we have divers impersonations of abstract ideas, such as Law, Faith, Repentance, Pride, Cupidity, Carnal-concupiscence, and Infidelity; the latter very clearly foreshadowing the Vice or Iniquity, who figured so largely in Moral-plays. Infidelity acts as the heroine's paramour, and assumes many disguises, to seduce her into all sorts of vice, wherein he is aided by Pride, Cupidity, and Carnal-concupiscence. After she has reached the climax of sin, he advises her "not to make two hells instead of one," but to live merrily in this world, since she is sure of perdition in the next; and his advice succeeds for a while. On the other hand, Law, Faith, Repentance, Justification, and Love strive to recover her, and the latter half of the piece is taken up with this work of benevolence. At last, Christ expels the seven devils, who "roar terribly;" whereupon Infidelity and his associates give her up. The piece closes with a dialogue between Mary, Justification, and Love, the latter two rejoicing in the salvation of a sinner.

This play was printed in 1567, and is described in the title-page as "not only godly, learned, and fruitful, but also well furnished with pleasant mirth and pastime, very delectable for those which shall hear or read the same: made by the learned clerk,

Lewis Wager." It bears clear internal evidence of having been written after the Reformation; and the prologue shows that it was acted by itinerant players, and had been performed "at the university."

Four Miracle-plays have come down to us, which were written by Bishop Bale, and printed somewhere on the Continent in 1538. The most notable point concerning them is their being the first known attempt to use the stage in furtherance of the Reformation. One of them is entitled *Christ's Temptation*. It opens with Christ in the wilderness, faint through hunger; and His first speech is meant to refute the Romish doctrine touching the efficacy of fasting. Satan joins Him in the disguise of a hermit, and the whole temptation proceeds according to Scripture. In one of his arguments, Satan vents his spite against "false priests and bishops," but plumes himself that "the Vicar of Rome" will worship and befriend him. In the epilogue, the author in his own person maintains the fitness of letting the people have the Bible to read, and belabours the Romanists for wishing to keep them in ignorance.

Another of Bale's Miracle-plays is called *The Three Laws of Nature, Moses, and Christ*. In his *Expostulation or Complaint*, he refers to this play, and says: "Therein it is largely declared, how that faithless Antichrist of Rome, with his clergy, hath been a blemish, darkener, confounder, and poisoner of all wholesome laws." Bale also wrote

several plays of another kind, one of which deals with the history of King John.

The Miracle-play of *King Darius*, printed in 1565, is founded on the *Third Book of Esdras*, which is excluded even from the Apocrypha of our Bible. It is scarce worth notice, except that Iniquity with his wooden dagger has a leading part in the action. He, together with Importunity and Partiality, has divers contests with Equity, Charity, and Constancy: for a while he has the better of them, but at last they catch him alone; each in turn threatens him with sore visitings; then follows the direction, "Here somebody must cast fire to Iniquity;" who probably had some fireworks about his person, to explode for the amusement of the audience as he went out.

The play of *Abraham's Sacrifice*, printed in 1575, is a translation by Golding; the original having been written by the celebrated Beza, and performed at Lausanne about 1550. It opens with a dialogue between Abraham and Sarah, who unite in singing a hymn. Satan then enters "in the habit of a monk," and makes a long speech to himself, exulting in the wicked pranks he has played in that disguise. He then slips aside; a band of shepherds strike up a song, during which Abraham receives the Divine command, and he and Isaac take leave of Sarah. The fiend still trusts that Abraham's resolution will break down, and watches narrowly during the sacrifice, speaking aside. At first Abra-

ham's resolution falters, he drops the knife, then resolves again, and is about to strike, when the angel enters to stay his hand, and tells him to sheathe his knife. In this part, the play is much inferior to the corresponding plays of the Towneley, Chester, and Coventry sets; which have some jets of tender pathos, such as to make the lip quiver and put jewels in the eye.

Hitherto, we have met with scarce anything that can be regarded as portraiture of individual character, though somewhat of that sort may be alleged in the case of Mak in No. 12 of the Towneley series. The truth is, character and action, in the proper sense of the terms, were hardly thought of in the making of Miracle-plays; the work aiming at nothing higher than a literal or mechanical reflection of facts and events; sometimes relieved indeed with certain generalities of popular humour and satire, but without any contexture of individual traits. We now come to a piece which deserves remark, as indicating how, under the pressure of general dramatic improvement, Miracle-plays tried to rise above their proper sphere, and still retain their proper form. It is entitled "A new, merry, and witty Comedy or Interlude, treating upon the History of Jacob and Esau;" was printed in 1568, but probably written as early as 1557. It is of very regular construction, having five acts, which are duly subdivided into scenes. Besides the Scripture characters, are Ragau, Esau's servant; Mido,

a boy who leads blind Isaac; Hanon and Zethar, two of his neighbours; Abra, a girl who assists Rebecca; and Debora, an old nurse. It is opened by Ragau, who enters "with his horn at his back and his hunting-staff in his hand, leading three greyhounds, or one, as may be gotten." His master, Esau, then comes, and they set forth together on a hunt; Rebecca urges Jacob to secure his brother's birthright; Esau returns with a raging appetite, and Jacob demands his birthright as the condition of relieving him with a mess of rice potage; he consents, and Ragau laughs at his simplicity, while Jacob, Rebecca, and Abra sing a psalm of thanksgiving. These things occupy the first two acts: in the third Esau and his servant take another hunt. The blessing of Jacob occurs in the fourth act; Rebecca tasking her cookery to the utmost in dressing a kid, and succeeding in her scheme. In the last, Esau comes back, and learns from his father what has been done in his absence. The plot and incidents are managed with due propriety and decorum; the characters are discriminated with considerable art; the versification is remarkably good for the time; the comic portions show some neatness and delicacy of wit and humour; and, altogether, the play is far superior to any preceding attempt in the same line.

In the interlude, as it is called, of *Godly Queen Esther*, printed in 1561, we have a Miracle-play going still further out of itself. One of the char-

acters is named Hardy-dardy, who, with some qualities of the Vice, foreshadows the Jester or professional Fool of the later Drama; wearing motley, and pretending weakness or disorder of intellect, to the end that his wit may run the more at large, and strike with the more effect. Hardy-dardy offers himself as a servant to Haman: after Haman has urged him with divers remarks in dispraise of fools, he sagely replies, that "some wise man must be fain sometime to do on a fool's coat." Nor is he so ignorant but that he can quote Ovid and Valerius Maximus. Besides the Scripture characters, the play has several allegorical personages, as Pride, Ambition, and Adulation: these three are represented as making their wills, bequeathing all their bad qualities to Haman, and thereby ruining him. Three courtiers having discussed the merits of wealth, power, virtue, wisdom, and noble blood, King Ahasuerus has all the maiden beauties of his kingdom brought before him; which done, he makes choice of Esther for his wife. After her elevation, Queen Esther has a chapel royal, well supplied with music and singers for her delight, thus imitating her royal sister, Elizabeth. One of the persons mentioning the likelihood of a war with Scotland and France, Hardy-dardy thereupon informs us that he gets his wine from the latter country. And there are divers other allusions to things and persons of England, though the scene lies in Assyria.

Iniquity, Vice, or some such name, would be among the first characters to take stand in Moral-plays, as a personification of the evil tendencies in man. And the Vice, thus originating from the moral view of things, would needs be, evidently, a sort of counterpart to that more ancient impersonation of evil which took its origin from the theological sphere. The Devil, being the stronger principle, would naturally have use for the Vice as his agent or factor. Hence we may discover in these two personages points of mutual sympathy and attraction; and, in fact, it was in and through them that the two species of drama first met and coalesced into one; Miracle-plays borrowing the Vice as a primitive up-shoot of Moral-plays, and the latter retaining the Devil as the most vigorous and operative element of the former. Nor is it anywise strange that the Vice, while acting as the Devil's factor, should for that very reason be fond of abusing and belabouring him: on the contrary, this is his most natural means of stifling or escaping from the sense of whom he is serving, and that he is to have nothing but pain and perdition in reward of his service.

In Moral-plays the Devil and the Vice, or at least one of them, almost always bore a leading part, though not always under those names. Most commonly, for causes already stated, the two were retained together; though there are some cases of each figuring apart from the other. We have ample proof that there was no sparing of pains to give

the Devil as hideous an aspect as possible. He was made an out-and-out monster in appearance, all hairy and shaggy, with a "bottle nose" and an "evil face," having horns, hoofs, and a long tail; so that the sight had been at once loathsome and ludicrous, but for the great strength and quickness of wit, and the fiendish, yet merry and waggish malignity, which usually marked his conversation; though he was sometimes endowed with a most protean versatility of mind and person, so that he could walk abroad as "plain devil," scaring all he met, or steal into society as a prudent counsellor, a dashing gallant, or whatsoever else would best work his ends.

As for the Vice, he commonly acted the part of a broad, rampant jester and buffoon, full of mad pranks and mischief-making, liberally dashed with a sort of tumultuous, swaggering fun. He was arrayed in a fantastic garb, with something of drollery in its appearance, so as to aid the comic effect of his action, and armed with a dagger of lath, perhaps as symbolical that his use of weapons was but to the end of provoking his own defeat, and that he was dangerous only as a friend. He was hugely given to cracking ribald and saucy jokes with and upon the Devil, and treating him in a style of coarse familiarity and mockery; and a part of his ordinary function was to bestride the Devil, and beat him till he roared, and the audience roared with him; the scene ending with his being carried

off to hell on the Devil's back. Much of the old custom in these two personages is amusingly set forth in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, where, at the end of each act, we have some imaginary spectators commenting on the performance. At the end of act i., one of them expressing a fear that the play has no Fool in it, as the Vice was often called, Gossip Tattle delivers herself thus: "My husband, Timothy Tattle, God rest his poor soul! was wont to say, there was no play without a Fool and a Devil in 't; he was for the Devil still, God bless him! The Devil for his money, he would say; I would fain see the Devil. And why would you so fain see the Devil? would I say. Because he has horns, wife, and may be a cuckold as well as a devil, he would answer." It being asked, "But was the Devil a proper man?" Gossip Mirth replies, "As fine a gentleman of his inches as ever I saw trusted to the stage or any where else; and loved the commonwealth as well as ever a patriot of them all: he would carry away the Vice on his back, quick to hell, wherever he came, and reform abuses." Again, at the end of act ii., the question being put, "How like you the Vice in the play?" Widow Tattle complains, "But here is never a fiend to carry him away. Besides, he has never a wooden dagger! I would not give a rush for a Vice that has not a wooden dagger, to snap at every body he meets." Whereupon, Mirth observes, "That was the old way, gossip, when Iniquity came in like

Hokos-Pokos, in a juggler's jerkin, with false skirts, like the knave of clubs." For other allusions to the Vice, see *Twelfth Night*, iv. 2 (the Clown's song at end of scene), 2 *Henry IV*. iii. 2. 310, and *Richard III*. iii. 1. 82.

The most ancient specimen of a Moral-play, known to have survived, dates as far back as the reign of Henry VI., which closed in 1461. It is entitled *The Castle of Perseverance*, and evinces such a degree of perfection as would naturally infer many earlier attempts in the same line. It is opened by Mundus, Belial, and Caro, descanting on their several gifts. Humanum Genus, who represents mankind, then announces himself, just born and naked; while he is speaking, a good and a bad angel appear on his right and left, each claiming him as a follower. He prefers the bad angel, who leads him straight to Mundus; the latter orders his friends, Voluptas and Stultitia, to take him in hand. Detractio, who calls himself Backbiter, is also made one of his train, and procures him the acquaintance of Avaritia, by whom he is introduced to the other Deadly Sins: not long after, the youth meets with Luxuria, and has her for his mistress. At all this, Bad Angel exults, but Good Angel mourns, and sends Confessio to Humanum Genus, who at first repels him as having come too soon. However, with the help of Poenitentia, Confessio at last reclaims him; and he asks where he can live in safety, and is told, in the Castle of Perseverance: so, thither

he goes, being at that time, if Bad Angel may be credited, "forty winters old." The Seven Cardinal Virtues wait upon him in the Castle, with their respective counsels. Belial, after having beaten the Seven Deadly Sins for letting him escape, heads them in laying siege to the Castle; but he appeals to "the Duke that died on rood" to defend him, and the assailants retire discomfited, being beaten "black and blue" by the roses which Charity and Patience hurl against them. As Humanum Genus is now grown "hoary and cold," and his "back gin-neth to bow and bend," Avaritia worms in under the walls, and with his persuasive eloquence induces him to quit the Castle, and submit to the discipline of his new friend. No sooner has he got well skilled in the new lore than Garcio, who stands for the rising generation, demands all his wealth, alleging that Mundus has given it to him. Presently Mors comes in for *his* turn, and makes a long speech extolling his own power: Anima, also, hastens to the spot, and invokes the aid of Misericordia; notwithstanding, Bad Angel shoulders the hero, and sets off with him for the infernal regions. Then follows a discussion in heaven, Mercy and Peace pleading for the hero, Verity and Justice against him: God sends for his soul; Peace takes it from Bad Angel, who is driven off to hell; Mercy presents it to heaven; and "the Father sitting in judgment" pronounces the sentence, which of course unfolds the moral of the performance.

From the foregoing analysis it will have been seen that the piece partakes somewhat the character of a Miracle-play. A list of the persons is given at the end, to the number of thirty-seven; and also a rude sketch of the representation, showing a castle in the centre, with a bed under it for the hero, and five scaffolds for Deus, Belial, Mundus, Caro, and Avaritia. Bad Angel is the Devil of the performance; there is no personage answering to the Vice. The authorship is unknown; but Mr. Collier thinks it was not the work of a clergyman, because the hero remarks of Invidia, one of the characters, that "in abbeys he dwelleth full oft."

The next piece to be noticed bears the title of *Mind, Will, and Understanding*, or, as Dr. Furnivall, who has edited part of it (for the New Shakspere Society, 1882), calls it, *A Morality of Wisdom who is Christ*. It is opened by Wisdom, who represents the second Person of the Trinity, and is dressed in rich purple, with a beard of gold, and an imperial crown on his head set with precious stones; "in his left hand a ball of gold with a cross thereupon, and in his right hand a regal sceptre." Anima soon joins him "as a maid, in white cloth of gold gaily purfled with minever, a mantle of black thereupon;" and they converse upon heavenly love, the seven sacraments, the five senses, and reason. Mind, Will, and Understanding then describe their several qualities; the Five Wits, attired as Virgins, go out singing; Lucifer enters "in a Devil's array

without, and within as proud as a gallant," that is, with a gallant's dress under his proper garb; relates the creation and fall of man, describing Mind, Will, and Understanding as the three properties of the soul, which he means to assail and corrupt. He then goes out, and presently returns "as a goodly gallant," succeeds in his attempt, and, his victims having withdrawn awhile, makes an exulting speech, at the close of which "he taketh a shrewd boy with him, and goeth his way crying;" probably snatching up a boy from amongst the spectators, — an incident designed to "bring down the house." Lucifer having gone out, his three victims return in gay apparel; they dismiss Conscience; Will dedicates himself to lust, being "as merry as a bird on bough;" all join in a song, and then proceed to have a dance. First, Mind calls in his followers: "Here enter six, disguised in the suit of Mind, with red beards, and lions rampant on their crests, and each a warder in his hand:" these answer to the names, Indignation, Sturdiness, Malice, Hastiness, Wreck, and Discord. Next, Understanding summons his adherents: "Here enter six jurors in a suite, gowned, with hoods about their heads, hats of maintenance thereupon, visarded diversely:" their names are Wrong, Slight, Doubleness, Falsehood, Ravin, and Deceit. Then come the servants of Will: "Here enter six women, three disguised as gallants, and three as matrons, with wonderful vizors correspondent:" these are called Reckless-

ness, Idleness, Surfeit, Greediness, Spouse-breach, and Fornication. The minstrels striking up a horn-pipe, they all dance together until a quarrel breaks out among them, when the eighteen servants are driven off, their masters remaining alone on the stage. Just as these are about to withdraw for a carouse, Wisdom enters; Anima also makes her appearance, "in the most horrible wise, fouler than a fiend," and presently gives birth to six of the Deadly Sins: "Here run out from under the horrible mantle of the Soul six small boys in the likeness of devils, and so return again." Anima thereupon perceives what a transformation has overtaken her, and Mind, Will, and Understanding learn that they are the cause of it: "Here they go out, and in the going the Soul singeth in the most lamentable wise, with drawling notes, as it is sung in the Passion-Week." Wisdom then opens his mouth in a long speech, after which, "here entereth Anima, with the Five Wits going before, Mind on the one side, and Understanding on the other side, and Will following, all in their first clothing, their chaplets and crests, and all having on crowns, singing in their coming." The three dupes of Lucifer renounce the evil of their ways, and Anima is made happy in their reformation.

The two forecited pieces have come down to our time only in manuscript. *A Goodly Interlude of Nature* is the title of a Moral-play written by Henry Medwall, chaplain to Archbishop Morton, which has

descended to us in print. It is in two parts, and at the end of the first part we learn that it was played before Morton himself, who became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1486, and died in 1500. Like the two foregoing specimens, it was meant to illustrate the strife of good and evil in man, but is much superior to either of them both in construction and versification.

Mundus and Worldly-affection are represented sitting on the stage, and Man enters attended by Nature, Reason, and Innocence. Nature announces herself as God's minister on earth to instruct His creatures, and appoints Reason to guide Man in life; but, through the arts of Mundus and Sensuality, he is persuaded to dismiss Reason and Innocence to the Devil, laughing at the latter for being as mute as a Grey-friar. Pride then comes in, so wrapped up in self-love that at first he does not notice Man, but afterwards engages Sensuality to insinuate him into his confidence. The result is, Man agrees that Pride shall be his companion; and, while he is gone out with Sensuality to a tavern, Pride and Worldly-affection arrange for him a fitting apparel, wherein the fashions of the time are satirized. Man now quarrels with Reason, and strikes her with his sword, for trying to keep him from going with a couple of prostitutes; after which he soon meets with the Seven Deadly Sins, who join themselves to him under feigned names. But Man discovers ere long that he has been

duped, repents his treatment of Reason, shakes off Worldly-affection, and courts Shamefastness; is reconciled to Reason, and promises to be guided by her; but his purpose is undermined by Sensuality, who tells him that Margery, one of the prostitutes, has gone stark mad for love of him, and has entered into "a religious place," meaning a house of ill fame in Southwark. Away goes Man to seek her; returning, he meets Sloth, and grows fearful that Reason is going to take him by force; a contest ensues between the parties; some of the Deadly Sins take side with him against Reason, but Gluttony declines fighting. Pride also backs out of the scrape; for which cause Man repudiates him, and is again made friends with Reason by Age. Nevertheless, he still clings to Covetise; and, the question being raised where Covetise has dwelt so long, Sensuality remarks, "He dwelleth with a priest, as I heard say; for he loveth well men of the Church; and lawyers eke will follow his counsel." Man then holds a conference with Reason, and makes many promises of amendment; Meekness, the enemy of Pride, enters and gives his lesson; he is followed by Charity, Patience, and other good counsellors. Abstinence and Chastity take Man away on a visit to Repentance; on his return, Reason welcomes him, and promises him salvation.

There are several other printed pieces dating from about the same period as the preceding, but so nearly like it that the dwelling upon them would

thing is that comic incident and dialogue are somewhat made use of, to diversify and enliven the serious parts; thus showing the early disposition to weave tragedy and comedy together in one dramatic web. On one occasion, Fancy and Folly get to playing tricks on Crafty-conveyance, who is induced to lay a wager that Folly will not be able to laugh him out of his coat: the feat is accomplished in a manner rather laughable, but too indelicate for quotation.

The Moral-play of *Every-man* was printed about 1529. Though closely resembling *The Castle of Perseverance*, the allegory is managed with so much skill as to entitle it some special notice. It opens with a soliloquy by the Deity, lamenting that the people forsake Him for the Seven Deadly Sins. He then summons Death, and sends him after Every-man, the hero of the piece, who stands for the whole human race. Death finds him, delivers the message, and tells him to bring with him his account-book, but allows him to prove his friends. First, he tries Fellowship, who, though ready to murder any one for his sake, declines going with him on his long journey. Next, he tries Kindred, who excuses himself as having "the cramp in his toe." Then he applies to Riches, who also gives him the cold shoulder. At last, he resorts to Good-deeds, and finds her too weak to stand; but she points out to him the blank in his book of works. However, she introduces him to Knowledge, who

takes him to Confession: there he meets with Strength, Discretion, Beauty, and Five Wits, who undertake to go with him. Arriving at the brink of the grave, he calls on his friends to enter it with him. First, Beauty refuses, then Strength, then Discretion, then Five Wits; even Knowledge deserts him, Good-deeds alone having the virtue to stick by him.

Considering the religious origin of the English Drama, it had been something wonderful if, when controversies arose, different sides had not used it in furtherance of their views. We have seen that in the reign of Henry VIII. Bishop Bale wrote Miracle-plays for the avowed purpose of advancing the Reformation, and that his plays were printed abroad in 1538. The reason of which printing abroad was, no doubt, that a royal proclamation had been set forth some years before, forbidding any plays to be performed, or any books printed, in the English tongue, touching matters then in controversy, unless the same had first been allowed by public authority. The King, however, was not at all averse to the stage being made use of against the Reformers; the purpose of that measure being, so far as regarded plays, to prevent any using of them on the other side. For in the fall of 1528 the French Ambassadors were entertained with great splendour, first by Cardinal Wolsey at Hampton Court, and afterwards by the King at Greenwich. Cavendish, in his *Life of Wolsey*, winds up

an account of the latter entertainment as follows: "After all this, there was the most goodliest disguising or interlude, made in Latin and French, whose apparel was of such exceeding richness, that it passeth my capacity to expound." Mr. Collier publishes a very curious description of the performance, from Richard Gibson, then an officer in the King's household; showing that this interlude was a Latin Moral-play wherein "the heretic Luther" and his wife were brought on the stage. It was acted by the children of St. Paul's under the care of their master, John Rightwise, who probably wrote the piece.

Another curious matter touching the point in hand has turned up in the shape of a letter to Cromwell from a person calling himself Thomas Willey, Vicar of Yoxford, in Suffolk. The letter is undated, but the address shows it to have been written between 1535 and 1540. The following is the material part of it:—

"The Lord make you the instrument of my help, Lord Cromwell, that I may have free liberty to preach the truth.

"I dedicate and offer to your Lordship *A Reverent Receiving of the Sacrament*, as a Lenten matter, declared by six children, representing Christ, the Word of God, Paul, Austin, a Child, a Nun called Ignorancy; as a secret thing that shall have its end, once rehearsed afore your eye by the said children. The most part of the priests of Suffolk

will not receive me into their churches to preach, but have disdained me ever since I made a play against the Pope's counsellors. I have made a play called *A Rude Commonalty*. I am making of another called *The Woman of the Rock*, in the fire of faith a fining, and a purging in the true purgatory; never to be seen but of your Lordship's eye."

In 1543, an Act of Parliament was passed for the restraining of dramatic performances. The preamble states that divers persons, intending to subvert the true and perfect doctrine of Scripture, after their perverse fantasies, have taken upon them not only to teach the same by sermons and arguments, but also by printed books, plays, and songs; and the body of the statute enacts that no person shall play in interludes, sing, or rhyme any matter contrary to the Church of Rome; the penalty being, a fine of £10 and three months' imprisonment for the first offence; for the second, forfeiture of all goods and perpetual imprisonment. A proviso, however, is added in favour of songs, plays, and interludes having for their object "the rebuking and reproaching of vices, and the setting forth of virtue; so always the said songs, plays, or interludes meddle not with the interpretations of Scripture."

The same year, one Edward Stalbridge printed abroad *The Epistle Exhortatory of an English Christian to his dearly-beloved Country*, which has the following, addressed to the Romanists, and evidently

referring to the forecited statute: "None leave ye unvexed and untroubled, — no, not so much as the poor minstrels, and players of interludes, but ye are doing with them. So long as they played lies, and sang bawdy songs, blasphemed God, and corrupted men's consciences, ye never blamed them, but were very well contented. But since they persuaded the people to worship their Lord God aright, according to His holy laws, and not yours, and to acknowledge Jesus Christ for their only Redeemer and Saviour, without your lousy legerdemains, ye never were pleased with them."

When Edward VI. came to the throne, in 1547, legislation took a new turn: the Act of 1543 was repealed. Holinshed gives a fine account how the Christmas of 1551 was passed at Court. "It was devised," says he, "that the feast of Christ's nativity should be solemnly kept at Greenwich, with open household and frank resort to Court, what time, of old ordinary course, there is always one appointed to make sport in the Court, called commonly Lord of Misrule; whose office is not unknown to such as have been brought up in noblemen's houses, and among great housekeepers, which use liberal feasting in that season. There was, therefore, by order of the Council, a wise gentleman and learned, named George Ferrers, appointed to that office for this year, who, being of better credit and estimation than commonly his predecessors had been, received all his warrants by

the name of the Master of the King's Pastimes. Which gentleman so well supplied his office, both in show of sundry sights, and in act of divers interludes, as not only satisfied the common sort, but also were very well liked by the Council, and others of skill in the like pastimes; but best of all by the young King himself, as appeared by his princely liberality in rewarding that service." There arose, however so great an excess on the part of printers and players, that in the spring of 1552 a strong proclamation was issued, forbidding them to print or play any thing without a special licence under the sign manual, or under the hands of six of the Privy Council, the penalty being imprisonment without bail or mainprise, and fine at the King's pleasure.

Soon after the accession of Mary, in 1553, was set forth "a proclamation for reformation of busy meddlers in matters of religion, and for redress of preachers, printers, and players." So much of it as relates to the subject in hand is as follows: "Forasmuch as it is well known, that sedition and false rumours have been nourished and maintained within this realm, by playing of interludes and printing of false fond books, ballads, and other lewd treatises in the English tongue, concerning doctrine in matters now in question and controversy; her Highness therefore straitly chargeth all and every her subjects, that none of them presume from henceforth to print any books, ballad, inter-

lude or treatise, nor to play any interlude, except they have her Grace's special licence in writing for the same, upon pain to incur her highness' indignation and displeasure."

The practical intent of this order of course was, to prevent the printing or playing of any thing adapted to further the Reformation. And for more than two years it seems to have been effectual for that end; after which, further measures were found necessary. In February, 1556, the Privy Council directed Lord Rich to stop the performance of a stage-play that was to take place at Hatfield-Bradock, in Essex, and to ascertain who the players should be, and what the effect of the play. Soon after, as the players were found to be "honest householders and quiet persons," he was ordered to set them at liberty, but to have special care for preventing the like occasions in future. In the spring following, the Earl of Shrewsbury being President of the North, the Council wrote to him, complaining that "certain lewd persons, naming themselves to be servants unto Sir Francis Leek, had wandered about those north parts, and represented certain plays and interludes containing very naughty and seditious matter touching the state of the realm, and to the slander of Christ's true and catholic religion." For which cause, they required the Earl to search for the players without delay, and to punish them as vagabonds, on a repetition of the offence. This was evidently aimed for the

suppression of all plays in the interest of the Protestant cause. Still it seems not to have been enough, for it was soon followed by an order from the Star Chamber to the justices of the peace in every county, requiring that all dramatic performances should be stopped.

All would not do; the restraints kept giving way to the pressure. In June, 1557, "certain naughty plays" broke loose even in London: the Lord Mayor was called upon by the Court to discover and arrest the players, and "to take order that no play be made henceforth within the city, except the same be first seen, and the players authorized." In the same month, the Mayor of Canterbury arrested some players within his jurisdiction, and was required by the Council to detain them until further orders. Meanwhile, "their lewd play-book" was taken in hand by the crown lawyers, and in August a letter was written to the Mayor, ordering him to proceed against the players forthwith, and to punish them according to their offences. In 1557, the magistrates of Essex, it seems, were not energetic and prompt enough in this matter; for which cause they were straitly admonished by the Privy Council to carry into immediate execution the Star Chamber order of 1556.

Nevertheless, Queen Mary was far from discouraging plays and players: on the contrary, she kept up the theatrical and musical establishment of her father, at a cost, in salaries only, of between £2000

and £3000 a year, besides board, liveries, and incidental expenses. The old Miracle-plays, being generally of the right Roman Catholic stamp, were revived under the fostering patronage of the Court. In 1556, the play of *Christ's Passion* was presented at the Greyfriars in London, before the Lord Mayor, the Privy Council, and many great estates of the realm. The next year, it was repeated at the same place; and also, on the feast of St. Olave, the miraculous life of that Saint was performed as a stage-play in the church dedicated to him.

Elizabeth succeeded to the crown, November 17th, 1558; and in May following she set forth a proclamation forbidding any plays or interludes to be performed in the kingdom without special licence from the local magistrates; and also ordering that none should be so licenced, wherein either matters of religion or of state were handled. This was probably deemed necessary in consequence of the strong measures which had lately been used for putting down all plays that smacked anyway of the Reformation. A good comment on the action of the Crown in this particular is furnished by a letter from Sir Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, to Shrewsbury, then Lord President of the North. Sir Robert had at that time a company of players acting under his name; the letter was written in their behalf, and dated from Westminster, June, 1559:—

“My good Lord: Whereas my servants, bringers

hereof unto you, be such as are players of interludes; and for the same have the licence of divers of my Lords here, under their seals and hands, to play in divers shires within the realm under their authorities, as may amply appear unto your Lordship by the same licence; I have thought, among the rest, by my letters to beseech your good Lordship, that they may have your hand and seal to their licence, for the like liberty in Yorkshire; being honest men, and such as shall play none other matters, I trust, but tolerable and convenient, whereof some have been heard here already before divers of my Lords. For whom I shall have good cause to thank your Lordship, and to remain your Lordship's to the best that shall lie in my little power. And thus I take my leave of your good Lordship."

All which may suffice to indicate how matters stood in regard of what is now to be noticed.

The Moral-play of *Lusty Juventus*, written by R. Wever (of whom nothing else is known) in the reign of Edward VI., and printed sometime after 1551, is full of shots at what are called the superstitions of Rome. Its arguments and positions are exceedingly scriptural, chapter and verse being quoted or referred to with all the exactness of a sermon or a theological discourse. And the tenets of the new "gospellers" are as openly maintained as those of Rome are impugned. *Juventus*, the hero, is decidedly bent on "going it while he is

him "as stark an idiot as ever bore bauble," but giving him the Vice's sword and dagger; while all promise him the society of Nell, Nan, Meg, and Bess. Being left alone, at the sight of Discipline Moros drops his sword and hides himself. Fortune then endows him with wealth; he takes Impiety, Cruelty, and Ignorance into his service, and "disguises himself gaily in a foolish beard;" Impiety stirs him up against "these new fellows," meaning the Protestants, and he vows to "hang, burn, head and kill" them without remorse; Discipline returns, and he flees, not having courage enough to use his sword and dagger. When they are gone, People enters, and complains of the hero's cruelty and oppression, but runs off in a fright, on his returning "furiously with a grey beard." God's Judgment then comes "with a terrible wizard," and strikes him down; Confusion follows; they strip off his "goodly gear," and put on him a fool's coat. Being threatened by Confusion with eternal fire, and required to go with him, he replies,—

"Go with thee, ill-favour'd knave?
I had liefer thou wert hang'd by the neck:
If it please the Devil me to have,
Let him carry me away on his back."

We are left to infer that Confusion, who is the Devil of the piece, takes him at his word.

The Conflict of Conscience, by Nathaniel Woods, Minister of Norwich, was written about the same

time as the foregoing, though not printed till 1581. A brief analysis will show its pertinency to the great question of the time; besides, it is worthy of notice as being one of the earliest germinations of the Historical Drama. The hero, though called Philologus, is avowedly meant for Francis Speira, an Italian lawyer who, it is said, "forsook the truth of God's Gospel for fear of the loss of life and worldly goods." He committed suicide in 1548, and his fate soon became notorious in England. The characters of the piece are partly real, partly allegorical: among the former, are Speira, his two sons, and Cardinal Eusebius; among the latter, Conscience, Hypocrisy, Tyranny, Spirit, Avarice, Horror, and Sensual-suggestion. Philologus is represented as a rich and zealous patron of the Reformation; Tyranny has orders from Rome to search for heretics, Hypocrisy and Avarice to aid him in the search; Caconos, a Romish priest, directs them to the hero's house; he is summoned before the Cardinal, and holds his ground till threatened with prison and torture, when, urged by Sensual-suggestion, he returns to popery. He then has an interview with his sons, during which Spirit, Conscience, and Horror assail him, and the Cardinal comes with Theologus to console him; he refuses to hear them, and rushes out; a Nuntius then informs the audience that after thirty weeks of suffering and despair he had hanged himself.

The Marriage of Wit and Science (licensed in

1569-70) deserves mention, both for reasons that will presently appear, and also as the first known instance of a Moral-play regularly distributed into five acts, and these again into scenes. Master Wit, the son of Nature, is deeply smitten with Lady Science, daughter of Reason and Experience; he wishes to take her to his bosom in marriage forthwith, but is told by his mother Nature that she is only to be won by labour and perseverance; however, she bids him try his fortune, and lets him have Will as a servant. Will is in much alarm at the thought of his young master's being married, and warns him to break his wife in betimes, whoever she may be. The lady is retiring and shy, like Milton's Eve, "that would be woo'd, and not unsought be won;" nevertheless, in obedience to her parents, she accepts a portrait of Wit, and consents to listen his suit. Wit comes; Reason introduces him to Instruction; the latter has two servants, Study and Diligence, who are also of the party; and Science engages to become the bride of Wit, when he shall have spent three or four years under their tuition; though she requires him, as her knight, first to slay Tedium, a huge giant that has vowed himself her deadly foe. Wit encounters him with too little circumspection, and gets a blow that lays him in a trance; however, Recreation comes to his aid, recovers him, and diets him with music till he fairly dances with life. When he is something wearied with this exercise,

Idleness and Ignorance take him in hand, and the former invites him into her lap, and “sings a song that pleases him, and on his eye-lids crowns the god of sleep;” a part of it being as follows:—

“Come, come, and ease thee in my lap,
And, if it please thee, take a nap;
A nap that shall delight thee so,
That fancies all will thee forgo.
By musing still, what canst thou find
But wants of will and restless mind?
A mind that mars and mangles all,
And breedeth jars to work thy fall.
Come, gentle Wit, I thee require,
And thou shalt hit thy chief desire,
Thy chief desire and hoped prey;
First ease thee here, and then away.”

While he is asleep, the sirens put on him a fool's dress, so that Reason and Science on seeing him cut his acquaintance. Wit is not aware of his disguise till he sees himself in a looking-glass which Reason had given him. Shame then takes him in hand, and applies the scourge till Science interposes; he repents, is restored to favour; aided by Instruction, Study, and Diligence, he again encounters the giant in the eye of his lady-love; has some hard fighting, but at last whips me off his head, and presents it to Science. The piece concludes with the marriage of the lovers, Reason, Experience, Instruction, Study, and Diligence rejoicing at the

match, and even Will taking a sort of sneaking pleasure in it.

The play, as may be gathered from this analysis, conveys an excellent moral: the allegory, too, is managed with considerable skill; and there is something of humour in the execution, and of melody in the versification. The old copy is undated, but the piece was licenced between July, 1569, and July, 1570.

The play of *Like will to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, "very godly, and full of pleasant mirth," was written by Ulpian Fulwell, and printed in 1568. Here, again, we meet with some rude approaches to individual character; which is our chief reason for mentioning the piece. Nichol Newfangle, though in fact the hero, enacts the Vice, and is armed with the wooden dagger: among his friends are Ralph Royster, Tom Tosspot, Philip Fleming, Pierce Pickpurse, and Cuthbert Cutpurse, who have some lines of individual peculiarity. To these are added several allegorical personages, as Good Fame, Severity, Virtuous Life, God's Promise, and Honour. Lucifer also figures in the piece, with "his name written on his back and breast;" and Newfangle claims him for his God-father, adding that he has served an apprenticeship under him, and thus learnt all the sciences that minister to pride. The Collier comes in with empty sacks, owning that he has sold three pecks for a bushel; Newfangle introduces him to the Devil; and the three have a dance to the tune

of "Tom Collier of Croydon hath sold his coal." Royster and Tosspot get drunk, and wade in debauchery, but finally repent; Pickpurse and Cutpurse are betrayed by Newfangle, and taken away with halters about their necks; Virtuous Life is crowned by Honour; Newfangle is carried off by the Devil; so that justice is done all round.

If *The Conflict of Conscience* deserves mention as an approach towards Tragedy, *Tom Tiler and his Wife* (1578) is equally entitled to notice as an early sprout of Comedy. It contains a mixture of allegorical and individual persons, the latter, however, taking the chief part of the action. The opening is made by "a sage person" called Destiny, and the Vice, named Desire; from their talk it appears that Destiny has married Tom Tiler to a lady named Strife, with whom he leads a very wretched life, she being not only a scold, but hugely given to drinking with Sturdy and Tipple. Tiler meets his friend Tom Tailor, an artificer of shreds and patches, and relates his sufferings; Tailor proposes to change clothes with him; in this disguise, goes to Strife as her husband, and gives her such a drubbing that she submits, and betakes herself to the bed. Tiler then gets his own clothes again, goes home, and pities his wife; she, ignorant of the trick, vows she can never love him again; to regain her favour, he unwarily tells her the truth; whereupon she snatches a stick, and belabours him till he cries out for his life, and she declares that Tom Tailor

had better have eaten her than beaten her. Tiler flies to his friend Tailor, relates what has happened, and the cause of it; for which Tailor insults and strikes him right before Destiny. Strife, coming up just then, plays her batteries against them both, until Patience arrives and composes all differences, taking the discontent out of Tiler, and the fury out of Strife.

"A new Interlude for Children to play, named *Jack Juggler*, both witty and very pleasant" (before 1560), is somewhat remarkable, not only in that it carries still higher the effort at individual character, but as being one of the oldest pieces founded on a classic original; the author claiming, in his prologue, to have taken "Plautus' first comedy" as his model. Master Bongrace sends his lackey, Jenkin Careaway, to Dame Coy, his lady-love; but Jenkin loiters to play at dice and steal apples. Jack Juggler, who enacts the Vice, from mere love of mischief watches him, gets on some clothes just like his, and undertakes to persuade him "that he is not himself, but another man." The task proves too much for him, till at length he brings fist-arguments to bear; when Jenkin frankly gives up the point, and makes a comical address to the audience, alleging certain reasons for believing that he is not himself. The humour of the piece—and there is considerable in it—turns mainly on this doubt of his identity. His blunders get him into disgrace with Dame Coy, who even goes so far as to bestow "a

cudgel-blessing" on him; so that he is reasoned out of his mispersuasion by much the same arguments as brought him into it. Besides the lines of character, the piece has considerable liveliness of dialogue, and Alice Trip-and-go, a smart maid-servant of Dame Coy, is described by Jack Juggler in a very natural and effective manner.

There are many other pieces of the same class, but it would be overworking our point to dwell upon them. We will dismiss this branch of the subject with a very curious account, by Stephen Gosson, of a Moral-play that seems to have perished. In 1579, Gosson published a book entitled "*The School of Abuse*, containing a Pleasant Invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such-like Caterpillars of the Commonwealth." To offset this attack, it seems, a piece called *The Play of Plays* was soon after written and performed. Two or three years later, Gosson put forth a tract with the title of *Plays Confuted in Five Actions*, in which occurs the following:—

"The author of *The Play of Plays*, spreading out his battle to hem me in, is driven to take so large a compass, that his array is the thinner, and therefore the easier to be broken. He tieth Life and Delight so fast together, that if Delight be restrained Life presently perisheth: there Zeal, perceiving Delight to be embraced of Life, puts a snaffle in his mouth to keep him under: Delight being bridled, Zeal leadeth Life through a wilderness of loathsomeness,

where Glut scareth them all, chasing both Zeal and Delight from Life, and with the club of amazedness strikes such a peg into the head of Life, that he falls down for dead upon the stage.

“Life being thus faint and overtravelled, destitute of his guide, robbed of Delight, is ready to give up the ghost in the same place: then entereth Recreation, which with music and singing rocks Life asleep, to recover his strength. By this means Tedium is driven from Life, and the taint is drawn out of his head, which the club of amazedness left behind.

“At last Recreation setteth up the gentleman upon his feet, Delight is restored to him again, and such kind of sports, for cullises, are brought in to nourish him, as none but Delight must apply to his stomach. Then, time being made for the benefit of Life, and Life being allowed to follow his appetite amongst all manner of pastimes, Life chooseth comedies for his delight; partly because comedies are neither chargeable to the beholder’s purse, nor painful to his body; partly because he may sit out of the rain to view the same, when many other pastimes are hindered by weather. Zeal is no more admitted to Life before he be somewhat pinched in the waist, to avoid extremity, and being not in the end simply called Zeal, but Moderate Zeal: a few conditions are prescribed to comedies; that the matter be purged, deformities blazed, sin rebuked, honest mirth intermingled, and fit time for the

hearing of the same appointed. Moderate Zeal is contented to suffer them, who joineth with Delight to direct Life again, after which he triumphs over Death, and is crowned with eternity."

CHAPTER III.

THEATRICAL COMPANIES.

We have seen that the English Drama took its origin in the Church. Doubtless it was for a long time mainly in the hands of the clergy, themselves acting in the performances, or at least superintending them. At what time play-acting began to be followed as a distinct profession, is not known. Companies of travelling actors, it seems, were not uncommon as far back as the time of Henry VI.; *The Castle of Perseverance* being represented by persons of that sort, who, on reaching a populous district, sent forward messengers to give notice when and where the performance would take place. Early in the next reign, 1464, an Act of Parliament was passed, regulating the apparel of different orders, but making a special exception in favour of certain classes among whom "players of interludes" are mentioned. This is said to be the first statute of the realm in which any such notice occurs. During the same reign, the private account-book of Lord John Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, mentions several companies of players, as those of Cocksale, Chelmsford, and Lavenham, who were

probably sets of actors hailing from those places, but sometimes going abroad in the exercise of their mystery. From the same source we learn that the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., had a company of players in his patronage, and acting under his name.

It is pretty certain that in the reign of Henry VII., which began in 1485, dramatic exhibitions were common in all parts of the kingdom. The Exchequer accounts of the reign show in one place an annuity of £13 6s. 8d. "to Richard Gibson and other the King's players." And when the King's eldest daughter, Margaret, was sent into Scotland on her marriage with James IV., a company of players, John English being one of them, formed a part of her retinue. Prince Arthur was born in 1486; and some time after, another company entitled "the Prince's players," were required to do their share towards the amusement of the Court. In addition to these, the Gentlemen of the Chapel acted before the King and Court during the festivities of Christmas, and had rewards as "the players of the Chapel." It appears, also, from the accounts of the Queen, that, besides the three sets of actors belonging to the royal household, the players of the Duke of Buckingham, and of the Earls of Oxford, Essex, and Northumberland, performed at Court, and were variously rewarded. And we learn from the same authority, that there were companies of players attached to London, Coventry, Wycomb,

Mile-end, Wymborn, and Kingston. And another book of the Queen's expenses shows that she sometimes made separate rewards to players when they gave her unusual satisfaction. In short, before the end of this reign, in 1509, acting had become an ordinary vocation; still, notwithstanding the patronage of the King and the nobility, it seems not to have been considered a reputable pursuit.

For some few years, Henry VIII. merely kept up the theatrical establishment of his father; but in 1514 a new company was taken into his service, and in the entries of payments after that time we have the distinction of "the King's players" and "the King's old players." The Gentlemen of the Chapel continued to perform, their pay being increased from £6 13s. 4d. to £10. The Children of the Chapel also performed from time to time as a band of comedians, receiving a gratuity of £6 13s. 4d. John Heywood, then called "the singer," but whom we shall meet with hereafter in a different capacity, had a quarterly allowance of £5. From a curious paper printed by Mr. Collier, it appears that during the Christmas of 1514-15 two interludes were played before the Court at Richmond, one by the Children of the Chapel under the care of William Cornish, the other by the King's players, with John English at their head. We subjoin the account of them:—

"The interlude was called *The Triumph of Love and Beauty*, and it was written and presented by

Master Cornish and others of the Chapel of our sovereign lord the King, and the children of the said Chapel. In the same, Venus and Beauty did triumph over all their enemies, and tamed a savage man and a lion; that was made very rare and natural, so as the King was greatly pleased therewith, and graciously gave Master Cornish a rich reward out of his own hand, to be divided with the rest of his fellows. Venus did sing a song with Beauty, which was greatly liked of all that heard it. English and the others of the King's players after played an interlude which was written by Master Medwall; but it was so long, it was not liked: it was of the finding of Truth, who was carried away by Ignorance and Hypocrisy. The Fool's part was the best, but the King departed before the end to his chamber."

In 1520, four French hostages having been left in England for the performance of a treaty touching the surrender of Tournay, the King had his great chamber at Greenwich staged for their entertainment; and Holinshed tells us that, among other things, "there was a goodly comedy of Plautus played." This is one of the earliest signs of anything like a classical taste in such matters. The play, being meant for foreigners, was probably acted in the original Latin, as there is no trace of any English version from Plautus of so early a date. In the Christmas of 1527, a play was acted at Gray's Inn; which is the first known instance of

from the forecited acts of public authority during this period in regard to it.

We have already seen that in 1559, the first year of Elizabeth, Sir Robert Dudley had a set of players under his patronage; and that he took care that his name should not be to them an empty honour. This is the first that we hear of the company which afterwards, as will in due time appear, outshone all others.

The Cottonian manuscripts note a remarkable circumstance among the events of Christmas, 1559: "The same day at night, at the Queen's Court, there was a play afore her Grace, in which the players played such matter that they were commanded to leave off." But it seems the disturbance did not last long; for the same authority informs us that on Twelfth-day following a scaffold for the play was set up in the hall, and that the play was succeeded by "a goodly masque, and, after, a great banquet that lasted till midnight."

Two years later, the Christmas season appears to have been kept with unusual splendour. On the 18th of January, the manuscripts just quoted mention "a play in the Queen's hall at Westminster by the gentlemen of the Temple; after, a great masque, for there was a great scaffold in the hall, with great triumph as has been seen; and the Morrow the scaffold was taken down." This play was the tragedy of *Gorboduc*, which we shall see more of hereafter; and the title-page of the old edition

states that it was "showed before the Queen's most excellent Majesty, in her Highness' Court of Whitehall, the 18th of January, 1562, by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple." The 1st of February following, another play was acted, called *Julius Cæsar*, which is the earliest known instance of an English play founded on Roman history.

It appears that under Elizabeth the Revels establishment was at first conducted on a much more economical scale than in the time of her father and sister. Nevertheless, we learn from the Lansdowne papers that the whole cost of the establishment during the fourth year of her reign was upwards of £1,230; of which £30 were for eight "players of interludes."

In 1563, the nation was ravaged by a malignant infectious fever, called the plague, brought over by the English troops from Holland; and Camden states that no less than 21,530 persons died of it in London: it was the same, no doubt, that in 1564 was so fearfully busy around the cradle of the infant Shakespeare. Archbishop Grindal made this scourge an occasion for trying to put down the stage; his action is thus recorded by Strype: "The players he called an idle sort of people, which had been infamous in all good commonwealths. These men did then daily, but especially on holidays, set up their bills inviting to plays, and the youth resorted excessively to them, and there took infection. He complained to the Secretary that God's

word was profaned by their impure mouths, and turned into scoffs. And, by search, he perceived there was no one thing of late more like to have renewed the infection, there being such vast resort thither. And therefore he advised, for the remedy hereof, that Cecil would be the means of a proclamation to inhibit all plays for one whole year; and if it were for ever, added he, it were not amiss: that is, within the City or three miles compass, upon pains, as well to the player, as to the owners of houses where they played their lewd interludes." We do not hear of any action being taken in pursuance of this advice, but it is quite probable that some temporary restraint was imposed. At all events, the matter is pertinent as showing the growing importance of the stage.

From "a brief estimate of all the charges against Christmas and Candlemas for three plays at Windsor," in the Christmas season of 1563-64, and also for plays at the Christmas and Shrovetide following, it appears that the cost of the whole was a little over £444. This includes, however, the "repairing and making of three masques, with their whole furniture and divers devices, and a castle for ladies, and a harbour for lords," shown before the Queen and the French Ambassadors at Richmond in the summer of 1564; but it was only a small part of the expenses incurred on those occasions. From the same paper we learn that Richard Edwards was the author of a play acted before the Queen at

Christmas, 1564, by the Children of the Chapel, Edwards being at that time their master. During the festivities of the following Twelfth-tide, the boys belonging to the grammar-school of Westminster, and the Children of Paul's performed at Court. In the summer of 1564, the Queen, being then on a progress, visited Cambridge University, and was entertained at King's College with a play "called *Ezechias in English*:" it was made by Nicholas Udall, of whom more hereafter, and of course was a sacred drama, founded on the Second Book of Kings.

On the 3d of September, 1566, a play was witnessed by Elizabeth at Oxford, when she gave eight guineas to one of the young performers. Anthony Wood furnishes the following account of it: "At night the Queen heard the first part of an English play named *Palamon and Arcite*, made by Mr. Richard Edwards, a gentleman of her Chapel, acted with very great applause in Christ Church Hall; at the beginning of which play there was, by part of the stage which fell, three persons slain, besides five that were hurt. Afterwards, the actors performed their parts so well, that the Queen laughed heartily thereat, and gave the author of the play great thanks for his pains." Two days later, a Latin play called *Progne*, by Dr. James Calfhill, was acted; but, according to Wood, "it did not take half so well as the much-admired play of *Palamon and Arcite*." During the next Christmas season, the

Revels were held at Gray's Inn, where Gascoigne's *Supposes*, translated from Ariosto, and his *Jocasta*, from Euripides, were performed. The former was a prose comedy, traces of which are found in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*; the latter, a tragedy in blank verse.

Mr. Collier found among the Harleian manuscripts a minute account of the Court theatricals in 1568: it shows the payment of £634 9s. 5d. for expenses incurred between July, 1567, and March following; during which time eight plays were acted before the Queen; the titles of which are given as follows: *As Plain as can be*; *The Painful Pilgrimage*; *Jack and Gill*; *Six Fools*; *Wit and Will*; *Prodigality*; *Orestes*; *The King of Scots*; none of which appear to have survived. The same paper shows the sum of £453 5s. 5d. spent for Court theatricals in 1569; but only states, generally, that "plays, tragedies, and masques" were performed at Christmas and Shrovetide. From another paper, found by Malone in the Office of the Auditors of the Imprest, we learn that the cost of the Revels for the year ending on Shrove-Tuesday, 1571, was upwards of £1,558; mainly expended on six plays, as follows: *Lady Barbary*, and *Cloridon and Radiamanta*, by Sir Robert Lane's men; *Iphigenia*, by the Children of Paul's; *Ajax and Ulysses*, by the Children of Windsor; *Narcissus*, by the Children of the Chapel; *Paris and Vienna*, by the Children of Westminster. The account states

that these six plays "were chosen out of many, and found to be the best that were then to be had." Of course this choice was made by the Master of the Revels, whose duty it was to hear the plays rehearsed, before they were presented at Court. Besides the plays, there were six masques, and among the furnishings for both, are mentioned horse-tails, hobby-horses, branches of silk, and other garniture for pageants, sceptres, dishes for devil's eyes, devices for hell and hell-mouth, bows, bills, swords, spears, and fireworks. In the play of *Narcissus*, a fox was let loose, and pursued by dogs; for which a charge was made of 20*s.* 8*d.*; also, counterfeit thunder and lightning, at a cost of 22*s.* Twenty-one vizards, with long beards, and six Turks' vizards are also some of the articles specified.

How common the profession of actor had now become, is well shown in that strolling players calling themselves the retainers of noblemen were so numerous that in 1572 a statute was found necessary for their regulation. The Act made to that end provides that "all fencers, bear-wards, common-players in interludes and minstrels, not belonging to any Baron of this realm, or any other honourable personage of greater degree, all jugglers, pedlars, tinkers, and petty chapmen, which shall wander abroad, and not have licence of two justices of the peace at least," shall be deemed and dealt with as rogues and vagabonds. The evil sought to be

that half the money taken should be given to charitable purposes. How far the City prevailed in this contest with the Court, is not fully known; but soon after the date of the forecited measure a set of orders was printed, one of which looks as though they had succeeded in excluding plays from the limits of the Corporation, but not from the suburbs or Liberties. As the matter is rather edifying, we subjoin it:—

“Forasmuch as the playing of interludes and the resort to the same are very dangerous for the infection of the plague, whereby infinite burdens and losses to the City may increase; and are very hurtful in corruption of youth with incontinence and lewdness; and also great wasting both of the time and thrift of many poor people; and great provoking of the wrath of God, the ground of all plagues; great withdrawing of the people from public prayer, and from the service of God; and daily cried out against by the preachers of the word of God; therefore it is ordered, that all such interludes in public places, and the resort to the same, shall wholly be prohibited as ungodly, and humble suit made to the Lords, that like prohibition be in places near unto the City.”

This was followed by an earnest petition from “the Queen’s poor players” to the Privy Council, requesting “all your Lordships’ favourable letters unto the Lord Mayor of London, to permit us to exercise within the City; and also that the said

letters may contain some order to the Justices of Middlesex; whereby we shall cease the continual troubling of your Lordships with often letters in the premises." It seems, that a copy of this petition, with, perhaps, certain orders suited to the case, must have been sent by the Privy Council to the City authorities; for they set forth a lengthy reply to it, from which we can give but the following: "Whereas they require only that her Majesty's servants be permitted to play; it is less evil than to grant more. But herein, if your Lordships will so allow them, it may please you to know, that the last year, when such toleration was of the Queen's players only, all the places of playing were filled with men calling themselves the Queen's players. Your Lordships may do well, in your letters or warrants for their toleration, to express the number of the Queen's players, and particularly all their names."

Hitherto, instead of houses or buildings set apart, arranged, and furnished for dramatic representations, resort was commonly had, for that purpose, to halls, churches, chapels, or temporary erections in streets and other open grounds. The proceedings of the London authorities led to consequences which they had not foreseen. Excluded from the City proper, Burbage and his fellows soon pitched upon a place beyond the Mayor's jurisdiction, but yet as near its limits as possible. This was the precinct of the ancient Blackfriars monastery,

where they bought certain rooms with the view of converting them into a play-house. While the necessary alterations were making, divers inhabitants of the neighbourhood sent a petition to the Privy Council, praying that Burbage might not be allowed to go on with his undertaking. In this petition, after assigning certain reasons for their course, they proceed as follows: "In tender consideration whereof, as also for there hath not at any time heretofore been used any common play-house within the same precinct; but that now, all players being banished by the Lord Mayor from playing within the City, by reason of the great inconvenience and ill rule that followeth them, they think to plant themselves in the Liberties; that therefore it would please your Honours to take order, that the same rooms may be converted to some other use, and that no play-house may be used or kept there."

Notwithstanding, the enterprise went ahead, and in 1576 the Blackfriars theatre was made ready for use. And by this time there were two other play-houses in regular operation, called The Theatre and The Curtain; these were in Shoreditch, likewise beyond the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction.

Between the Christmas of 1574 and Shrove-Tuesday, 1582, a great number of plays were acted at Court by various companies; a summary statement of which will further illustrate the growth of the profession, and is all our space can afford.

Eight pieces are noted as performed by Leicester's men, and one by "Lord Leicester's boys," as if he had two companies, a senior and a junior, under his patronage; nine, by the Lord Chamberlain's men; seven, by the Earl of Warwick's men; two, by Lord Howard's men; three, by the Earl of Derby's men; one, by Lord Hunsdon's men; one, by Lord Clinton's men; two, by the Earl of Sussex's men; eight, by the Children of Windsor and of the Chapel; six, by the Children of Paul's; and one, by Mulcaster's Children.

Meanwhile, the tussle between the Court and City seems to have been renewed; as, in December, 1581, a letter was written to the Lord Mayor, ordering him to permit certain companies of players "to use and exercise their trade of playing in and about the City, as they have heretofore accustomed, upon the week-days only, being holidays or other days; so as they do forbear wholly to play on the Sabbath-day, either in the forenoon or afternoon; which to do, they are by their Lordships' order expressly denied and forbidden." And in April following the Privy Council sent another letter to the Mayor, urging the reasonableness of allowing the players to perform for honest recreation's sake, and in order that they might attain to more perfection and dexterity, against their being called upon to act before the Queen. They also "pray his Lordship to revoke his late inhibition against their playing on holidays; but that he do suffer them, as well

within the City as without, to use their exercise of playing on the said holidays after evening prayer, only forbearing the Sabbath-day, according to their Lordships' order; and when he shall find that the continuance of the same their exercise, by the increase of sickness or infection, shall be dangerous, to certify their Lordships, and they will presently take order accordingly."

Paris Garden having for a long time been used for bear-baiting, the galleries, being of wood, had become much decayed; and on Sunday, January 13th, 1582, one of them fell, during the exhibition, killing some persons, and hurting others. The next day, the Lord Mayor wrote to Lord Treasurer Burghley, and, after referring to the event, remarked, very justly, "It giveth great occasion to acknowledge the hand of God for such abuse of the Sabbath-day, and moveth me in conscience to beseech your Lordship to give order for the redress of such contempt of God's service." The result was, that the forecited order of the Privy Council against playing on Sunday, which applied only to the City, was now made general; so that the catastrophe had, at least in some measure, the good effect of breaking up plays on Sunday.

Some two months later, the Queen, at the request of Secretary Walsingham, chose, out of some noblemen's companies that were used to act before her, twelve players for a company of her own. One of these was Robert Wilson, of "a quick, delicate,

refined extemporal wit;" another was Richard Tarlton, who was reckoned the best actor of the time in comic parts. Howes tells us, in his additions to Stowe, that "they were sworn the Queen's servants, and were allowed wages and liveries as grooms of the Chamber." The Christmas following, five pieces were played at Court by "her Majesty's servants," who of course were the new company thus formed.

Nor did the Queen's action towards supplying her court with pastimes stop here. In April, 1586, she issued a warrant under her sign manual, authorizing Thomas Gyles, Master of the Children of St. Paul's, "to take up such apt and meet children" as might be found in any Cathedrals and Collegiate churches in the kingdom, to be taught and trained for her special service. For the next two years, most of the plays at Court were performed by the Queen's new players and the company of boys thus established. Howbeit, in February, 1588, a tragedy called *The Misfortunes of Arthur* was acted before the Queen at Greenwich, by "the Gentlemen of Gray's Inn," who were very busy in theatricals during that winter. The play was written by Thomas Hughes, all but the Introduction, which was the work of Nicholas Trotte; and deserves special mention forasmuch as no less a man than "Mr. Francis Bacon" assisted in preparing the dumb-shows.

Secretary Walsingham, it seems, was accustomed to have certain hired intelligencers or spies prowling about London, to fish up news for him. One of

these, calling himself a Soldier, wrote to his patron, on the 25th of January, 1586, a letter which, though doubtless having more or less of exaggeration, shows the prodigious activity of the Drama at that time. He makes a sort of episode on the stage, as follows:

"The daily abuse of stage-plays is such an offence to the godly, and so great a hindrance to the Gospel, as the Papists do exceedingly rejoice at the blemish thereof, and not without cause: for every day in the week the players' bills are set up in sundry places of the City, some in the name of her Majesty's men, some, the Earl of Leicester, some, the Earl of Oxford, the Lord Admiral, and divers others; so that when the bells toll to the lecturer, the trumpets sound to the stages; whereat the wicked faction of Rome laugheth for joy, while the godly weep for sorrow. Woe is me! the play-houses are pestered, when churches are naked: at the one it is not possible to get a place, at the other void seats are plenty. The profaning of the Sabbath is redressed, but as bad a custom entertained, and yet still our long-suffering God forbeareth to punish. Yet it is a woeful sight, to see two hundred proud players jet in their silks, where five hundred poor people starve in the streets. But if needs this mischief must be tolerated, whereat, no doubt, the Highest frowneth, yet for God's sake, Sir, let every stage in London pay a weekly pension to the poor, that *ex hoc malo proveniat aliquid bonum*: but it were rather to be wished that play-

ers might be used, as Apollo did his laughing, *semel in anno*. Now, methinks, I see your Honour smile, and say to yourself, these things are fitter for the pulpit than a soldier's pen; but God, who searcheth the heart and reins, knoweth that I write not hypocritically, but from the very sorrow of my soul."

It was not long before the abuses of the stage called forth some decisive action, which resulted in the silencing of two companies. In 1589, Edmund Tylney, then Master of the Revels, and a part of whose duty was to watch over the stage, made, it seems, some complaint to Burghley against the actors in the City. Burghley thereupon wrote to the Mayor to put a stop to all plays within his jurisdiction. The main part of the Mayor's answer is as follows: "According to your Lordship's good pleasure, I presently sent for such players as I could hear of, so as there appeared yesterday before me the Lord Admiral's and the Lord Strange's players; to whom I specially gave in charge, and required them in her Majesty's name, to forbear playing until further order might be given for their allowance in that respect. Whereupon the Lord Admiral's players very dutifully obeyed; but the others, in very contemptuous manner departing from me, went to the Cross Keys, and played that afternoon, to the great offence of the better sort, that knew they were prohibited by order from your Lordship. Which as I might not suffer, so I sent

for the said contemptuous persons, who having no reasons to allege for their contempt, I could do no less but this evening commit two of them to one of the Counters; and do mean, according to your Lordship's direction, to prohibit all playing until your Lordship's pleasure therein be further known."

This letter was dated the 6th of November, 1589. Six days after, the Privy Council wrote letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Mayor of London, and the Master of the Revels, requiring the first two to choose each a suitable person, and the last to join with the persons so chosen in inspecting and licensing all plays to be acted in and about the City.

The cause of these proceedings was this: about that time the Marprelate controversy was at its height, and Martin Marprelate had been brought upon the public stage. This is evident from a tract by Nash, printed that year, where, referring to Martin, the writer proceeds, — "Methought *Vetus Comædia* began to prick him at London in the right vein, when she brought forth Divinity with a scratch'd face, holding of her heart as if she were sick because Martin would have forced her; but, missing of his purpose, he left the print of his nails upon her cheeks, and poisoned her with a vomit, which he ministered unto her to make her cast up her dignities and promotions."

Of course the Old Comedy and Divinity here

spoken of were stage personifications, and Martin one of the *dramatis personæ* in the same piece with them. Not long after, John Llyl, who wrote some of the Marprelate tracts, published a pamphlet wherein he clearly infers that some plays on the subject had been stayed. Alluding to Martin, he says, — “Would *those comedies might be allowed to be play'd that are penned*, and then I am sure he would be deciphered, and so, perhaps, discouraged. He shall not be brought in, *as whilome he was*, and yet very well, with a cock's comb, an ape's face, a wolf's belly, cat's claws, etc., but in a capp'd cloak, and all the best apparel he wore the highest day in the year. A stage-player, though he be but a cobbler by occupation, yet his chance may be to play the king's part. Martin, of what calling soever he be, can play nothing but the knave's part. Would it not be a fine tragedy, when *Mardocheus* shall play a Bishop in a play, and Martin, Haman; and that he that seeks to pull down those that are set in high authority above him, should be hoisted upon a tree above all other?” Here the allusion is plainly to some play of Martin marring the Prelates; and the writer adds in a note, — “If he be showed at Paul's, it will cost you four-pence; at the Theatre, two-pence; at St. Thomas-a-Watrings, nothing.” From which it would seem that the matter in question had been brought upon the stage by the Children of St. Paul's, and by the actors of the Theatre play-house. St. Thomas-a-Watrings

was a place of execution, where of course a tragical sight might be seen for nothing.

It appears that about the same time, and probably for the same cause, a stop was put to the acting of the Children of St. Paul's; for in Llyl's *Endymion*, published in 1591, the writer says, "Since the Plays in Paul's were dissolved, there are certain comedies come to my hands." As the matter is further treated in various accounts of Shakespeare's life, we will dismiss it by simply adding that the Mayor's total prohibition of playing was but temporary.

There was a singular passage between some players and the University of Cambridge which perhaps ought not to be omitted. As far back as 1575, the Privy Council had sent letters to the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, in which, after stating the necessity of keeping pure the fountains whence learning flowed to all parts of the kingdom, they forbade common players to perform either at the University or within five miles round it. In the summer of 1592, a company of players, with Dutton at their head, repaired to Cambridge, intending to perform there. On the 1st of September, the Vice-Chancellor and certain justices of peace issued a warrant to the constable for preventing such design. Nevertheless, the players did perform at Chesterton, which was within the prescribed limits. On the 8th, Dr. Some, the Vice-Chancellor, wrote to the Privy Council, reciting the orders of 1575, complaining of the

late offence, and requesting that the offending parties might be punished. Not getting any answer, Dr. Some, and several heads of colleges with him, ten days after, wrote again, repeating the complaint, with further particulars against Lord North and Dutton who had treated their authority with contempt. After referring to the forementioned warrant, they proceed thus:—

“How slightly that warrant was regarded, as well by the constables and the inhabitants of Chesterton, as by the players themselves, appeared by their bills set up upon our college-gates, and by their playing at Chesterton, notwithstanding our said warrant to the contrary. One of the constables told us, that he heard the players say that they were licenced by the Lord North to play in Chesterton. We cannot charge his Lordship otherwise in that particular; but we are able to justify, that the Lord North, upon a like occasion heretofore, being made acquainted with the said letters of the Lords of the Council, returned answer in writing, that those letters were no perpetuity.”

After going on somewhat further in the same strain, they close by asking a renewal of the orders of 1575, that Lord North and the players might not be able to take shelter under the plea of their having expired. Thus the matter rested till July, 1593, when the Vice-Chancellor reminded Lord Burghley on the subject, and prayed that the University might be freed from players. A few

days after, the orders were accordingly renewed, and a copy of the same sent to the authorities of Oxford.

Meanwhile, however, in December, 1592, Dr. John Still, then at the head of Cambridge University, received an order from Court, that an English comedy should be got up there for the Queen's recreation, as, because of the plague, her own actors could not play before her at Christmas. This looks very like an intended reproof of the University. Be that as it may, Dr. Still, though himself the author of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, an English comedy, which was acted before the Queen at Christ College in 1566, wrote the following in answer, six others joining with him:—

“Upon Saturday last, being the 2d of December, we received letters from Mr. Vice-Chamberlain, wherein, by reason that her Majesty's own servants in this time of infection may not disport her Highness with their wonted pastimes, his Honour hath moved our University to prepare a comedy in English, to be acted before her Highness by some of our students in this time of Christmas. How ready we are to do any thing that may tend to her Majesty's pleasure, we are very desirous by all means to testify; but how fit we shall be for this, having no practice in this English vein, and being, as we think, nothing beseeming our students, we much doubt. English comedies, *for that we never used any*, we presently have none: to make or translate

one in such shortness of time, we shall not be able; and therefore, if we must needs undertake the business, and that with conveniency it may be granted, these two things we would gladly desire,— some further time for due preparation, and liberty to play in Latin. How fit these are to be requested or granted, your Lordship, who well knoweth her Majesty's disposition and our manner, is best able to judge: ourselves only do move them, referring both them and the whole cause unto your Lordship's consideration."

This remonstrance appears to have been effectual: but the next year Dr. Thomas Legge, who wrote a Latin tragedy of *Richard III.*, was Vice-Chancellor; and in a letter to Lord Burghley he spoke of some offence given to the Queen, and stated that the University had sent some of its body to Oxford to see the entertainment given her Majesty there, in order to be better prepared for obeying her directions in future. The difference seems to have been arranged before the Christmas of 1594, since the University then acted certain comedies and a tragedy, and requested a loan of the royal robes in the Tower for that purpose.

We have now brought down the account of theatricals as far as our plan requires. From the great impetus already noted, it may well be presumed that there was a still further growth in after-years; which was indeed the case. Before the end of the sixteenth century, there were divers

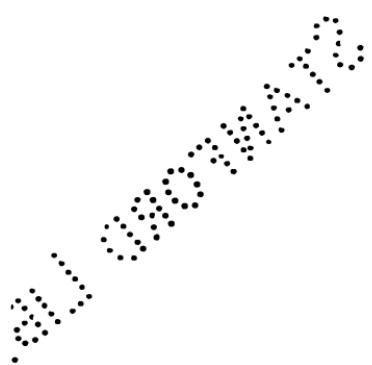
other play-houses in the City and suburbs of London, besides the three already mentioned; as the Whitefriars, the Newington Butts, the Rose, the Hope, the Paris Garden, the Globe, the Swan, and the Fortune. On the whole, it is pretty evident, that in Shakespeare's time the Drama was decidedly a great institution; it was a sort of fourth Estate in the realm, nearly as much so, perhaps, as the newspaper press is in our day: practically, the Government of the commonwealth was vested in King, Lords, Commons, and Dramatists, including in the latter both writers and actors; so that the poet had far more reason than now exists, for making Hamlet say to the old statesman,—“After your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.”

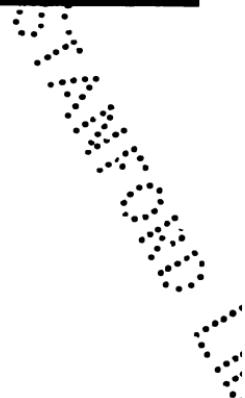


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CHAPTER IV.

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.

We have seen how the old Miracle-plays gradually gave way to Moral-plays; first borrowing some of their materials, then thrown into the back-ground, and finally quite displaced, by what they had borrowed. Yet both these forms of the Drama were radically different from Comedy and Tragedy, in the proper sense of these terms: there was very little of character or of human blood in them; and even that little was not there by any natural right; being forced in by external causes, and not a free or native outgrowth from the genius or principle of the thing. The first, in their proper idea and original plan, were but a mechanical collocation of the events of Scripture and old legend, carried on by a sort of personal representatives; the historical forms being everything, individual traits nothing, in the exhibition: the second, a mere procession of abstract ideas rudely and inartificially personified, with something of fantastical drapery thrown around them. So that both alike stood apart from the vitalities of nature and the abiding interests of thought, being indeed

quite innocent of the knowledge of them: both were the legitimate product of a people among whom the principles of a most generous culture had been planted, but had not yet fructified; who had the powers of the highest art rather lying on the surface of their mind than rooted in its substance; a treasure of grace and truth adopted, but not incorporated.

Of course it was impossible that such things, themselves the offspring of darkness, should stand the light. None but children in mind — in the dim twilight “how easy is a bush supposed a bear” — could mistake them for truth, or keep up any real sympathy with such unvital motions. Precluded from the endless variety of individual nature and characteristic speciality, they could not but run into great sameness and monotony: it was at the best little more than a repetition of one fundamental air under certain arbitrary variations. As the matter shown was always much the same, the interest had to depend chiefly on the manner of showing it: so that the natural result was either a cumbrous and clumsy excess of manner, or else a stupefying tediousness of effect; unless, indeed, it drew beyond itself, and in doing this it could not but create a taste that would sooner or later force its entire withdrawal from the scene.

Accordingly, Moral-plays, at a comparatively early period in their course, began, as we have seen, to deviate into veins of matter foreign to their original

design; points of native humour and wit, lines of personal interest were taken in to diversify and relieve the allegorical sameness; these grew more and more into the main texture of the workmanship: so that the older occupant may, in some sort, be said to have begotten the new species by which itself was in due time superseded. As the new elements gained strength and grew firm, much of the old treasure proved to be mere refuse and dross; as such it was discarded: nevertheless, whatsoever of sterling wealth had been accumulated, was sucked in, retained, and carried up into the supervening growth.

So that the allegorical drama had great influence, no doubt, in determining the scope and quality of the proper drama of comedy and tragedy; since, by its long discipline of the popular mind in abstract ideas, it did much, very much, towards forming that public taste which required the drama to rise above a mere geography of facts into the empyrean of truth; and under the instruction of which Shakespeare learned to make his persons embodiments of general nature as well as of individual character. For the excellences of the Shakespearian drama were probably owing as much to the mental preparation of the time as to the powers of the individual man: he was in demand before he came, and it was that pre-existing demand that taught and enabled him to do what he did. In short, as it was the strength of his genius that lifted him to the top of

the heap, so it was the greatness of the heap that enabled him to reach and maintain that elevation. For it is a great mistake to regard Shakespeare as standing alone, and working only in the powers of his individual mind. In fact, there was never any growth of literature or art that stood upon a wider basis of collective experience, or that drew its form and substance from a larger or more varied stock of historical preparation.

The beginnings, then, of English comedy and tragedy were made long before these appeared in distinct formation. Of course, by comedy and tragedy, we mean the drama of individual character and action as distinguished from symbolical representations. And the first known hand that drew off the elements of comedy and moulded them into a structure by themselves was John Heywood, who belonged to the Revels establishment of Henry VIII., and in 1514 had a salary of £20 a year as "the singer," and also, in 1538, a quarterly allowance of £2 10s. as "player on the virginals." His pieces, however, have not the form of comedies. He called them Interludes, a name in use many years before, and perhaps adopted by him as indicating the purpose to which he designed them, of filling up the gaps or intervals of banquets and other entertainments. They are short, not taking much more time than a single act in an ordinary comedy. Yet they have the substance of comedy, in that they give pictures of real life and manners, contain-

ing much sprightliness of dialogue, and not a little of humour and character, and varied with amusing incident and allusion drawn fresh from the writer's observation, with the dews of nature upon them. This will readily appear upon a brief analysis of some of them.

Heywood's oldest piece, written as early as 1521, though not printed till 1533, is entitled *A merry Play between the Pardoner and the Friar, the Curate and neighbour Pratt*. A Pardoner and a Friar have each got leave of the Curate to use his church, the one to exhibit his relics, the other to preach a sermon, the object of both being simply to make money. The Friar comes first, and is about to begin his preaching, when the other enters and disturbs him: each wants to be heard first, and, after a long fierce trial which has the stronger pair of lungs, they fall into a regular performance of mutual kicking and cuffing. The Curate, aroused to the spot by the clamour, endeavours to part them; failing of this, he calls in neighbour Pratt, and then seizes the Friar, leaving Pratt to manage the other, their purpose being to set them in the stocks. But they get the worst of it altogether; in fact, they are treated to a sound drubbing; whereupon they gladly come to terms, allowing the Pardoner and Friar quietly to depart. As a specimen of the incidents, we may mention that the Friar, while his whole sermon is against covetousness, harps much on the voluntary poverty of his order,

and then gives out his purpose of taking up a collection. In a like spirit of satirical humour, the Pardoner is made to exhibit some very laughable relics, such as "the great toe of the Holy Trinity," the bongrace and French hood of the Virgin Mary, articles of dress worn at that time, and the "blessed jaw-bone" of all the saints in the Calendar;

" Which relic, without any fail,
Against poison chiefly doth prevail."

Another of Heywood's pieces, also printed in 1533, is called *A merry Play between John the husband, Tib the wife, and Sir John the priest*. Tib the wife being absent from home, John, who is a henpecked husband, brags of his domestic ascendancy, and threatens to give her a lusty trouncing on her return. Just then she enters, having overheard him, and demands whom he is going to beat: he dodges off that "it was Stockfish in Thames-street." She complains of sickness, and he attributes it to her drinking with Sir John the priest, which, it seems, was a common pastime with her. She then produces a pie, which she has brought home with her; tells him it was made by herself, her gossip Margery, and Sir John; sends him off to invite Sir John to supper; and he dare not refuse to go, though mighty suspicious that she has been playing him false. Sir John having come, she sends her husband out for water to wash their hands with before eating: while he is gone, she

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and Sir John make merry together at the tricks she has practised upon him. John finds the pail too leaky for use; returns; is furnished with wax, to stop the leaks; while he is busy putting it on, she and Sir John despatch the pie, not heeding his remonstrances, and he not daring to enforce a share of it from them. At last his patience gives way; he throws down the pail in high dudgeon; whereupon Tib and Sir John pitch into him till they make the blood "run about his ears," and then put off together: he fancies they have fled from his superior prowess; but, suddenly bethinking himself that they have withdrawn for another purpose, makes after them, "to see if they do him any villainy;" which concludes the performance.

Another of his pieces, also full of broad fun, and equally smacking of real life, is entitled *The Four P's*; while a fourth, called *The Play of the Weather*, has something the character of a Moral-play, the Vice figuring in it under the name of Merry Report. What we have given may suffice to indicate the decided steps taken by Heywood in the direction of genuine comedy.

An anonymous interlude called *Thersites*, and written in 1537, deserves mention as the oldest dramatic piece in English, with characters borrowed from secular history. The object of the piece as stated in the title-page is to "declare how that the greatest boasters are not the greatest doers." Thersites, the hero, enters fresh from the

siege of Troy: having lost his armour, he applies to Mulciber to forge him a new suit. Among other things, he wants "a sallet made of steel," meaning a helmet; Vulcan takes him to mean a salad, and he has much ado to beat into the artizan's head precisely what it is that he wants. Being at length furnished with a sword that will pare iron, the hero exclaims, "Now have at the lions on Cotswold," a proverbial expression for sheep. He then dares King Arthur and his knights of the round table, and divers other English heroes, to fight, and avows his determination to walk through London, let come what will. His mother, thinking his wordy rage may import danger to somebody, tries in vain to appease his wrath: in reply he alludes to Robin-hood and Little John, calling them "Robin John and Littlehood," and vows to "teach such outlaws" how hereafter "they take away Abbots' purses." This is followed by a mighty battle with a snail, mixed up with references to Friar Tuck: after due deliberation, Thersites makes at the beast with club and sword, and finally compels him to haul in his horns. "A poor soldier come of late from Calais" then enters, and the hero runs off in a fright. Next, a child named Telemachus comes to the hero's mother with a letter from Ulysses, requesting her to doctor the bringer, who is troubled with worms: she undertakes his cure, and gives him a charm for that purpose. This done, the soldier enters again, and the hero again makes off with all his

legs, leaving his club and sword behind him; which concludes the piece. From all this it will be seen that the interlude has nothing of historical matter but the names: it is merely a piece of broad comedy in the vein of English life and manners.

Another piece of a much more serious character, approaching to tragedy, was printed about 1530, *Calisto and Melibæa*, "a new comedy in English, in manner of an interlude, right elegant, and full of craft and rhetoric; wherein is showed and described as well the beauty and good properties of women, as their vices and evil conditions, with a moral conclusion and exhortation to virtue." The story is very simple and soon told. Calisto, a young gallant, is in love with Melibea, who dislikes him. By the advice of Sempronio, a parasite, he bribes old Celestina, a common bawd, into his service. She tries to persuade the heroine to meet Calisto at her house: failing of this, she pretends that he is dying of the tooth-ache, and that nothing will relieve him but the use of Melibea's hallowed girdle, aided by her prayers. The maiden, thus appealed to, consents to lend him the girdle, which is employed as symbolical of a far dearer favour. No sooner has she yielded it, than she is smitten with grief and remorse; she confesses the fault to Danio her father, and prays to Heaven for pardon and help. Danio then follows with a discourse of warning to old and young, and the piece ends. The play is exceedingly short, and has nothing either of the

supernatural or the allegorical in its structure: as to its merits in other respects, there is little to be said; and it is noticed merely as illustrating the gradual working up of the Drama into a new species.

We now come to the oldest known specimen of a regular English comedy. *Ralph Roister Doister* was written in 1552 or 1553, though not licenced for the press till 1566. It was the work of Nicholas Udall, a name distinguished in the early literature of the Reformation. Udall was born in 1505 or 1506; admitted a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in 1520; took his Bachelor's degree in 1524; and proceeded Master of Arts in 1534, being hindered till that time on account of his attachment to the Reformation. The same year, 1534, he was appointed Head-Master of Eton, then famous for teaching the classics; became a Prebendary of Windsor in 1551, and in 1553 Rector of Calborne in the Isle of Wight; was afterwards made Head-Master of Westminster school, and died in 1556. We have already met with him as the author of "an English play called *Ezechias*," which was performed before the Queen at King's College, Cambridge, in 1564.

In his prologue to *Ralph Roister Doister* the author refers to Plautus and Terence as his models. The play is in five acts, which are duly subdivided into scenes; the scene is in London, the persons and manners all English; the number of characters

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thirteen, four of whom are women. The hero and heroine are Ralph Roister Doister and Dame Christian Custance, a widow: in the train of the former are Matthew Merrygreek, Dobinet Doughty, and Harpax; of the latter, Truepenny her man, Madge Mumblecrust her nurse, Tibet Talkapace, and Annot Alyface. The play is opened by Matthew, who enters singing, and expounds his mind in a soliloquy, dilating on his patron's qualities and his own. Presently Ralph comes in talking to himself; declares he is weary of life, and regrets that God has made him "such a goodly person;" calls on his friend Matthew for counsel and help, as he is dying for love of a lady whose name he does not at first remember, and who, he hears, is engaged to a merchant named Gawin Goodluck. Matthew consoles him with the assurance that his figure is such as no woman can resist, and that the people go into raptures over him as he passes in the street, comparing him to divers ancient Worthies and heroes of romance; all which he swallows greedily, and promises the speaker a new coat. Next we have a scene of Madge spinning, Tibet sewing, and Annot knitting: after some talk in praise of the good fare allowed them by their mistress, they fall into a merry passage of rallying and joking each other, enlivened from time to time with snatches of song. Ralph overhears them, and takes joy to think of the merry life he shall lead with a wife who keeps such servants; wants to strike up an acquaintance with

with Matthew; gives loud directions for arms to be ready in case he should need them; addresses the lady as his wife and spouse: whereupon Sim, thinking them to be married, goes to inform his master what seems to have happened in his absence. The Dame, full of grief and anger at this staining of her good name, calls on her man and maids to drive out Ralph and Matthew, who quickly retreat, but threaten to return. She then sends for her friend Tristram Trusty, to counsel her; and Matthew enters, to tell her that he has only joined with Ralph to make fun of him, and that Ralph is about to renew the assault, "with a sheep's look full grim;" and she proceeds to "pitch a field with her maids" for his reception. This is followed by the return of Ralph, armed with kitchen utensils and a popgun, attended by Matthew, Dobinet, and Harpax, and threatening to destroy all with fire and sword. The issue of the scrape is that the lady and her maids drive off the assailants with mop and broom; Matthew managing to have all his blows light on Ralph, though pretending to fight on his side.

Act v. opens with the arrival of Goodluck and his man Sim, both persuaded of the lady's infidelity. She proceeds to welcome her betrothed with much affection, but he draws back, and calls for explanation: she protests her innocence, and refers him to Trusty. So away go he and Sim to seek for Trusty, who presently gives them entire satisfaction

in the matter; so that Goodluck soon comes back, and receives his lady-love with joy. Matthew then comes from Ralph entreating pardon for what is past, and they consent to take him into favour: Matthew hastens back to Ralph with the news, and assures him they are heartily glad to be reconciled, from terror of his arms and prowess. Ralph is invited to the wedding-supper, and then comes the epilogue.

Considering the date of this piece, it is certainly one of extraordinary merit: it has considerable wit and humour, in which there is nothing coarse or vulgar; the dialogue abounds in variety and spirit; the characters are well discriminated and life-like. The idea of Merrygreek was evidently caught from the old Vice; but his love of sport and mischief is without malignity, and the interest of his part turns on the character, not on the trimmings. Like its predecessors generally, the play is written in lines of unequal length, and with nothing to distinguish them as verse but the rhymes.

In this respect, we meet with something of improvement in another piece which has lately come to light, and which appears from internal evidence to have been written about 1560. It is called *Misogonus*, from the hero's name. The scene is laid in Italy, but the manners and allusions are English, while the persons have Greek and Roman names, significant of their tempers or positions. The play opens with a scene between Philogonus and Eupe-

las, wherein the former relates his marriage, the birth of a son, and the death of his wife; also, how the son's education had been neglected, till he had become hardened in evil past recovery. Eupelas tries to persuade him that Misogonus will in time reform; promises to reason with the youth touching his misconduct; but is warned to take care how he engages in such a hopeless task. While they are talking Cacurgus enters, and calls his master to supper. The old men leave him on the stage: after a song, in which he laughs at them, he makes a speech to the audience, descanting on the vices of his young master, and winds up by giving away the points of his dress among the spectators. The hero then enters blustering; threatens to kill Cacurgus; soon gets into familiar chat with him; tells him he is "as full of knavery as an egg is full of meat;" Cacurgus informs him that he has heard his father speaking of him to Eupelas as "a parlous unthrifty lad," and that Eupelas is going to take him in hand; whereat Misogonus falls into a storm of rage. Cacurgus then engages to go and send Eupelas out, while the hero collects his servants and makes ready to fall upon him. Misogonus calls in his man Orgalus; they stand aside, and, when Eupelas comes, rush out upon him, but he makes good his retreat. The hero then goes to abusing Orgalus for letting the old man escape: Oenophilus, another servant, explains that he could not come in time to help, because he had been drinking with a fellow who

picked his pocket and ran away : Misogonus goes to beating him ; Cacurgus enters, begs him to desist in the Queen's name, but gets a blow in reply. The servant owns that he had got no more than he deserved ; declares that his master exceeds "the nine Worthies;" promises to take him on a hunt for "two-legged venison," and is cordially forgiven.

After several less important matters, we find the hero disporting himself with Melissa, a deer that he has been hunting. Having refreshed herself with muscadine, the lady proposes "a cast at the bones;" but, as no dice are at hand, Oenophilus is sent for Sir John the Vicar, who, it is said, "has not a drop of priest's blood in him," and is sure to be well furnished with cards and dice. Meanwhile, Cacurgus joins the party, and is surprised to see the hero with such "a fair maid Marian," who is "as good as brown Bessy." The servant soon returns with Sir John, whom he found at an alehouse. The Vicar first stakes his gown on a trick of legerdemain at cards ; loses it ; but succeeds so well with the bones, that he is suspected of using "some dice of vantage ;" luck again deserts him ; while he is hard at play, the parish clerk comes to fetch him to his church : he tells the clerk to read the service himself, omitting certain parts of it ; but, on learning that Susan Sweetlips is waiting for him, is for performing his own duty ; whereupon Cacurgus swears to knock out his brains if he stirs. The gambling at length winds up with a dancing-spree ; and while

the rest are at this Cacurgus steals out and brings in Eupelas, Philogonus, and an honest old servant of the latter named Liturgus, to see the sport. Then comes an abusing-match on all sides, Liturgus declaring "there 's no mischief, but a priest at one end;" at last the hero and his set withdraw, leaving the others on the stage, when Eupelas and Liturgus endeavour to console the unhappy father.

In the third act, Custer Codrus, a country tenant of Philogonus, comes to town with a pair of capons for his landlord, and complains of having lost a sow. Cacurgus cheats him out of the capons, substituting two hens for them, but brings him to speak with Philogonus. Codrus finds the old man in great grief on account of his son; informs him that he has another son alive, his wife having borne twins; offers to prove the fact by his wife Alison, who was present at the birth; whereat the spirit of Philogonus revives. Alison, being brought in, goes to talking of her bead-roll and other things, which show her to be a Roman Catholic; so that Codrus has to remind her that their "master is of the new learning," that is, a Protestant: Philogonus hears from Alison that his wife had borne twins, and by the advice of certain learned men had sent one of them away secretly into Apollonia, to be brought up by an uncle and aunt. Liturgus is forthwith despatched in quest of the older son. The hero, being informed of these things, calls on Cacurgus

for aid and advice, and the latter proposes to steal the deeds of the old man's estates.

Isbel Busby and Madge Caro, who had also been present at the birth, next make their appearance. As Madge stammers and has the toothache, Cacurgus takes them in hand; he pretends to be a great Egyptian, able to cure all sorts of maladies; makes a long speech to them on his own merits, to which they listen with wonder; gives Madge a mock prescription, containing a drachm of "Venus-hair infidelity" and "an ounce of popery;" intrigues with them to deny that Misogonus had an elder brother, and tries to persuade them that a fairy had changed the child in the cradle. Presently, Eugonus, the lost son, arrives, and is recognized by the three women. By the help of a person named Crito, they put circumstances together, and, on ripping open the hose of Eugonus, find he has a sixth toe on one of his feet; which is proof positive that he is the elder twin who was sent into Apollonia. Eugonus is then brought to his father, asks his blessing, and gets it, with all the old man's heart. Soon after, the hero and his two men enter with weapons; a scene of abuse and confusion follows, when the servants, being left alone with their master, find how the case stands with him, and desert him; which sets Misogonus upon a course of repentance and amendment.

Next, we have a queer scene betwixt Cacurgus and the audience. It seems that Cacurgus, who

belonged to the family of Philogonus, has been dismissed for his malpractices. After stating this fact to the audience, he appeals to them to "take pity on a stray fool," and asks if there be any crier among them : no answer being given, he then makes a long amusing proclamation of his want of service, and his qualifications as a fool. Finding no one to hire him, he remarks, "fools now may go a-begging, everybody 's become so witty."

The fifth act of the play is wanting ; but in the last remaining scene of the fourth the hero, urged by Liturgus, becomes heartily repentant, and is reconciled to his father. As the action seems already complete, it is not easy to conceive what the fifth act was made of.

The great merits of this piece, as an early specimen of comedy, are somewhat apparent, we hope, from our analysis. The characterization is certainly diversified and sustained with no little skill ; while many of the incidents and situations are highly diverting. The events of the play obviously extend over a considerable space of time ; yet the unity of action is so well maintained that the diversities of time do not press upon the mind. On the whole, it is clear that even at that early date the principles of the Gothic Drama were vigorously at work, in preparation for that magnificent fruitage of art which came to full harvest ere she who then sat on the English throne was taken to her rest. It may be needful to remark that Sir John the Vicar

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was meant as a satire on the Roman Catholic priesthood. In one place it is said of him,—

“A Bible, nay, soft you! he ’ll yet be more wise;
I tell you, he ’s none of this new start-up rabble.”

But perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the play is Cacurgus, who, as may be gathered from the foregoing account, is a specimen of the professional domestic fool that succeeded to the old Vice. And he is one of the most remarkable instances of his class that have survived; there being no other play of so early a date wherein the part is used with any thing like equal skill. Before his master, Cacurgus commonly affects the mere simpleton, but at other times is full of versatile shrewdness and waggish mischief. He is usually called, both by himself and others, Will Summer; as though he were understood to model his action after the celebrated court fool of Henry VIII.

Hitherto we have no instance of regular tragedy, which in England was of later growth than comedy; though we have in several cases seen that some beginnings of tragedy were made in the older species of drama. The story of *Romeo and Juliet*, as may be seen from the introduction to that play, was brought on the stage before 1562; in what specific form, we are without the means of deciding; though of course, from the nature of the subject, it must have been tragical. The tragedy of *Gorboduc*, or, as it is sometimes called, of *Ferrex*

and Porrex (1562), is on several accounts deserving of special attention. It is regularly arranged in acts and scenes, and is the oldest extant specimen of English tragedy so arranged. As we have already seen, it was acted before the Queen at White-hall, by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple, on the 18th of January, 1562: it was also printed three times, in 1565, 1571, and 1590, which shows that it stood high in public repute. The title-page of 1565 informs us that three acts were written by Thomas Norton, and the last two by Thomas Sackville. Norton, according to Wood, was "a forward and busy Calvinist, and a noted zealot:" be that as it may, he made and published a translation of Calvin's *Institutes*, which went through five editions during his lifetime. Sackville was afterwards Earl of Dorset: he succeeded Burghley as Lord Treasurer in 1599, which office he held till his death, in 1608, and was eulogized by divers pens, Lord Bacon's being one, for his eloquence, learning, charity, and integrity.

We probably cannot do better than to quote Warton's abstract of the play, which is brief and accurate, as follows: "Gorboduc, a king of Britain about 600 years before Christ, made in his lifetime a division of his kingdom to his sons Ferrex and Porrex. The two young princes within five years quarrelled for universal sovereignty. A civil war ensued, and Porrex slew his elder brother Ferrex. Their mother, Videna, who loved Ferrex best, re-

venged his death by entering Porrex's chamber in the night, and murdering him in his sleep. The people, exasperated at the cruelty and treachery of this murder, rose in rebellion, and killed both Videna and Gorboduc. The nobility then assembled, collected an army, and destroyed the rebels. An intestine war commenced between the chief lords: the succession of the crown became uncertain and arbitrary, for want of a lineal royal issue; and the country, destitute of a king, and wasted by domestic slaughter, was reduced to a state of the most miserable desolation."

Each act of the tragedy is preceded by a dumb-show significant of what is forthcoming; and all, except the last, are followed by choruses, in imitation of the Greek Drama, moralizing on the events. The quality of the dumb-shows may be judged from that to the first act: "First the music of violins began to play, during which, come upon the stage six wild men clothed in leaves. Of whom the first bare in his neck a fagot of small sticks, which they all, both severally and together, assayed with all their strengths to break; but it could not be broken by them. At the length, one of them plucked out one of the sticks, and brake it; and the rest, plucking out all the other sticks one after another, did easily break the same, being severed, which, being conjoined, they had before attempted in vain. After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the music ceased. Hereby was signified, that a

state knit in unity doth continue strong against all force, but, being divided, is easily destroyed."

But the most notable feature of the piece is, that all except the choruses is in blank-verse; in which respect it was without precedent, a great and noble innovation; what was then known on the stage being mostly written in alternate or consecutive rhyme. And the versification runs abundantly smooth on the ear; beyond which, little can be said in its favour; though that was indeed much for the time. With considerable force of thought and language, the speeches are excessively formal, stately, and didactic; the dialogue is but a series of studied declamations, without any gushings of life, or any relish of individual traits: in a word, all is mere state rhetoric speaking in the same vein, now from one mouth, now from another. From the subject-matter, the unities of time and place are necessarily disregarded, while there is no continuity of action or character to lift it above the circumscriptions of sense. The several acts and scenes stand apart, each by itself, and follow one another without any principle of inherent succession: there is indeed nothing like an organic composition of the parts, no weaving of them together into a vital whole, by the laws of dramatic coherence or development. Still the piece is a very great advance on all that is known to have gone before it. In the single article of blank-verse, though having all the monotony of structure that the most regular rhym-

ing versifier could give it, it did more for dramatic improvement than, perhaps, could have been done by a century of labour without that step being taken.

From this time till we come to Shakespeare's immediate predecessors, there is a considerable number and variety of dramas, most of which we shall have to despatch rather summarily. Richard Edwards was esteemed more highly in his time than we can discover any good reason for; which was probably owing in part to the strong praise of Elizabeth, whose taste or fancy he happened to hit in the right spot. Meres, in his *Wit's Commonwealth*, 1598, sets him down as one of "the best for comedy amongst us." *Damon and Pythias* (1564–65?) is the only play of his extant; though, as was seen in the preceding chapter, we hear of another piece by him, called *Palamon and Arcite*, which was acted before the Queen at Oxford in 1556, about two months before the author's death. *Damon and Pythias* is a sort of tragi-comedy, and is in rhyme. How little account the writer made of dramatic propriety may be judged from the fact of his taking Grim the Collier of Croydon to the court of Dionysius, where he plays at verbal buffoonery with two lackeys named Jack and Will.

We have before mentioned *The Supposes*, translated from the Italian of Ariosto by George Gascoigne, and acted at Gray's Inn in 1566. It is chiefly remarkable as being the oldest extant play

in English prose. *Jocasta*, also acted at Gray's Inn the same year, demands notice as the second known play in blank-verse. It was avowedly taken from the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides, but can hardly be called a translation, since, as Warton observes, it makes "many omissions, retrenchments, and transpositions;" though the main substance of the original is retained. The second, third, and fifth acts were by Gascoigne; the first and fourth by Francis Kinwelmarsh; and, as in *Gorboduc*, each act is preceded by a dumb-show. The versification presents nothing worthy of remark in comparison with that of Norton and Sackville: it is fully equal to theirs, though much less has been said about it. It is the earliest known attempt to domesticate the Greek Drama on the English stage.

The example of making English dramas out of Italian novels appears to have been first set, unless we should except the lost play of *Romeo and Juliet*, in 1568, when the tragedy of *Tancred and Gismunda* was performed before Elizabeth at the Inner Temple. It was the work of five persons, who were probably members of that Inn; each of them contributing an act, and one of them being Christopher Hatton, afterwards known as Elizabeth's "dancing Chancellor." Except in the article of blank-verse, the writers seem to have taken *Gorboduc* as their model; each act beginning with a dumb-show, and ending with a chorus. The play was founded on one of Boccaccio's tales, an English version of

which had recently appeared in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*.

To the same period we are to reckon ten dramas translated from the Latin of Seneca, which no doubt had some influence in forming the public taste. Three of these translations, *Troades*, *Thyestes*, and *Hercules Furens*, severally published in 1559, 1560, and 1561, were by Jasper Heywood, son of the celebrated John Heywood. Four of them were by John Studley, *Medea* and *Agamemnon*, printed in 1566, and *Hippolytus* and *Hercules Oetaeus*. *Oedipus*, by Alexander Neville, came out in 1563. The other two were *Octavia*, by Thomas Nuce (1561); and *Thebais*, by Thomas Newton. The whole set were printed together in quarto, in 1581. Nine of them are in Alexandrines of fourteen syllables, and all are in rhyme. Heywood and Studley take rank above mere translators, in that they did not tie themselves to the originals, but made changes and added whole scenes, as they thought fit; which is remarked by Warton as showing that dramatic writers "now began to think for themselves, and that they were not always implicitly enslaved to the prescribed letter of their models." The pieces do not seem to require further notice.

In the years 1568 and 1580, inclusive, the accounts of the Revels furnish the titles of fifty-two dramas performed at Court, none of which have survived, save as some of them may have served as the basis of plays written afterwards, and bearing

other names. Of these fifty-two pieces, so far as we may judge from the titles, a few of which were given in the preceding chapter, eighteen appear to have been on classical subjects; twenty-one, on subjects from modern history, romance, and other tales; while seven may be classed as comedies, and six as Moral-plays. It is also to be noted, that at this time the Master of the Revels was wont to call different sets of players before him, hear their pieces rehearsed, and then choose such of them as he judged fit for royal ears; which infers that the Court rather followed than led the popular taste, since most of the plays so used were doubtless already known on the public stage.

This may probably be taken as a fair indication how far the older species of drama still kept its place on the stage. Moral-plays lingered in occasional use till long after this period; and we even hear of Miracles performed now and then till after the death of Elizabeth. And this was much more the case, no doubt, in the country towns and villages than in the metropolis, as the growing life of thought could not but beat lustiest at the heart; and of course all the rest of the nation could not bridle Innovation, spurred as she was by the fierce competition of wit in London. Certain parts, however, of the Morals had vigour enough, it appears, to propagate themselves into the drama of comedy and tragedy after the main body of them had been withdrawn.

An apt instance of this is furnished in *A Knack to Know a Knave*, entered at the Stationers' in 1593, but written several years before. It was printed in 1594, and the title-page states that it had been acted "sundry times by Edward Alleyn and his company," and that it contained "Kempe's applauded merriments of the men of Gotham." Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, was the leading actor of the Lord Admiral's company; and after the death of Richard Tarlton, in 1588, William Kempe, who at a later period was of the same company with Shakespeare, bore the palm as an actor of comic parts. The play is made up partly of allegorical personages, and partly of historical; the chief of the latter being King Edgar, St. Dunstan, Ethenwald, Osrick, and his daughter Alfrida. From reports of Alfrida's beauty, Edgar gets so enamoured of her that he sends Ethenwald, Earl of Cornwall, to court her for him. The Earl, being already in love with the lady, is distressed that he cannot court her for his own bride: he arrives, is introduced by her father; his passion gets the better of his commission; he wooes and wins her for himself, and has her father's full consent. He returns to Edgar; tells him she will do very well for an earl, but not for a king: Edgar distrusts his report, and goes to see for himself, when Ethenwald tries to pass off the kitchen-maid upon him as Alfrida: the trick is detected; Dunstan counsels forgiveness; whereupon the King generously re-

nounces his claim. There is but one scene of "Kempe's applauded merriments" in the play, and this consists merely of a blundering dispute whether a mock petition touching the consumption of ale shall be presented to the King by a cobbler or a smith.

As to the allegorical persons, it is worthy of notice that several of these have individual designations, as if the author, whoever he might be, had some vague ideas of representative character,—that is, persons standing for classes, yet clothed with individuality,—but lacked the skill to work them out. Such is the Bailiff of Hexham, who represents the iniquities of local magistrates. He has four sons,—Walter, representing the frauds of farmers; Priest, the sins of the clergy; Coneycatcher, the tricks of cheats; and Perin, the vices of courtiers. Besides these, we have Honesty, whose business it is to expose crimes and vices. The Bailiff, on his death-bed, calls his sons around him, and makes a speech to them:—

"Here have I been a bailiff threescore years,
And used exaction on the dwellers-by;
For, if a man were brought before my face
For cozenage, theft, or living on his wit,
For counterfeiting any hand or seal,
The matter heard, the witness brought to me,
I took a bribe and set the prisoners free.
So by such dealings I have got my wealth."

The Devil makes his appearance several times, and, when the old Bailiff dies, carries him off. At last, Honesty exposes the crimes of all classes to the King, who has justice done on their representatives. This part of the play seems intended as a satire on the vices of Court and country.

The piece is in blank-verse, and in respect of versification makes considerable improvement on the specimens hitherto noticed. A short passage, which is all we have room for, will show that the writer was not wholly a stranger to right ideas of character and poetry. It is where Ethenwald, on being introduced by Lord Osrick to his innocent daughter, complains of a "painful rheum" in his eyes, so that he cannot look up:—

"*Osrick.* I am sorry that my house should cause
your grief.—

Daughter, if you have any skill at all,
I pray you use your cunning with the earl,
And see if you can ease him of his pain.

"*Alfrida.* Father, such skill as I received of late
By reading many pretty-penn'd receipts,
Both for the ache of head and pain of eyes,
I will, if so it please the earl to accept it,
Endeavour what I may to comfort him.—
My lord, I have waters of approved worth,
And such as are not common to be found;
Any of which, if please your Honour use them,
I am in hope will help you to your sight."

called *The Jew and Ptolemy*, having for its subject “the greediness of worldly choosers, and the bloody mind of usurers.” Besides these, he speaks of “two prose books played at the Bell Savage,” describing “how seditious estates with their own devices, false friends with their own swords, and rebellious commons with their own snares, are overthrown.” From all these he admits that good moral lessons might be drawn, and so marks them out for exception from his attack. From his specifying two of them as “prose books,” it is to be presumed that all the others were in verse.

The *School of Abuse* was taken in hand by Thomas Lodge, and in 1581 Gosson made a rejoinder in his *Plays Confuted in Five Actions*, where we have the following: “Sometimes you shall see nothing but the adventures of an amorous knight, passing from country to country for the love of his lady, encountering many a terrible monster made of brown paper; and at his return is so wonderfully changed, that he cannot be known but by some posy in his tablet, or by a broken ring, or a handkerchief, or a piece of a cockleshell.” Again, he refers to the mode of treating historical subjects, thus: “If a true history be taken in hand, it is made like our shadows, longest at the rising and falling of the sun, shortest of all at high noon. For the poets drive it most commonly unto such points as may best show the majesty of their pen in tragical speeches, or set the hearers agog with discourses of love, or paint a

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few antics to fit their own humours with scoffs and taunts, or bring in a show to furnish the stage when it is bare: when the matter of itself comes short of this, they follow the practice of the cobbler and set their teeth to the leather to pull it out."

In another part of the same tract, he gives the following account of the sources whence dramatic writers commonly derived their plots and stories: "I may boldly say it, because I have seen it, that *The Palace of Pleasure*, *The Golden Ass*, the *Ethiopian History*, *Amadis of France*, and *The Round Table*, bawdy comedies in Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish, have been thoroughly ransacked, to furnish the play-houses in London." This shows very clearly what direction the public taste was then taking; that the matter and method of the old dramas, and all "such musty fopperies of antiquity," would no longer go; and that there was an eager and pressing demand, not knowing exactly what to seek, nor how to come by it, for something wherein men might find, or at least fancy, themselves touched by the real vital currents of nature. And, as prescription was thus set aside, and art still ungrown, the materials of history and romance, foreign tales and plays, any thing that could furnish incidents and a plot, were blindly and ignorantly pressed into the service.

In the case of Gosson, some allowance may be due for the exaggerations of puritanical invective. But no such drawback can attach to the statements of

Sir Philip Sidney, whose *Apology for Poetry*, though not printed till 1595, must have been written before 1586, in which year the author died. On the subject of dramatic poetry, he has the following:—

“Our tragedies and comedies are not without cause cried out against, observing neither rules of honest civility nor skilful poetry, excepting *Gorboduc* (again I say, of those that I have seen), which notwithstanding it is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca’s style, and as full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of poesy; yet, in truth, it is very defectious in the circumstances; which grieves me, because it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies: for it is faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all corporal actions. . . .

“But, if it be so in *Gorboduc*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Afric of the other, and so many other under kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden: by and by we hear news of shipwreck in the same place; then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that, comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while in the

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mean time two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field? Now, of time they are much more liberal: for ordinary it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traverses she is got with child, delivered of a fair boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child, and all this in two hours' space: which how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine, and art hath taught, and all examples justified. . . .

"But, besides these gross absurdities, how all their plays be neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not because the matter so carrieth it, but thrust in the clown by head and shoulders to play a part in majestical matters with neither decency nor discretion; so as neither admiration and commiseration nor right sportfulness is by their mongrel tragi-comedy obtained."

From all these extracts it is evident enough that very little if any heed was then paid to the rules of dramatic propriety and decorum. It was not *merely* that the unities of time and place were set at nought, but that events and persons were thrown together without *any* order or law, bundled up as it were at random; unconnected with each other save to the senses, while at the same time according to sense they stood far asunder. It is also manifest that the principles of the Gothic Drama in respect

of general structure and composition, in disregard of the minor unities, and in the free blending and interchange of the comic and tragic elements where "the matter so carrieth it," were thoroughly established; though as yet those principles were not moulded up with sufficient art to shield them from the just censure and ridicule of sober judgment and good taste. Here was a great triumph to be achieved; greater, perhaps, than any art then known was sufficient for. Without this, any thing like an original or national Drama was impossible: all was bound to be mere mechanical repetition of what, elsewhere and in its day, had been a living thing. Sir Philip saw the chaos about him; but he did not see, and none could foresee, the creation that was to issue from it. He would have spoken very differently, no doubt, had he lived to see the intrinsic relations of character and passion, the vital sequence of mental and moral development, set forth in such clearness and strength, the whole fabric resting on such solid grounds of philosophy, and charged with such cunning efficacies of poetry, that breaches of local or temporal succession either pass without notice, or are noticed only for the gain of truth and nature that is made through them. For the laws of sense hold only as the thoughts are absorbed in what is sensuous and definite; and the very point was, to lift the mind above this by working on its imaginative forces, and penetrating it with the light of relations more inward and essential.

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At all events, it was by going ahead, and not by backing out, that modern thought was to find its proper dramatic expression. The foundation of principles was settled, and stood ready to be built upon whenever the right workman should come. Moreover, public taste was eager for something warm with life, so much so indeed as to keep running hither and thither after the shabbiest semblances of it, though still unable to set up its rest with them. The national mind, in discarding, or rather outgrowing the old species of drama, had worked itself into contact with nature, and found its way to the right sort of materials. But to reproduce nature in mental forms requires great power of art, much greater, perhaps, than minds educated amidst works of art can well conceive. This art was the thing still wanting.

Which brings us to the subject of Shakespeare's immediate predecessors. For here, again, the process was a gradual one, and various hands were required to its completion. Neither may we affirm that nothing had yet been done towards organizing the collected materials; far from it: but the methods and faculties of art were scattered here and there; different parts of the thing had been hit upon severally, and worked out one by one; so that it yet remained to draw them all up and carry them on together. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to determine exactly by whom the first steps were taken in this operation. But all of much conse-

quence that was effected before we come to Shakespeare may be found in connection with the three names of George Peele, Robert Greene, and Christopher Marlowe.

The time and place of Peele's birth have not been fully ascertained. But it appears from the matriculation-books of the University that he was a member of Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1564; so that his birth could not well have been later than 1552 or 1553. He took his first degree in 1577, and became Master of Arts in 1579. Anthony Wood tells us that "he was esteemed a most noted poet in the University." Soon after taking his master's degree, he is supposed to have gone to London as a literary adventurer. Dissipation and debauchery were especially rife at that time among the authors by profession, who hung in large numbers upon the metropolis, and haunted its taverns and ordinaries; and it is but too certain that Peele plunged deeply into the vices of his class. That he tried himself more or less on the stage, is probable, though Mr. Dyce is very confident that he was never engaged as a regular actor. The date of his death is unknown, but Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, tells us that "as Anacreon died by the pot, so George Peele by the pox."

Peele's *Arraignment of Paris* was printed in 1584, the title-page informing us that it had been "presented before the Queen's Majesty by the children of her Chapel." That it was his *first* dramatic piece

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we learn from Thomas Nash, who, in an epistle prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*, 1587, after referring to Péle adds the following: "I dare commend him unto all that know him, as the chief supporter of pleasance now living, the Atlas of poetry, and *primus verborum artifex*; whose *first increase*, the *Arraignment of Paris*, might plead in your opinions his pregnant dexterity of wit and manifold variety of invention, wherein, *me judice*, he goeth a step beyond all that write." The piece is indeed vastly superior to any thing that preceded it. It is avowedly a pastoral drama, and sets forth a whole troop of gods and goddesses: there is nothing in it that can properly be called delineation of character; but it displays large powers of poetry; it abounds in natural and well-proportioned sentiment; thoughts and images seem to rise up fresh from the writer's own observation, and not merely gathered at second-hand: a considerable portion of it is in blank-verse, but the author uses various measures, in all of which his versification is graceful and flowing. A single short specimen will show something of this: it is a speech made by Flora to the country gods:—

"Not Iris, in her pride and bravery,
Adorns her arch with such variety;
Nor doth the milk-white way, in frosty night,
Appear so fair and beautiful in sight,
As do these fields and groves and sweetest bowers,
Bestrew'd and deck'd with parti-colour'd flowers.

Along the bubbling brooks, and silver, glide,
That at the bottom do in silence slide :
The watery flowers and lilies on the banks,
Like blazing comets, burgeon all in ranks :
Under the hawthorn and the poplar tree,
Where sacred Phoebe may delight to be,
The primrose, and the purple hyacinth,
The dainty violet, and the wholesome minth,
The double daisy, and the cowslip, queen
Of summer flowers, do overpeer the green ;
And round about the valley as ye pass,
Ye may ne see for peeping flowers the grass :
That well the mighty Juno, and the rest,
May boldly think to be a welcome guest
On Ida hills, when, to approve the thing,
The queen of flowers prepares a second spring."

The plot of the piece is simply this: Juno, Pallas, and Venus get at strife who shall have the apple of discord which Ate has thrown amongst them, with a direction that it be given to the fairest. As each thinks herself the fairest, they agree to refer the question to Paris, the Trojan shepherd; and he, after mature deliberation, awards the golden ball to Venus. An appeal is taken from his judgment: he is arraigned before Jupiter in a synod of the gods for having rendered a partial and unjust sentence; but he defends himself so well that their godships are at loss what to do. At last, by Apollo's advice, the matter is referred to Diana, who, as she wants no lovers, cares little for her

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own beauty. Diana sets aside all their claims, and awards the apple to Queen Elizabeth; which verdict gives perfect satisfaction all round. A part of Diana's speech must suffice to show the author's hand at blank-verse:—

“ There wones within these pleasant shady woods,
Where neither storm nor sun's distemperature
Have power to hurt by cruel heat or cold ;
Under the climate of the milder heaven,
Where seldom lights Jove's angry thunderbolt,
For favour of that sovereign earthly peer ;
Where whistling winds make music 'mong the trees,
Far from disturbance of our country gods ;
Amidst the cypress springs a gracious nymph,
That honours Dian for her chastity,
And likes the labours well of Phœbe's groves :
The place Elizium hight, and of the place
Her name that governs there Eliza is ;
A kingdom that may well compare with mine.
An ancient seat of kings, a second Troy,
Ycompass'd round with a commodious sea.
She giveth laws of justice and of peace ;
And on her head, as fits her fortune best,
She wears a wreath of laurel, gold, and palm ;
Her robes of purple and of scarlet dye ;
Her veil of white, as best befits a maid :
Her ancestors live in the house of fame :
She giveth arms of happy victory,
And flowers to deck her lions, crown'd with gold.”

Another drama commonly ascribed to Peele was printed in 1594, a part of the title-page reading

thus: “*The Battle of Alcazar*, fought in Barbary, between Sebastian king of Portugal and Abdilmelec king of Morocco; with the death of Captain Stukeley: As it was sundry times played by the Lord High Admiral’s servants.” The piece was written, however, as early as 1589; for in that year Peele published a farewell to “Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake, knights, and all their brave and resolute followers,” at their setting out on the disastrous expedition against Portugal; and among other things he clearly alludes to the play:—

“ Bid theatres and proud tragedians,
Bid Mahomet and mighty Tamburlaine,
King Charlemagne, Tom Stukeley, and the rest,
Adieu. To arms, to arms, to glorious arms!”

On the other hand, the play alludes to the wreck of the Spanish Armada, in 1588, which ascertains the writing to have been after that event. It is a strange performance, and nearly as worthless as strange; being full of tearing rant and fustian; while the action, if such it may be called, goes it with prodigious licence, jumping to and fro between Portugal and Africa without remorse. The evidence is strong for ascribing it to Peele, still we have some difficulty in believing it to be his: certainly it is not written in his native vein, nor, as to that matter, in any body’s else; for it betrays at every step an ambitious imitation of Marlowe,

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wherein, as usually happens, the faults of the model are exaggerated, and its excellences not reached. Peele could not have been cast into such an ecstasy of rant and disorder but from a wild attempt to rival the author of *Tamburlaine*, which is several times referred to in the piece.

Stukeley is the right hero of the play. He was a crazy adventurer, who perished at the battle of Alcazar in 1578. Fuller calls him a "bubble of emptiness and meteor of ostentation." At the time of the play the story was doubtless well remembered, and was probably chosen, because likely to be popular, and because it gave an opportunity to abuse the Romanists, to compliment the Queen, and to fill the stage with noisy incidents and persons. The play is all in blank-verse, with occasional couplets interspersed. The following, besides being one of the best passages in itself, is probably the most characteristic of the person: it is from one of the hero's speeches:—

"There shall no action pass my hand or sword,
That cannot make a step to gain a crown;
No word shall pass the office of my tongue,
That sounds not of affection to a crown;
No thought have being in my lordly breast,
That works not every way to win a crown:
Deeds, words, and thoughts shall all be as a king's;
My chiefest company shall be with kings,
And my deserts shall counterpoise a king's;
Why should I not, then, look to be a king?

King of a molehill had I rather be,
Than the richest subject of a monarchy :
Huff it, brave mind ! and never cease t' aspire,
Before thou reign sole king of thy desire."

The Famous Chronicle of King Edward the First came from the press in 1593. This was probably written later than the preceding, and is much superior to it every way, though less Peele-like than *The Arraignment of Paris*. Still its chief claim to notice is as an early attempt in the Historical Drama which Shakespeare brought to such perfection. The character of Edward is portrayed with considerable spirit and truth to history, and is perhaps Peele's best effort in that line. On the other hand, Queen Elinor of Castile is shockingly disfigured, and this, not only in contempt of history, which might be borne with if it really enriched the scene, but to the total disorganizing of the part itself: the purpose of which disfigurement was, no doubt, to gratify the bitter national antipathy to the Spaniards. Peele seems to have been incapable of the proper grace and delectation of comedy: nevertheless, the part of Prince Lluellen, of Wales, and his adherents, who figure pretty largely, and sometimes in the disguise of Robin Hood and his merry men, shows something of comic talent, and adds not a little to the entertainment of the performance. The other comic portions have nothing to recommend them. The serious parts are all in blank-verse; the others mostly in prose.

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Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes is included among Peele's works by Mr. Dyce, though, we confess, on what seems to us rather slender evidence.¹ The oldest known copies of it are dated 1599, but Mr. Collier thinks it was written before 1590. It goes on seven-feet rhyming Alexandrines, and consists mainly of the loves and adventures of knights-errant, the story being taken, no doubt, from the fields of old romance. Therewithal, it has some features proper to a Moral-play, one of the persons being named Subtle-shift, who answers to the old Vice: besides, there are personifications of Rumour, who carries news to the different parties, and of God's Providence, who rescues one of the heroines from death. We have, also, a cowardly enchanter, Bryan Sansfoy, who keeps a horrible dragon in the Forest of Marvels; the head of which dragon has to be cut off by one of the knights for a present to his lady-love. Sir Clamydes having slain the beast, Sansfoy forthwith casts him into a sleep, steals his armour, hastens to the Court of Denmark, and palms himself off upon Juliana as her true knight. The hero clips it after him, but on arriving is not recognized by his mistress till a tournament is appointed, when Sansfoy, rather than fight, confesses his fraud. The best part of the piece relates to Neronis, a princess who follows Sir Clyomon, and endures sundry hardships, in the disguise of a page. Alexander the Great is one of the characters. The

¹ Fleay, Bullen, and Ward all doubt that it is Peele's.

play does not deserve further notice: we can scarce believe that Peele wrote it.

The Old Wives' Tale, printed in 1595, is little worth mention save as having probably contributed somewhat to one of the noblest and sweetest poems ever written. Two brothers are represented as wandering in quest of their sister, whom an enchanter named Sacrapant has imprisoned; they call her name, and Echo replies. Seeing what they are at, Sacrapant gives her a potion that suspends her reason, and induces self-oblivion. His magical powers depend on a wreath which encircles his head, and on a light enclosed in glass which he keeps hidden under the turf. The brothers afterwards meet with an old man, also skilled in magic, who enables them to recover their sister. A Spirit in the likeness of a beautiful young page comes to Sacrapant, tears off his wreath, and kills him. Still the sister remains enchanted, and cannot be released till the glass is broken and the light extinguished, which can only be done by a Lady who is neither maid, wife, nor widow. The Spirit blows a magical horn, and the Lady appears, breaks the glass, and puts out the light. A curtain being then withdrawn discovers the sister asleep: she is disenchanted by being spoken to thrice, joins her brothers, and returns home with them; and the Spirit vanishes into the earth.

The resemblances to Milton's *Comus* need not be specified. The difference of the two pieces in all

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points of execution is literally immense. Mr. Dyce has the following just remarks on the subject: "Milton, it is well known, read with attention the writings of his predecessors, and not unfrequently adopted their conceptions, which, after passing through his mighty mind, came forth purified from all dross, and glowing with new beauties. That, for the composition of his enchanting Masque, a portion of *The Old Wives' Tale* was submitted to this intellectual process, there is, I think, great reason to believe: Sacrapant, Delia, her Brothers and Jack, when divested of their meanness and vulgarity, and arrayed in all the poetic loveliness that the highest genius could pour around them, assumed the forms of Comus, the Lady, her Brothers, and the Attendant Spirit."

The Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe is generally regarded as Peele's masterpiece. Here, again, we breathe the genuine air of nature and simplicity. The piece is all in blank-verse, which, though wanting in variety of movement, is replete with melody. There is, perhaps, a somewhat too literal adherence to the Scripture narrative, and very little art used in the ordering and disposing of the materials, for Peele was neither strong nor happy in the gift of invention; but the characters generally are seized in their most peculiar traits, and presented with a good degree of vigour and discrimination; while at the same time the more prominent features are not worked into dispropor-

tion with the other parts. Nathan's artful reproof of David is a favourable specimen of the author's style. The Prophet is made to speak as follows:—

“Thus Nathan saith unto his lord the King:
There were two men, both dwellers in one town;
The one was mighty, and exceeding rich
In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field;
The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,
Nor other cattle, save one little lamb,
Which he had bought and nourish'd by the hand;
And it grew up, and fed with him and his,
And ate and drank, as he and his were wont,
And in his bosom slept, and was to live
As was his daughter or his dearest child.
There came a stranger to this wealthy man;
And he refused and spared to take his own,
Or of his store to dress or make him meat,
But took the poor man's sheep,” etc.

On the whole, Campbell's elegant criticism of the piece, though perhaps slightly overcharged, may fitly go in company with the subject: “We may justly cherish the memory of Peele as the oldest genuine dramatic poet in our language. His *David and Bethsabe* is the earliest fountain of pathos and harmony that can be traced in our dramatic poetry. His fancy is rich, and his feeling tender; and his conceptions of dramatic character have no inconsiderable mixture of solid veracity and ideal beauty. There is no such sweetness of

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versification and imagery to be found in our blank-verse anterior to Shakespeare."

Still it is not to be denied that Peele's contributions towards the Drama were mainly in the single article of poetry: in the development of character, and in the high art of dramatic composition and organization, he added but very little; his genius was far unequal to this great task, and his judgment still more so. And his literary efforts were doubtless rendered fitful and unsteady by his habits of profligacy; which may explain why it was that he who could do so well, sometimes did so meanly. Often, no doubt, when reduced to extreme shifts he patched up his matter loosely and trundled it off in haste, to replenish his wasted means and start him on a fresh course of riot and debauchery. Mr. Dyce is strongly of the opinion that not more than half of his dramatic works "has survived the ravages of time." We hear of a play by him, entitled *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the Fair Greek*, but nothing more is known of it. Some fragments, also, of a pastoral drama, called *The Hunting of Cupid*, are preserved among the manuscript selections of Drummond of Hawthornden. It was licensed for the press in 1591, but no copy has come to light.

Robert Greene, though inferior to Peele as a whole, surpassed him in fertility and aptness of invention, in quickness and luxuriance of fancy,

and in the right seizing and placing of character, especially for comic effect. In his day he was vastly notorious both as a writer and a man: this cheap counterfeit of fame he achieved with remarkable ease, and seems not to have coveted any thing better. He was born at Norwich, in what year is not known; took his first degree at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1578, proceeded Master of Arts at Clare-hall in 1583, and was incorporated at Oxford in 1588; after which he was rather fond of styling himself "Master of Arts in both Universities." It is highly probable that he was for some time in holy orders; for a person of his name held the vicarage of Tollesbury in 1584, and in that year he published a moral discourse entitled *The Mirror of Modesty*, on the story of Susanna and the Elders. He also translated a funeral sermon by Pope Gregory XIII., and published it in 1585; by which time his unfitness for the Ministry of the Church had probably become so apparent as to cause his ejection from office; for in the title-page of his *Planetomachia*, also printed that year, he calls himself "Student in Physic." Soon after this time, if not before, he betook himself to London, where he speedily sank into the worst type of a literary adventurer. Henceforth his life seems to have been one continual spasm, plunging hither and thither in transports of wild debauchery and as wild repentance.

Between the taking of his first and second

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degrees, in 1578 and 1583, Greene travelled into Spain, Italy, and other parts of the Continent, where, according to his own statement, he "saw and practised such villainy as is abominable to declare." This is quoted from a tract entitled *The Repentance of Robert Greene, wherein by himself is laid open his loose life*. He continues his self-anatomy as follows: "After I had by degrees proceeded Master of Arts, I left the University, and away to London, where I became an author of plays and a penner of love-pamphlets, so that I soon grew famous in that quality, that who for that trade grown so ordinary about London as Robin Greene? Young yet in years, though old in wickedness, I began to resolve that there was nothing bad that was profitable: whereupon I grew so rooted in all mischief, that I had as great delight in wickedness as sundry hath in godliness; and as much felicity I took in villainy as others had in honesty." From this, and much more in the like strain, it would seem that in his repentant moods the wretched man took a morbid pleasure in hanging over and displaying his moral blotches and sores. He died in 1592, eaten up with diseases purchased by sin. The immediate cause of his death is thus stated by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598: "Robert Greene died of a surfeit taken at pickled herring and Rhenish wine, as witnesseth Thomas Nash, who was at the fatal banquet." Mr. Dyce, in his memoir of Greene,

speaks of the event with real pathos: "There have been," says he, "too many of the Muses' sons whose vices have conducted them to shame and sorrow; but none, perhaps, who have sunk to deeper degradation and misery than the subject of this memoir."

Much, if not most, of Greene's notoriety during his lifetime grew from his prose writings, which, in the form of tracts, were rapidly thrown off one after another, and were well adapted both in matter and style to catch a loud but transient popularity. One of them had the high honour of being laid under contribution by Shakespeare for *The Winter's Tale*. In these pieces, generally, the most striking features are a constant affecting of the euphuistic style which John Lyly had rendered popular, and a certain redundancy or incontinence of words and metaphors and classical allusions, the issue of a full and ready memory unrestrained in its discharges by taste or judgment: the writer gallops on from page to page with unflagging volubility, himself evidently captivated with the rolling sound of his own sentences. Still his descriptions are often charged with a warmth and height of colouring that could not fail to take prodigiously in an age when severity or delicacy of taste was none of the commonest. And sometimes, when he is thoroughly in earnest, as in the address printed along with his *Groatsworth of Wit*, his style fairly degenerates into eloquence, or something bordering upon it. Several

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of his prose pieces are liberally interspersed with passages of poetry, in many of which his fluent and teeming fancy is seen to great advantage. He uses in these a variety of measures, and most of them with an easy and natural skill, while his cast of imagery and course of thought show him by no means a stranger to the true springs of poetic sweetness and grace, though he never rises to any thing like grandeur or pathos.

At what time Greene began to write for the stage, is not certainly known. Up to the time of his going to London, we have met with but three dramas composed, wholly or partly, in blank-verse. These are *Gorboduc*, *Jocasta*, and *The Arraignment of Paris*, neither of which was written expressly for the public stage, *but only for use in private or at Court*; though, as all three of them were in print, they may have been used more or less by some of the theatrical companies. The point now is, when blank-verse first came to be used in *plays designed for public representation?* Gosson, in his *Plays Confuted*, 1581, tells us that "poets send their verses to the stage upon such feet as continually are *rolled up in rhyme*." It is nearly certain that Greene's earliest plays were in rhyme, though none such of his writings have survived, and that they did not succeed. For in 1587 was published his *Menaphon*, prefixed to which were the following lines by Thomas Brabine in praise of the author:—

"Come forth, you wits that vaunt the pomp of speech,
And strive to thunder from a *stageman's* throat !
View Menaphon, a note beyond your reach,
Whose sight will make your *drumming descant* dote.
Players, avaunt ! you know not to delight :—
Welcome, sweet shepherd, worth a scholar's sight."

The words *drumming descant*, as will more fully appear hereafter, were most likely meant as a fling at blank-verse, which had lately been tried with great success on the public stage, but which the writer and his friends regarded as a naughty innovation.

In the same work of Greene's we have an edifying epistle by Thomas Nash, addressed "to the Gentlemen Students of both Universities." Nash was an intimate friend of Greene's, so far as two such rascals could be friends: he was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1585, but had to leave in 1587 without his degree; whereupon he joined his old companion in London, who had already become famous for his pamphleteering fertility. In the forementioned epistle we have the following: "Give me the man whose extemporal vein in any humour will excel our greatest *art-masters'* deliberate thoughts; whose inventions, quicker than his eye, will challenge the proudest rhetorician to the contention of the like perfection with the like expedition." From which it is plain enough that Nash sided rather hotly with Greene in the question at issue, and affected to sneer at some who had got

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the start of him in the drama, that if he could not keep up with them on the stage, it was because he was too bright and quick for the place; and that they were stupid cocks to be crowing over him in that, since he altogether overcrowded them in something far better. As Nash's developments of genius had probably been such as to convince his teachers that the University could add nothing to him, it was but natural that he should think himself too smart to need their foolish *degrees*; and in his *art-masters* we may detect a fleer of envy at those who had been so slow-witted as to require the usual academic passports.

Be this as it may, the same epistle has another passage which leaves no doubt that there was a fiery feud, and that the marked success of somebody's blank-verse was the particular fuel of it. "I am not ignorant," says Nash, "how eloquent our gowned age has grown of late, so that every mechanical mate abhorreth the English he was born to, and plucks, with a solemn periphrasis, his *ut vales* from the ink-horn: which I impute not so much to the perfection of arts, as to the servile imitation of vainglorious tragedians, who contend not so seriously to excel in action, as to embowel the clouds in a speech of comparison; thinking themselves more than initiated in poets' immortality, if they but once get Boreas by the beard, and the heavenly Bull by the dewlap. But herein I cannot so fully bequeath them to folly, as their

idiot art-masters that intrude themselves to our ears as the alchymists of eloquence, who, mounted on the stage of arrogance, *think to outbrave better pens with the swelling bombast of bragging blank-verse.* Indeed, it may be, the engrafted overflow of some kill-cow conceit, that overcloyeth their imagination with a more-than-drunken resolution, being not extemporal in the invention of any other means to vent their manhood, commits the digestion of their choleric incumbrances to the spacious volubility of a *drumming decasyllabon.* Amongst this kind of men that repose eternity in the mouth of a player, I can but engross some deep-read schoolmen or grammarians, who, having no more learning in their skull than will serve to take up a commodity, nor art in their brain than was nourished in a serving-man's idleness, will take upon them to be the ironical censors of all, when God and poetry doth know they are the simplest of all."

The plain English of this muddy splenetic eruption probably is, that Greene had written some dramas in rhyme, which were not well liked by the players; therefore the players were to be sneered at by disappointed rivalry as "vainglorious tragedians," who bethumped the stage with tempestuous verbiage: that some dramas from another hand, in blank-verse, had met with great success; therefore they were to be stigmatized as "swelling bombast" stilted on "a drumming decasyllabon," or rhymeless ten-syllable verse, that had no strength but

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what came from the lungs of those who mouthed it to the public: and that the author of these dramas, though a Master of Arts, showed no more of learning or art in his writing, than might be picked up in the odd hours of a common hand-workman.

Further light is thrown on the subject by an address "to the Gentlemen Readers" prefixed to Greene's *Perimedes the Blacksmith*, which came out in 1588; where the writer, after referring to the usual motto of his tracts, *omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*, adds the following: "Lately two gentlemen poets had it (the motto) in derision, for that *I could not make my verses jet upon the stage in tragical buskins*, every word filling the mouth like the fa-burden of Bow-Bell, *daring God out of heaven with that atheist Tamburlaine*, or blaspheming with the mad priest of the sun. But let me rather openly pocket up the ass at Diogenes' hand, than wantonly set out such impious instances of intolerable poetry, such mad and scoffing poets, that have prophetical spirits, as bred of Merlin's race. If there be any in England *that set the end of scholarship in an English blank-verse*, I think either it is the humour of a novice, that tickles them with self-love, or too much frequenting the hot-house hath sweat out all the greatest part of their wits."

It would seem from this that Greene and Nash, in return for their attack on blank-verse, had been twitted of not being able to write it. The "atheist

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"Tamburlaine" of course refers to Marlowe's tragedy with that title. "The mad priest of the sun" was probably a leading character in some drama that has not survived: Mr. Collier conjectures it to have been by Marlowe also. Be that as it may, it is pretty certain that Greene secretly admired Marlowe's dramatic blank-verse, while he publicly flouted it; for his earliest dramas that are known to us were evidently written in imitation of it.

The *History of Orlando Furioso*, though not printed till 1594, was acted by Lord Strange's men as early as 1591, and was probably not then a new play. The plot of the piece was partly founded on Ariosto's romance, partly invented by Greene himself. The action, if such it may be called, is conducted with the wildest license, and shows no sense or idea of dramatic truth, but only a prodigious tugging and straining after stage effect; the writer merely trying, apparently, how many men of different nations, European, African, and Asiatic, he could huddle in together, and how much love, rivalry, and fighting he could put them through in the compass of five acts. As for the fury of Orlando, it is as far from the method of madness as from the logic of reason; being indeed none other than the incoherent jargon of one endeavouring to talk and act stark nonsense. An analysis of the plot would not pay for the space given to it.

The *Comical History of Alphonsus, King of Arragon*, belongs, by internal marks, to about the same

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time as the preceding, though it was not printed, that we know of, till 1597. An outline of the story is soon told. The piece begins with a scene betwixt Carinus, King of Arragon, and his son Alphonsus, in exile; they having been driven from their rightful possessions by the usurper Flaminius. Belinus, King of Naples, being engaged in defending his territory against Flaminius, the Prince enters his army as a common soldier, under a pledge that he shall have whatsoever his sword conquers. In his first battle, he kills the usurper, and thereupon claims and receives the kingdom of Arragon as his conquest. He then demands the submission of Belinus as his vassal: this being refused, Belinus and his ally, the Duke of Milan, are forthwith warred upon, subdued, and their possessions given to two of the victor followers. Belinus having fled to Amurack, the Sultan of Turkey, Alphonsus bestows his kingdom of Arragon upon another of his followers, and knocks up a war against Amurack, determined to seat himself on the throne of the Turkish empire. He succeeds in this, and finally marries Iphigena, the Sultan's daughter, though not till he has first had a personal fight with her for refusing his hand. Even Amurack, the citadel of his heart being stormed by a long tornado of fierce verbiage, at length yields the throne to his Christian son-in-law.

From first to last, the play is crammed brimful of tumult and battle; the scene changing to and

fro between Italy and Turkey with most admirable lawlessness; Christians of divers nations, Turks, and a band of Amazonian warriors, bestriding the stage with their monstrous din. Each act is opened by Mrs. Venus in the quality of Chorus. Medea, also, is employed, to work enchantments: Fausta, the Sultaness, makes her raise Homer's Calchas, who comes forth clad "in a white surplice and a cardinal's mitre," and foretells the issue of the contest between Alphonsus and Amurack.

Both these pieces are mainly in blank-verse, with a frequent interspersing of couplets. In the latter, allusion is made to "the mighty Tamburlaine," thus indicating the height which Greene was striving to reach, if not surpass. In fact, both have plenty of Marlowe's thunder, but none of his lightning. Even the blank-verse reads like that of one who was accustomed to rhyme, so that he could not extricate his current of expression out of its wonted rut. And the versification runs, throughout, in a stilted monotony, the style being bloated big with gas, and made turgid and thick with high-sounding epithets; while, at all times, we have a perfect flux of classical allusion and learned impertinence. As for truth, nature, character, poetry, we look for them in vain; though there is much, in the stage noise and parade, that might keep the multitude from perceiving the want of them.

The Scottish History of James the Fourth is much superior to both the preceding in almost every re-

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spect. It was printed in 1598, and probably written some time after the two already reviewed, as the author seems to have got convinced that imitation of Marlowe was not his line, and that he could do best by working in his own native vein: accordingly, considerable portions of it are in prose and rhyme; while the style throughout appears disciplined into a tolerable degree of sobriety and simplicity. Though purporting to be a history, and though framed upon an historical plan, it has, however, scarce any thing of historical matter except in some of the names.

The piece opens with a comic scene betwixt Oberon, King of Fairies, and Bohan, an old Scottish lord, who, disgusted with the vices of court, city, and country, has withdrawn from the world with his two sons, Slipper and Nano, turned Stoic, lives in a tomb, and talks broad Scotch. King Oberon has nothing in common with the fairy king of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, except the name. He comes at first with an Antic and dances about Bohan's dwelling-place, for the old man's entertainment, promises the smiles of Fortune to his two sons, and between the several acts makes some fantastical shows with his fairy subjects, which, however, relish as little of the genuine Fairy Land as of common reality. The main body of the drama is a play which Bohan causes to be acted before his fairy entertainers. Bohan introduces it with the following: "Now, King, if thou be a king, I

will show thee why I hate the world by demonstration. In the year 1520, was in Scotland a king, overruled with parasites, misled by lust, and many circumstances too long to trattle on now, much like our court of Scotland this day. That story have I set down. Gang with me to the gallery, and I 'll show thee the same in action, by guid fellows of our countrymen; and then, when thou seest that, judge if any wise man would not leave the world, if he could."

The main plot of the drama is as follows: King James marries Dorothea, the daughter of Arius, king of England. Before the wedding is fairly over, he falls in love with Ida, the Countess of Arran's daughter, makes suit to her, and is rejected with pious horror. He then sets himself to work to get rid of his Queen, turns away from his old counsellors, Douglas, Morton, Ross, and the Bishop of St. Andrews, and gives up his ear to an unscrupulous parasite named Ateukin. Under the secret patronage of Oberon, Bohan's two sons, Nano the dwarf and Slipper the loggerhead, soon get employment and promotion with Ateukin; and, while in his service, they, together with Andrew, another servant of his, carry on some comic proceedings that are not destitute of merit. Through the parasite's influence and machination, King James forms a scheme for assassinating his Queen: but Sir Bartram detects a cheat which Ateukin is practising on him, and engages Slipper to steal from his master's

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pocket the instrument of fraud; along with this, Slipper brings to him the King's warrant for murdering the Queen; she is quickly informed of the plot, disguises herself in male attire, and escapes, with Nano in her company. The parasite's agent overtakes her, finds out who she is, fights with her, and leaves her for dead. During the fight, Nano runs for help, and soon returns with Sir Cuthbert Anderson, who takes her to his house, and puts her under the nursing care of his wife, where her wounds are healed, and her health restored; both Sir Cuthbert and Lady Anderson all the while supposing her to be a man.

Meanwhile, Ida gives herself in marriage to Lord Eustace, with whom she has suddenly fallen in love upon his asking her hand. The scene of their first interview has some very clever poetry. Eustace finds her with a piece of embroidered needle-work in her hand, upon which he has the following:—

“Methinks, in this I see true love in act:
The woodbines with their leaves do sweetly spread,
The roses, blushing, prank them in their red;
No flower but boasts the beauties of the spring;
This bird hath life indeed, if it could sing.
What means, fair mistress, had you in this work?”

The King, being thus balked of his guilty purpose, and deserted by his estates, begins to be devoured by compunctions on account of the Queen, whom he believes to be dead. The King of England, also,

gets intelligence how his daughter has been treated, and thereupon makes war on her husband. When they are on the eve of a decisive battle, Dorothea makes her appearance in the camp, to the astonishment of all parties: she pleads tenderly for her repentant husband; at her tears and entreaties, the strife is composed, and a general reconciliation takes place, Ateukin and his abettors being delivered over to their deserts.

On the whole, the play has considerable discrimination of character, though, to be sure, the characters are drawn from the surface inwards, not from the heart outwards. The parts of Ida and the Queen are by no means without delicacy and pathos, showing that the author was not far from some right ideas what genuine womanhood is. Ateukin's part, too, is very well conceived and sustained, though the qualities of a parasite are made rather too naked and bald, as would naturally result from the writer's desire of effect being too strong for his love of nature and truth. The comic portions, also, are much beyond any thing we have hitherto met with in that line, since *Ralph Roister Doister* and *Misogonus*. The versification, though of course wanting in variety, is tolerably free from smoke and flam, and the style, in many parts, may be pronounced rather tight and sinewy.

The next piece of Greene's that we are to notice is *The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, first printed in 1594, but acted as early as

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1591. The hero is Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward I.; the heroine, Margaret, a keeper's daughter, distinguished as "the fair maid of Fressingfield." The Prince is out in disguise on a merry hunting excursion, with Lacy and Warren, Earls of Lincoln and Sussex, Ermsby, a gentleman, and Ralph Simnel, the King's Fool: he meets with Margaret, who has no suspicion who he is, and his fancy is at once smitten with her, so that he grows moping and malcontent. From this state of mind results the following bit of dialogue, which is a very favourable specimen of Greene's knack at poetry:—

"Edward. Tell me, Ned Lacy, didst thou mark the maid

How lively in her country weeds she look'd?
A bonnier wench all Suffolk cannot yield:—
All Suffolk! nay, all England holds none such.
I tell thee, Lacy, that her sparkling eyes
Do lighten forth sweet love's alluring fire;
And in her tresses she doth fold the looks
Of such as gaze upon her golden hair:
Her bashful white, mix'd with the morning's red,
Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheeks;
Her front is beauty's table, where she paints
The glories of her gorgeous excellence;
Her teeth are shelves of precious margarites,
Richly enclosed with ruddy coral cliffs.
Tush, Lacy! she is beauty's overmatch,
If thou survey'st her curious imagery.

Lacy. I grant, my lord, the damsel is as fair
As simple Suffolk's homely towns can yield;

But in the court be quainter dames than she,
Whose faces are enrich'd with honour's tint,
Whose beauties stand upon the stage of fame,
And vaunt their trophies in the courts of love.

Edward. Ah, Ned! but hadst thou watch'd her as
myself,
And seen the secret beauties of the maid,
Their courtly coyness were but foolery.

Ermsby. Why, how watch'd you her, my lord?

Edward. Whenas she swept like Venus through the
house,
And in her shape fast folded up my thoughts;
Into the milk-house went I with the maid,
And there amongst the cream-bowls she did shine
As Pallas, 'mongst her princely housewifery:
She turn'd her smock over her lily arms,
And dived them into milk, to run her cheese;
But whiter than the milk her crystal skin,
Checked with lines of azure, made her blush,
That art or nature durst bring for compare.
If thou hadst seen, as I did note it well,
How beauty play'd the housewife, how this girl
Like Lucrece laid her fingers to the work,
Thou wouldest with Tarquin hazard Rome and all,
To win the lovely maid of Fressingfield."

At Ralph's suggestion, the Prince sets out on a visit to Friar Bacon at Oxford, to learn from the conjurer how his affair is going to issue, and sends Lacy in the disguise of a farmer's son, to court Margaret for him, instructing him for the task as follows:—

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"Lacy, thou know'st next Friday is St. James',
And then the country flocks to Harleston fair:
Then will the keeper's daughter frolic there,
And overshine the troop of all the maids,
That come to see, and to be seen that day.
Haunt thee, disguised, among the country swains;
Feign thou 'rt a farmer's son, not far from thence;
Espy her loves, and whom she liketh best;
Cote him, and court her to control the clown;
Say that the courtier 'tired all in green,
That help'd her handsomely to run her cheese,
And fill'd her father's lodge with venison,
Commends him, and sends fairings for herself.
Buy something worthy of her parentage,
Not worth her beauty; for, Lacy, then the fair
Affords no jewel fitting for the maid:
And, when thou talk'st of me, note if she blush,
O, then she loves! but if her cheeks wax pale,
Disdain it is. Lacy, send how she fares,
And spare no time nor cost to win her loves."

Lacy believes that the Prince's wooing is not to wed the girl, but to entrap and beguile her; besides, his own heart is already interested; so he goes to courting her in good earnest for himself. Meanwhile, the Prince changes dress and place with Ralph, and arrives with his company, all disguised, at Friar Bacon's: the mighty conjurer knows at once who they all are, tells the Prince what he has been doing, and what he proposes to do; informs him, also, what Lacy is going about; and hands him a magic glass, through which he

sees and hears Lacy wooing the maid, witnesses their mutual vowing, while Friar Bungay is waiting upon them, ready to tie them up in wedlock. At the Prince's request, Bacon strikes Bungay dumb, just as he is going to say the service; and presently one of Bacon's devils comes among the wedding party, and carries off the weaker conjurer to Oxford; which causes the marriage to be deferred awhile. Soon after, the Prince comes upon Lacy, poniard in hand, to call him to account for his treachery, and meaning to kill him on the spot, right in the presence of Margaret. She intercedes for her lover, and lays all the blame of his action on the efforts she had made to bewitch him with her looks: the Prince then lays tough siege to her in person, but she vows she will rather die with Lacy than divorce her heart from his, and finally reminds him of his own princely fame and honour; whereupon he frankly resigns her to his rival's hand.

Not long after, two country gentlemen, named Lambert and Serlsby, appear as suitors to Margaret; but she asks time to consider which of them she prefers; and they forthwith engage in a duel, and kill each other. Each of them has a son at Oxford: the sons, being linked in close friendship, go together to Bacon's cell, and request the use of his glass, to see how their fathers fare; their looking happens just in time to see the fatal duel; whereupon the sons forthwith pitch into each

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other, and both are killed: which puts the conjurer in such distress that he smashes up the magic glass.

While these things are going on, Lacy sends a messenger to Margaret, with a large purse of gold, and a letter, that his love for her has all died out, his heart turned to another lady, and there is an end of their engagement: she rejects his money with the utmost disdain and sorrow, and determines to seclude herself for life in a nunnery; but it turns out that Lacy's purpose was merely to prove her strength of affection; so, in the end, they are married.

Among other entertainments of the scene, we have a trial of national skill betwixt Bacon and Bungay on one side, and Vandermast, a noted conjurer from Germany, on the other. The trial takes place in the presence of Henry III., the Emperor of Germany, the King of Castile, and his daughter Elinor, the latter three being on a visit to the English King. First, Bungay tries his art, and is thoroughly baffled by the German; then Bacon takes him in hand, and outconjures him all to nothing, calling in one of his Spirits, who transports him straight to his study in Hapsburg. Bacon has a servant named Miles, who, for his ignorant blundering in a very weighty matter, is at last carried off to hell by one of his master's devils. The last scene is concerned with the marriage of Prince Edward and Elinor of Castile, and

is closed by Bacon with a grand prophecy touching Elizabeth.

Here, again, we have some well-discriminated and well-sustained characterization, especially in the Prince, Lacy, Margaret, and Ralph. The maid of Fressingfield is Greene's masterpiece in female character; she exhibits much strength, spirit, and sweetness of composition; in fact, she is not equalled by any dramatic woman of the English stage till we come to Shakespeare, whom no one else has ever approached in that line.—Taken all together, the style of the piece is not quite equal to that of *James IV*.

A pleasant-conceited comedy of George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield, printed in 1599 (acted in 1593), is ascribed to Greene, mainly on the testimony of Juby, a contemporary actor; a note to that effect being found in one of the old copies, and pronounced by Mr. Collier to be in the handwriting of the time. Another manuscript note in the same copy states that it was written by a minister, and refers to Shakespeare as a witness of the fact. Still it is difficult to believe that Greene was the author of it: certainly the style and versification are much better than in any other of his plays; nor does it show any thing of that incontinence of learning which Greene seems to have been unable to restrain.

The story of the piece is quite entertaining in itself, and is told with a good deal of vivacity and

spirit. Among the characters are King Edward of England, King James of Scotland, the Earl of Kendall and other lords, and Robin Hood. George a Greene is the hero; who, what with his wit, and what with his strength, gets the better of all the other persons in turn. Withal, he is full of high and solid manhood, and his character is drawn with more vigour and life than any we have hitherto noticed. Our space cannot afford any lengthened analysis: one passage, however, must not be passed over. The piece opens with the Earl of Kendall and his adherents in rebellion against the state. The Earl sends Sir Nicholas Mannering to Wakefield, to demand provision for his camp. Sir Nicholas enters the town, and shows his commission: the magistrates are in a perplexity what to do, till the hero enters amongst them, outfaces the messenger, tears up his commission, makes him eat the seals, and sends him back with an answer of defiance. The Earl afterwards gives his adherents the following account of the matter:—

“ Why, the justices stand on their terms.
Nick, as you know, is haughty in his words :
He laid the law unto the justices
With threatening braves, that one look'd on another,
Ready to stoop ; but that a churl came in,
One George a Greene, the Pinner of the town,
And, with his dagger drawn, laid hands on Nick,
And by no beggars swore that we were traitors,
Rent our commission, and upon a brave

Made Nick to eat the seals, or brook the stab :
Poor Mannering, afraid, came posting hither straight."

Here we have a taste of blank-verse—and there is much more of the same—which is far unlike Greene's any where else. The incident, however, is very curious in that Greene himself once performed a similar feat: so at least Nash tells us in his *Strange News*, where he has the following addressed to Gabriel Harvey, Greene's bitter enemy: "Had he lived, Gabriel, and thou libelled against him, as thou hast done, he would have driven thee to eat thy own book buttered, as I saw him make an apparitor once in a tavern eat his citation, wax and all, very handsomely served 'twixt two dishes." This, no doubt, would strongly infer Greene's authorship of the play, but that in the old prose history of *George a Greene*, on which the play is founded, the valiant Pinner puts Mannering through the same operation.

Greene was concerned, along with Thomas Lodge, in writing another extant play, entitled *A Looking-Glass for London and England*. The piece is little better than a piece of stage trash, being a mixture of comedy, tragedy, and Miracle-play. It sets forth the crimes and vices of Nineveh, from the king downwards, the landing of Jonah from the whale's belly, his preaching against the city, and the repentance of the people in sackcloth and ashes; an Angel, a Devil, and the Prophet Hosea taking part

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in the action: all which was of course meant as a warning to England in general, and London in particular. The verse parts are in Greene's puffiest style, and the prose parts in his filthiest.

Greene probably wrote divers other plays, but none others have survived that are known to have been his.

We now come to by far the greatest of Shakespeare's predecessors. Christopher Marlowe, the son of a shoemaker, was born at Canterbury, and baptized in the church of St. George the Martyr, on the 26th of February, 1564, just two months before the baptism of Shakespeare. His earlier education was in the King's School at Canterbury, founded by Henry VIII.: he was entered a Pensioner at Benet College, Cambridge, in March, 1581, took his first degree in 1583, and became Master of Arts in 1587. He was educated, no doubt, with a view to one of the learned professions: Mr. Dyce thinks he was "most probably intended for the Church." It is not unlikely that he may have adopted the atheist's faith before leaving the University, and it is pretty certain that he led the rest of his life according to that beginning; as in his later years he was specially notorious for his blasphemous opinions and profligate behaviour. Perhaps it was an early leaning to atheism that broke up his purpose of taking holy orders; at all events, he was soon embarked among the worst literary adventurers of

London, living by his wits, and rioting on the quick profits of his pen. We have already seen that his *Tamburlaine* was written, certainly before 1588, probably before 1587; for a young man of twenty-four, a most astonishing production! There is little doubt that he strutted awhile on the stage; for in a ballad written upon him not long after his death, and entitled *The Atheist's Tragedy*, we are told,—

“He had also a player been upon the Curtain-stage,
But brake his leg in one lewd scene, when in his early
age.”

Marlowe's career was of brief duration, but very fruitful in more senses than one. He was slain by one Francis Archer in a brawl, on the 1st of June, 1593. Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, makes the following note of the event: “Christopher Marlowe was stabbed to death by a bawdy serving-man, a rival of his in his lewd love.” In Beard's *Theatre of God's Judgments*, 1597, the process of his death is stated thus: “So it fell out, that, as he purposed to stab one whom he owed a grudge unto, with his dagger, the other party, perceiving, so avoided the stroke, that, withal catching hold of his wrist, he stabbed his own dagger into his own head, in such sort that, notwithstanding all the means of surgery that could be wrought, he shortly after died thereof.”

Marlowe's first dramatic labours came from the press in 1590, the title-page reading thus: “*Tam-*

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burlaine the Great: Who, from a Scythian shepherd, by his rare and wonderful conquests became a most puissant and mighty Monarch; and, for his tyranny, and terror in war, was termed The Scourge of God. Divided into two tragical Discourses, as they were sundry times showed upon stages in the City of London, by the Right Honourable the Lord Admiral his servants." In these two pieces, what Ben Jonson describes as "Marlowe's mighty line" is out in all its mightiness. The lines, to be sure, have a vast amount of strut and swell in them, as if they would fain knock the planets out of their stations; but then they have, also, a great deal of real energy and vigour. Not the least of his merits consists, as we have already seen, in the delivering of the public stage from the shackles of rhyme, and endowing the national dramatic poetry with at least the beginnings of genuine freedom, and inexhaustible variety of structure and movement. This is audaciously announced in his Prologue to the play in hand, as follows:—

"From jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We 'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine
Threatening the world with high astounding terms,
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword."

Perhaps nothing less than his dare-devil audacity was needed, to set at defiance the general prescrip-

tion of the time in this particular; a work less likely to be achieved alone by the far greater mind of Shakespeare, since, from his very greatness, especially in the moral elements, he would needs be more eager and apt to learn, and therefore more reverent of the past, and more docile to the collective experience of his age and nation.

Be this as it may, the innovation appears to have been hugely successful from the first; *Tamburlaine* had a sudden, a great, and long-continued popularity. And its success was partly owing, no doubt, to its very faults, forasmuch as the public ear, long used to rhyme, required some compensation in the way of grandiloquent stuffing, which was here supplied in abundance. It was, in short, just the thing to break the thick ice of custom for a new and better dramatic style.

The scene of these two dramas—and they are two only because too long to be one—takes in the whole period of time from the hero's first conquest till his death; so that the action of course ranges, *ad libitum*, over divers kingdoms and empires. Except the hero, there is little really deserving the name of characterization; this being a point of art which Marlowe had not yet begun to reach, and which he never attained but in a moderate degree, taking Shakespeare as the standard. But the hero is drawn with grand and striking proportions, and perhaps seems the larger, that the bones of his individuality are exaggerated into undue prominence;

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the author lacking that balance and reciprocity of powers which is required, to maintain the roundness and symmetry met with in all nature's greater productions of life. The following is a description of him, given by one of the other characters:—

“ Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,
Like his desire, lift upwards and divine ;
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders, as might mainly bear
Old Atlas' burden : 'twixt his manly pitch,
A pearl more worth than all the world is placed,
Wherein, by curious sovereignty of art,
Are fix'd his piercing instruments of sight ;
Whose fiery circles bear encompassed
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
That guides his steps and actions to the throne
Where honour sits invested royally :
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms ;
His lofty brows in folds do figure death,
And in their smoothness amity and life ;
About them hangs a knot of amber hair
Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,
On which the breath of heaven delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton majesty :
His arms and fingers long and sinewy,
Betokening valour and excess of strength ; —
In every part proportion'd like the man
Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine.”

In respect of poetry at least, this is one of the best passages, perhaps the best, in the whole per-

formance; which, however, will readily be allowed to leave room for much excellence in others. We must add another spoken by the hero himself to Cosroe, one of his many captive kings:—

“The thirst of reign and sweetness of a crown,
That caused the eldest son of heavenly Ops
To thrust his doting father from his chair,
And place himself in the empyreal heaven,
Moved me to manage arms against thy state.
What better precedent than mighty Jove?
Nature, that framed us of four elements
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds:
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres,
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest,
Until we reap the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.”

And Tamburlaine is represented in action as a most magnanimous prodigy; amidst his haughtiest strides of conquest, we have traits of great gentleness interwoven with his iron sternness: everywhere, indeed, he appears lifted high with heroic passions and impulses; if he regards not others, he is equally ready to sacrifice himself, his ease, pleasure, and even life, in his prodigious lust of glory:

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in which respect his temper is shown by the following from one of his speeches to his three sons:—

“ But now, my boys, leave off, and list to me,
That mean to teach you rudiments of war.
I 'll have you learn to sleep upon the ground,
March in your armour thorough watery fens,
Sustain the scorching heat and freezing cold,
Hunger and thirst, right adjuncts of the war;
And, after this, to scale a castle-wall,
Besiege a fort, to undermine a town,
And make whole cities caper in the air.”

One other passage we must notice, partly for contributing towards Pistol's vocabulary of fustian, in *2 Henry IV.* ii. 4. The hero is represented travelling in a chariot drawn by captive kings, and whipping them with his tongue, thus:—

“ Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia!
What! can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine?
The horse that guide the golden eye of heaven,
And blow the morning from their nostrils,
Making their fiery gait above the clouds,
Are not so honour'd in their governor,
As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine.
The headstrong jades of Thrace Alcides tamed,
That King Ægeus fed with human flesh,
And made so wanton that they knew their strength,
Were not subdued with valour more divine
Than you by this unconquer'd arm of mine.

To make you fierce, and fit my appetite,
You shall be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
And drink in pails the strongest muscadel :
If you can live with it, then live, and draw
My chariot swifter than the racking clouds ;
If not, then die like beasts, and fit for nought
But perchès for the black and fatal ravens."

It is to be noted, though, that the incident was not original with Marlowe: one of the dumb-shows in Gascoigne's *Jocasta*, spoken of in the preceding chapter, has the following: "There came in upon the stage a King with an imperial crown upon his head, a sceptre in his right hand, sitting in a chariot very richly furnished, drawn in by four kings in their doublets and hose, with crowns also upon their heads; representing unto us Ambition by the history of Sesostris king of Egypt, who did in like manner cause those kings whom he had overcome to draw in his chariot like beasts and oxen."

As to the rest, the drama in hand consists rather of a long series of speeches than any genuine dialogue. The persons all use the style of premeditating speech-makers: of course therefore their speeches all run in much the same vein; and the hero talks just like the others, only a good deal more so; as if the author knew not how to discriminate characters but by different degrees of the same thing. Moreover, the several parts of the work are not moulded up into any thing like artistic wholeness; the materials rather seem tumbled in for

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stage effect, instead of being selected and assorted on any principle of coherence or congruity. And the piece affects us throughout as a high-pitched monotone of superlatives in thought and diction: everywhere we have nearly the same rampant, boisterous extravagance of tragical storm and stress; with no changes of rise and fall, no perspective of objects, that so we may take distinct impressions. We will dismiss the subject with Mr. Dyce's judicious remarks: "With very little discrimination of character, with much extravagance of incident, with no pathos where pathos was to be expected, and with a profusion of inflated language, *Tamburlaine* is nevertheless a very impressive drama, and undoubtedly superior to all the English tragedies which preceded it; — superior to them in the effectiveness with which the events are brought out, in the poetic feeling which animates the whole, and in the nerve and variety of the versification."

The Jew of Malta (1589–90) shows very considerable advance towards a chaste and sober diction, but not much either in development of character, or in composition of the parts. Barabas, the Jew, is a horrible monster of wickedness and cunning, yet not without some strong lines of individuality. The author evidently sought to compass the effect of tragedy by mere accumulation of murders and hellish deeds; which shows that he had no steady idea wherein lies the true secret of tragic error: he here works on the principle of reaching it by exag-

gerated impressions of the senses, whereas its proper method stands in the joint working of the moral and imaginative powers, which are rather stifled than kindled by causing the senses to "sup full of horrors." The versification is far more varied, compact, and light-flashing, than in *Tamburlaine*: the piece abounds in quick and caustic wit; in some parts, there is a good share of genuine dialogue as distinguished from speech-making; now and then the movement becomes almost intensely dramatic, the speakers striking fire out of each other by their sharp collisions of thought, so that their words relish of the individuality of both the person speaking and the person spoken to. Still, as a whole, the piece shows but little that can properly be called dramatic power, as distinguished from the general powers of rhetoric and wit.

Mr. Dyce, after remarking that the interest of the play depends entirely on the character of Barabas, and that this part is a good deal overcharged, adds the following: "But I suspect that, in this instance at least, Marlowe violated the truth of nature, not so much from his love of exaggeration, as in consequence of having borrowed all the atrocities of the play from some now-unknown novel, whose author was willing to flatter the prejudices of his readers by attributing almost impossible wickedness to a son of Israel.—That Shakespeare was well acquainted with this tragedy, cannot be doubted; but that he caught from it more than a

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few trifling hints for *The Merchant of Venice* will be allowed by no one who has carefully compared the character of Barabas with that of Shylock."

Remains but to add that the drama has an allusion which ascertains it to have been written after 1588; that it was not printed till 1633; and that Thomas Heywood, who then edited it, informs us that the hero's part was originally sustained by Edward Alleyn.

The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus, written, most likely, as early as 1588, though not printed till 1604, exhibits Marlowe in a higher vein of workmanship. Collier speaks of it as follows: "Here the poet, wishing to astonish, and to delight by astonishing, has called in the aid of magic and supernatural agency, and has wrought from his materials a drama full of power, novelty, interest, and variety. All the serious scenes of *Faustus* eminently excite both pity and terror." This, it seems to us, is going it rather too strong; still it must be acknowledged that the author here yields the right elements and processes of tragic effect with no ordinary subtlety and power. The hero is a mighty necromancer, who has studied himself into a direct communion with preternatural beings, and beside whom Friar Bacon sinks into a tame forger of bugbears. A Good Angel and a Bad Angel figure in the piece, each trying to win Faustus to his several way: Lucifer is ambitious of possessing the hero's "glorious soul," and the hero craves Lucifer's aid,

that he may work wonders in the earth. Mephistophilis comes at his summons, and the following scene passes betwixt them:—

Meph. Now, Faustus, what would'st thou have me do?

Faust. I charge thee, wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command;
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave:
No more than he commands must we perform.

Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?

Meph. No; I came hither of mine own accord.

Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee?
speak.

Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens*;
For, when we hear one rack the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means,
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.

Faust. So Faustus hath already done, and holds this principle:

There is no chief but only Beelzebub;
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word damnation terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium:
His ghost be with the old philosophers!
But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me, what is that Lucifer thy lord?

Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

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Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once ?

Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly loved of God.

Faust. How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils ?

Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence !

For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer ?

Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,
And are forever damn'd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damn'd ?

Meph. In hell.

Faust. How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell ?

Meph. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it :

Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being deprived of everlasting bliss ?

O, Faustus ! leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul.

Faust. What ! is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprived of the joys of heaven ?

Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,

And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.

Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer :

Seeing Faustus hath incur'd eternal death,

Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,

So he will spare him four-and-twenty years,

Letting him live in all voluptuousness ;

Having thee ever to attend on me,

To give me whatsoever I shall ask,

To tell me whatsoever I demand,

To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,

And always be obedient to my will.

Go, and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind."

In this imperturbable, hell-confronting coolness of Faustus, and his serene calmness in asking questions which the fiend shudders to consider, we have a strain of sublimity hardly surpassed by Milton's Satan. At the return of Mephistophilis, he makes a compact with Lucifer, draws blood from his own arm, and with it writes out a deed of gift, assuring his soul and body to the fiend at the end of twenty-four years. Thenceforth he spends his time in exercising the mighty spells and incantations thus purchased; he has the power of making himself invisible, and entering whatsoever houses he lists; he passes from kingdom to kingdom with the speed of thought; wields the elements at will, and has the energies of nature at his command; summons the Grecian Helen to his side for a paramour; and holds the world in wonder at his acts. Meanwhile, the knowledge which hell has given him of heaven seems to haunt his mind; he cannot shake off the thought of the awful compact of death which hangs over him; repentance carries on a desperate struggle in him with the necromantic fascination, and at one time fairly outwrestles it; but he soon recovers his purpose, and renews his pledge to Lucifer. In one of these terrible struggles, he soliloquizes thus:—

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"My heart 's so harden'd, I cannot repent :
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears,
'Faustus, thou art damn'd !' then swords and knives,
Poison, guns, halters, and envenom'd steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself ;
And long ere this I should have slain myself,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Cænon's death ?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis ?
Why should I die, then, or basely despair ?
I am resolved ; Faustus shall ne'er repent."

Awful is the still solemnity of the scene where, as his lease of life is about to expire, he communes with himself, and counts the minutes of his last hour : —

"Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come.
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day ; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent, and save his soul ! —
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I 'll leap up to God ! — Who pulls me down ? —
See, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament !
One drop would save my soul, half a drop : ah, my
Christ : —

Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on Him : O, spare me, Lucifer! —
Where is it now? 'tis gone : and see, where God
Stretcheth out His arm, and bends His iresful brows! —
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!"

In all these passages, but especially the last two, we see a far higher and richer style of versification, than in the quotations from *Tamburlaine*. The author's diction has grown more pliant and facile to his thought; consequently, it is highly varied in pause, inflection, and movement; showing that in his hand the noble instrument of dramatic blank-verse was fast growing into tune, for a hand far mightier than his to discourse its harmonies upon. We must add, that considerable portions both of this play and the preceding are meant to be comical. But the result only proves that Marlowe was incapable of comedy: no sooner does he attempt the comic vein, than his whole style collapses into mere buffoonery and balderdash. In fact, though plentifully gifted with wit, there was not a particle of real humour in him, none of that subtle and perfusive essence out of which the true comic is spun; for these choice powers can scarce exist but in the society of certain moral elements that seem to have been left out of his composition.

The Troublesome Reign and Lamentable Death of Edward the Second (1590-91), though inferior to *Faustus* in tragic terror, as a whole is certainly

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much the best, as it was probably the last-written, of Marlowe's dramas. Here, for the first time, we meet with a genuine specimen of the English Historical Drama. The scene covers a period of twenty years; the incidents pass with great rapidity, and, though sometimes crushed into indistinctness, are for the most part well used both for historic truth and dramatic effect; the dialogue, generally, is nervous, animated, and clear; and the versification, throughout, moves with a freedom and variety, such as may almost stand a comparison with Shakespeare. In the article of character, too, Edward the Second has very considerable merit: the King's insane dotage of his favourites, the upstart vanity and insolence of Gaveston, the artful practice and doubtful virtue of Queen Isabella, the factious turbulence of the nobles, irascible, arrogant, regardless of others' liberty, jealous of their own, sudden of quarrel, eager in revenge, are all depicted with a goodly mixture of energy and temperance. It is not unlikely that by this time the former relation between Marlowe and Shakespeare of teacher and pupil had become reversed; for in the earlier plays of Shakespeare is good evidence that before the death of Marlowe the pupil had far surpassed all of that age who had ever been competent to teach him in any point of dramatic workmanship.

Our chief concern with Marlowe is as the inaugurator of blank-verse on the national stage, and

thereby a great improver of dramatic poetry in all that relates to diction and metrical style. It is for this reason that we have quoted so largely from his preceding dramas; and the same reason calls for some specimens from the piece now in hand. The following, as it is nearly good enough in this respect, is also among the best: it is part of a scene betwixt Edward, Mortimer, and Lancaster:—

Morti. Nay, now you are here alone, I 'll speak my mind.

Lancas. And so will I; and then, my lord, farewell.

Morti. The idle triumphs, masques, lascivious shows,
And prodigal gifts bestow'd on Gaveston,
Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak;
The murmuring commons, overstretched, break.

Lancas. Look for rebellion, look to be deposed:
Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates;
The wild O'Neil, with swarms of Irish kerns,
Lives uncontroll'd within the English pale;
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
And, unresisted, drive away rich spoils.

Morti. The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigg'd.

Lancas. What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?

Morti. Who loves thee but a sort of flatterers?

Lancas. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.

Morti. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those
That make a king seem glorious to the world,
I mean the peers, whom thou shouldst dearly love;

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*Libels are cast against thee in the street;
Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.*

Lancas. *The northern borderers, seeing their houses burnt,*
Their wives and children slain, run up and down,
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

Morti. When wert thou in the field with banner
spread?

But once; and then thy soldiers *march'd like players*,
With garish robes, not armour; and thyself,
Bedaub'd with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where women's favours hung like labels down."

Still better is the following from a later scene,
where Arundel relates to Edward and Spenser the
seizure and death of Gaveston:—

" *Edw.* What! Lord Arundel, dost thou come alone?

Arun. Yea, my good lord, for Gaveston is dead.

Edw. Ah, traitors! have they put my friend to death?
Tell me, Arundel, died he ere thou camest,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?
Arun. Neither, my lord; for, as he was surprised,
Begirt with weapons and with *enemies round*,
I did your Highness' message to them all,
Demanding him of them, *entreating rather*,
And said, upon the honour of my name,
That I would undertake to carry him
Unto your Highness, and to bring him back.

Edw. And, tell me, would the rebels deny me that?

Spen. Proud recreants!

Edw. Yea, Spenser, traitors all!

Arun. I found them at the first *inevorale*:

The Earl of Warwick would not *bide the hearing,*
Mortimer hardly ; Pembroke and Lancaster
Spake least ; and when they flatly had denied,
Refusing to receive me pledge for him,
The Earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake :
' My lords, because our sovereign sends for him,
And promiseth he shall be safe return'd,
I will this undertake, to have him hence,
And see him re-deliver'd to your hands.'

Edw. Well, and how fortunes it that he *came not ?*

Spen. Some treason or some villainy was cause.

Arun. The Earl of Warwick seized him on his way ;
For, being deliver'd unto Pembroke's men,
Their lord rode home, thinking his prisoner safe.
But, ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,
And bare him to his death ; and in a trench
Strake off his head, and march'd unto the camp.

Spen. A bloody part, *flatly 'gainst law of arms !*

Edw. O ! shall I speak, or shall I sigh, and die ?

Spen. My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword
Upon these barons ; hearten up your men ;
Let them not unrevenged murder your friends ;
Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,
And march to fire them from their starting-holes.

Edw. By earth, the common mother of us all,
By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof,
By this right hand, and by my father's sword,
And all the honours longing to my crown,
I will have heads and lives for him as *many*
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers ! —
Treacherous Warwick ! traitorous Mortimer !
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,

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That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,
And stain my royal standard with the same ;
That so my bloody colours may suggest
Remembrance of revenge immortally
On your accursed *traitorous* progeny,
You villains that have slain my Gaveston !—
And in this place of honour and of trust,
Spenser, sweet *Spenser*, I adopt thee here ;
And merely of our love we do *create thee*
Earl of Gloucester, and Lord Chamberlain,
Despite of times, despite of enemies.

Spen. My lord, here is a messenger from the barons,
Desires access unto your Majesty.

Edw. Admit him near.

Herald. Long live King Edward, England's lawful
lord.

Edw. So wish not they, I wis, that sent thee *hither* :
Thou comest from *Mortimer* and his 'complices.'

Here we have the rhymeless ten-syllable iambic verse as the basis; but this is continually diversified, so as to relieve the ear and keep it awake, by occasional spondees and anapests, and the frequent use of trochees in all parts of the verse, but especially at the beginning and end, and by a skilful shifting of the pause to any point of the line. It thus combines the natural ease and variety of prose with the general effect of metrical harmony, so that the hearing never tires nor falls asleep. As to the general poetic style of the performance, the kindling energy of thought and language that often beats and flashes along the sentences, there is much both

in this and *Faustus* to justify the fine enthusiasm of Michael Drayton :—

“Next, Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian springs,
Had in him those brave translunary things
That the first poets had : his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear ;
For that fine madness still he did retain
Which rightly should possess a poet’s brain.”

Before leaving the subject, we must notice a remark by Charles Lamb. “The reluctant pangs,” says he, “of abdicating royalty in Edward furnished hints which Shakespeare has scarce improved in his *Richard the Second*; and the death-scene of Marlowe’s king moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted.” Both the scenes in question have indeed great merit, still this praise seems to us far beyond the mark. In the first place, it is highly probable, if not more, that Shakespeare’s play was written before Marlowe’s. Then, there is, unquestionably, more of genuine, pity-moving pathos in a single speech of *Richard the Second*, v. 2, beginning,—“As in a theatre the eyes of men”—than in all Marlowe’s writings put together. And as to the moving of terror, there is, to our mind, nothing in *Edward the Second* that comes up to *Faustus*; and there are at least a dozen scenes in *Macbeth*, any one of which has far more of the terrific, than the

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whole body of *Faustus*. And, in the death-scene of Edward, it can hardly be denied that the senses are somewhat overcrammed with images of physical suffering, so as to give the effect rather of the horrible than the terrible.

Others, again, have advanced the notion that Marlowe, if he had lived, would have made some good approach to Shakespeare in tragic power. Doubtless, a few more years would have lifted him to very noble things, if, that is, his powers could have been kept from the eatings and cripplings of debauchery; still, any approach to that great divinity of the drama was out of the question for him. For, judging from his life and works, the moral part of genius was, constitutionally, wanting in him; and, without this, the intellectual part can never be truly itself: it must needs be comparatively weak in those points of our being which it touches, because it does not touch them all; for the whole must be moved at once, else there can be no great moving of any part. No, no! there was not, there could not have been in Marlowe, great as he was, the half of Shakespeare, for tragedy, nor any thing else. To go no further, he was, as we have seen, destitute of humour; the powers of comedy had, evidently, no place in him; and these powers, unquestionably, are indispensable to the production of high tragedy; a position affirmed as long ago as the days of Plato; sound in the reason of the thing, and, above all, made good in

the example of Shakespeare; who was Shakespeare, mainly because he had *all* the powers of the human mind in harmonious order and action, and used them all, explicitly or implicitly, in everything he wrote.

We shall omit to do more than barely mention *The Massacre at Paris* (1593), and *The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage* (printed in 1594), because they add nothing either to the extent or the variety of Marlowe's powers. The latter was written by him in conjunction with Thomas Nash. We leave him, with the following just and elegant passage from Mr. Dyce's *Account of Peele and his Writings*:

“When we regard Peele as a dramatist, it is difficult to separate him from Marlowe and Greene, with whom he divided the admiration of his contemporaries. These three gifted men, though they often present to us pictures that in design and colouring outrage the truth of nature, are the earliest of our tragic writers who exhibit any just delineation of the workings of passion: their language, though now swelling into bombast, and now sinking into meanness, is generally rich with poetry; while their versification, though somewhat monotonous, is almost always flowing and harmonious. They as much excel their immediate predecessors, as they are themselves excelled by Shakespeare,—by ‘him, O, wondrous him!’—whose genius was beginning to blaze upon the world about the close of their career.”

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Shakespeare had several other senior contemporaries, of whom it seems necessary to say a few words, though it is not likely that they contributed much, if any thing, in the way of preparation for him. First of these, in the order of time, is John Lyly, born in 1554, and M.A. in 1576. He had considerable wit, some poetry, but nothing that can be properly termed dramatic power. He has a certain crisp, curt monotony of diction and style, which caused him to be spoken of as "eloquent and witty." His persons all speak in precisely the same vein, being indeed but so many empty figures or puppets, reflecting the several motions of the author himself. His dramatic pieces, of which we have nine, seven in prose, one in rhyme, and one in blank-verse, seem to have been originally designed for Court entertainments, but were used more or less on the public stage, chiefly by the juvenile companies. Two of them, *Alexander and Campaspe*, which is reckoned his best, and *Sapho and Phao* were printed in 1584; *Endymion*, in 1591; *Galathea and Midas*, in 1592; *Mother Bombie*, in 1594; *Woman in the Moon*, in 1597; *The Maid's Metamorphosis*, in 1600; and *Love's Metamorphosis*, in 1601. Except *Mother Bombie*, they are on classical subjects; and all are replete with that laboured affectation of fine writing which was distinguished at the time as Euphuism. One of his main peculiarities stands in using, for images and illustrations, certain imaginary products of a sort of artificial nature, which he got up

especially for that purpose; as if he could invent better material for poetic imagery than ancient Nature had furnished! Still it is not unlikely that we owe to him somewhat of the polish and flexibility of the Shakespearian dramatic diction: that he could have helped the poet in any thing beyond mere diction, it were absurd to suppose.

Thomas Lodge has before been spoken of as joint author with Greene of *A Looking-Glass for London and England*. We have but one other play by him, entitled *The Wounds of Civil War*, and having for its subject "the true tragedies of Marius and Sylla;" written, probably, between 1587 and 1590, but not printed till 1594. It is in blank-verse, which, however, in this case differs from the most regular rhyming ten-syllable verse in nothing but the lack of consonant endings. The following judicious account of it is given by Mr. Collier: "The characters of old Marius and of his younger rival are drawn with great force, spirit, and distinctness,—a task the more difficult, because they so strongly resembled each other in the great leading features of ambition and cruelty. Marius possesses, however, far more generosity and sterner courage than Sylla, who is impetuously tyrannical and wantonly severe; and the old Roman until his death, after his seventh consulship, absorbs the interest of the reader. Young Marius is also introduced, and is distinguished by his fortitude, his constancy, and his affection for his father. Antony

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is another prominent personage, and is represented gifted with irresistible eloquence, of which many not unfavourable specimens are inserted. There are two women, Cornelia and Fulvia, the wife and daughter of Sylla; the one remarkable for her matronly firmness, and the other for her youthful delicacy and tenderness, which, however, do not prevent her conducting herself with the resolution becoming a Roman maid. A Clown and various coarsely-comic characters are employed in two scenes, in order to enliven and vary the performance. The plot of the piece is founded chiefly upon the Lives of Marius and Sylla, in Plutarch, and the scene is changed, just as the necessities of the poet required, from Rome to Pontus, Minturnum, and Numidia."

Lodge is chiefly memorable, in that one of his prose pieces was drawn upon for Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.

Some mention has already been made of *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, an historical drama written by Thomas Hughes, of Gray's Inn, and acted before the Court at Greenwich in 1587. The piece is on several accounts deserving of notice. It was evidently framed in part on the plan of *Gorbuduc*; but the classic form, with the unities of time and place, is carefully followed; and as the scope of a history must needs be too wide for these conditions, narrative is in a large measure substituted for representation, dialogue and description for

action. The plot is as follows: King Arthur having gone into Gaul with an army to resist the claim of tribute by Rome, Mordred, his son, usurps the throne, makes love to Queen Guenevora, his stepmother, and commits incest with her. To maintain his usurpation, he engages the Irish, Picts, Saxons, and Normans on his side; on the landing of his father at Dover, fights with him, is defeated and driven into Cornwall, where another battle takes place, which ends in the father killing the son and the son the father. It is therefore a piece of high-pressure tragedy, redundant of incest, slaughter, and blood, so that nothing could well be more horrible and revolting. Nevertheless, it is written with great boldness and vigour; the character of Mordred is powerfully drawn, while his ambition, youthful confidence, and fiery recklessness are well contrasted with the milder, more cautious, but not less courageous spirit of Arthur. The blank-verse, too, in which nearly all the piece is written, is superior in force and variety to that of any other dramatic writer before Marlowe.

In respect of versification, the next place after Marlowe among Shakespeare's senior contemporaries probably belongs to Thomas Kyd. Nor is he without very considerable merit in other respects. Mr. Collier has the following judgment of him: "His thoughts are often both new and natural; and if in his plays he dealt largely in blood and death, he only partook of the habit of the time, in

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which good sense and discretion were often outraged for the purpose of gratifying the crowd. In taste he is inferior to Peele, but in force and character he is his superior; and if Kyd's blank-verse be not quite so smooth it has decidedly more spirit, vigour, and variety."

According to Ben Jonson, Kyd's *Jeronimo* was first acted in 1588; and his *Spanish Tragedy*, which is really but a second part of the former, was most probably brought out not long after. The first is about equally divided between rhyme and blank-verse. The main features of the story are the love of Andrea and Belimperia, and the death of the former. The characters of Andrea and his rival Balthezar are forcibly drawn; while the frank and unsuspecting generosity of the former makes an effective contrast with the subtle intricacies of Lorenzo, the nephew and heir-apparent of the Spanish King. The *Spanish Tragedy* is a far higher performance. After the death of Andrea, his young and faithful friend Horatio, son to the hero of the play, succeeds to his place in the affections of Belimperia. It is upon this that the action turns. Early in the second act, Horatio is hanged in his father's garden by his rival, the Prince of Portugal, and Lorenzo, the lady's brother. During the rest of the play, Jeronimo is in distraction, always meditating revenge, and always postponing the act, till at last his longing is sated at the representation of a play before the King and Court of Spain: so

that the piece has some points of resemblance to *Hamlet*. After the murder of Horatio, Lorenzo confines his sister in a tower. In act iv., Jeronimo comes before the King and Court to demand justice upon the murderers of his son, but is put aside, almost without a struggle, by Lorenzo: soon after, at the casual mention of Horatio's name, the old man starts from his melancholy abstraction, and his mind wanders off in some very pathetic exclamations of anguish for his bereavement, and of impatience for justice on the authors of it. "He sees nothing," says Collier, "but Horatio in every face he looks upon, and all objects take their colour and appearance from his sorrows. His grief is not as sublime, but it is as intense as that of Lear; and he dwells upon the image of his lost Horatio with not less doting agony than Constance."

We have now finished our account of the English Drama, omitting nothing, we believe, that materially contributed to its growth and formation, down to the time when Shakespeare's hand had learnt its cunning, so far, at least, as any previous examples were capable of teaching it. Perhaps we ought to add, as illustrating the prodigious rush of life and thought towards the drama in that age, that, besides the authors already mentioned, Henslowe's *Diary* shows the names of thirty other dramatists, most of whom have propagated some part of their workmanship down to our time.

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In the same document, during the twelve years beginning in February, 1591, we have the titles recorded of no less than two hundred and seventy pieces, either as original compositions or as revivals of older plays. As all these entries have reference only to Henslowe's management; and as, during that period, save for some short intervals, he was concerned with the affairs of but a single company, the Lord Admiral's, we may from thence form some tolerable judgment of the vast fertility of the age in dramatic production.



CHAPTER VI.

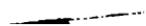
GENERAL CRITICISM.

It is evident enough, we trust, from the foregoing chapters, that the Historical Drama grew up simultaneously with Comedy and Tragedy, and established itself as a co-ordinate species of the Gothic Drama in England. This course was dictated and demanded by public taste, and by the intense nationality of the English people, which was, as indeed it always must be, inextricably bound up with traditions of the past, and with the ancient currents of the national life. Perhaps, however, its origin lay, primarily, in the fact of an Historical Religion, impressing its genius and efficacy on the mind and character of the nation. For we may be assured that such as is the religion of a people, such will be their drama: if the one rest upon fable, the other will needs be fabulous; if the former stand on an historical basis, the latter will needs draw more or less into history. And, where an historical religion prevails, the Drama, even when it does not work specifically with the persons and events of history — when it fetches its incidents and characters from the realms of imagination — will still be historical in its spirit and method:



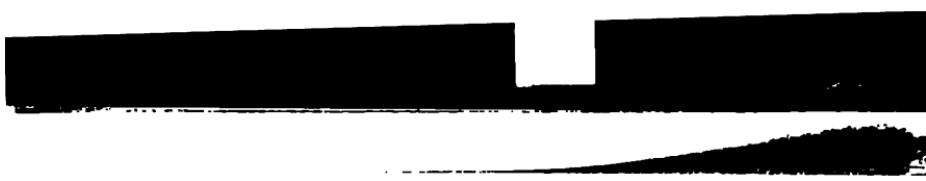
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THE END



the work will proceed according to the *laws*, even while departing from the *matter*, of history; so that pure creations will be formed upon the principles, and in the order and manner of histories. And if — O, if — there arise a workman having the creative powers of a Shakespeare, what he creates will be, in effect, historical, and what he borrows will come from him with all the life and freshness of original creation; because he will assimilate and reproduce the dead matter of fact in the forms of living art.

Hence the early and continued use of historical materials on the stage had, unquestionably, great influence in moulding and determining the form and structure of the English national Drama in all its parts and branches. Now, a dramatic *representation*, in any proper sense of the term, of the events and persons of history is clearly incompatible with the rules of the classic stage: the work requires a larger scope, a broader platform, a more varied and expansive scene. It cannot possibly live and move under the "cold obstruction" of what may be termed the minor unities; and if it undertake to do so, narrative and description will needs, in great part, take the place of representation. In a word, the spirit of Gothic Christian Art could no more be embodied in the forms of the Classic Drama than the soul of an eagle could organize itself into the body of a fish, or than an acorn could be developed into a violet.

Here, then, was required a principle of compensation. As the mind was taken away from the laws of time and place, it must be delivered over to the higher laws of reason. So that the work lay under the necessity of proceeding in such a way as to make the spectator live in his imagination, not in his senses; and even his senses must, for the time being, be rationalized, and, as it were, made imaginative. That is, instead of the formal or numerical unities of time and place, we must have the unities of intellectual time and intellectual space: the further the artist departed from the local and chronological succession of things, the more strict and manifest must be his observance of their logical and productive succession. Incidents and characters were to be represented, not in the order of sensible juxtaposition or procession, but in that of cause and effect, of principle and consequence. Whether, therefore, they stood ten minutes or ten years, ten feet or ten miles asunder, mattered not, provided they were really and evidently related in this way; that is, provided the unities of action and interest were made strong enough and clear enough to overcome the diversities of time and place. For, here, it is not *where* and *when* a given thing happened, but how it was produced and why, whence it came and whither it tended, what caused it to be that it was and to do that it did, that we are mainly concerned with.

Hence the well-known nakedness of the Elizabethan stage in respect of scenic furniture and accompaniment. The weakness, if such it were, was the source of vast strength. It is to this poverty of the old stage that we owe, in great part, the immense riches of the Shakespearian drama, forasmuch as it was thereby laid under a necessity of making up the defect of sensuous impression by working on the rational, moral, and imaginative forces of the audience. And, undoubtedly, the modern way of glutting the senses with a profusion of showy and varied dress and scenery has struck, and always must strike, a dead palsy on the legitimate processes of Gothic art. The decline of the Drama began with its beginning, and has kept pace with its progress. So that here we have a forcible illustration of what is often found true, that men cannot get along because there is nothing to hinder them. For, in respect of the moral and imaginative powers, it may justly be affirmed that we are often assisted most when not assisted, and that the right way of helping us to walk is by leaving us to walk unhelped. That the soul may find and use her wings, it is better that she be left where there is little for her feet to get hold of and rest upon. How emphatically these positions infer the profound Christian but anti-Romish spirit of Shakespearian drama, is indeed a great subject, but cannot here be followed out.

The foregoing chapters have also shown, it is

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hoped, that the Gothic Drama in England was, in the largest sense, a national growth, and not the work of any individual. Neither was it a sudden growth, as indeed nothing truly national ever can be; but, like the British Constitution itself, it was the slow, gradual, silent production of centuries, the result of the thoughts of many minds, in many ages. The whole platform, and all that relates to the formal construction of the work, was fixed before Shakespeare put his hand to it; so that what remained for him to do, and what he was gifted for doing, was to rear a grand and beautiful fabric on the basis and according to the principles already settled. And where we like best to contemplate the poet is, not in the isolation of those excellences which distinguish him above all others, but as having the mind of the nation, with its great past and greater present, to back him up. Nor make we any question that his greatness very much consisted in that, as he had the power, so he gave himself freely to the high task, of mirroring forth for all time the beatings of old England's mighty heart. He therefore did not go, nor needed he, to books, to learn what others had done: on the contrary, he sucked in without stint, and to the full measure of his angelic capacity, the wisdom and the poetry that lived on the lips, and in the thoughts, feelings, sentiments, and manners of the people. What he thus sucked in, he purged from its drossy mixtures, replenished with fresh vitality, and then gave it

back clothed in the grace and strength of his own clear spirit. He told the nation, better—O, how much better!—than any others could do, just what it wanted to hear,—the very things which its breast was swelling with, only it found not elsewhere a tongue to voice them, nor an imagination to body them forth.

But, on this point, the Rev. Richard C. Trench, in his essay on *The Genius of Calderon*, has some remarks so admirable in themselves, and so fitting to the subject, that the reader, we doubt not, will thank us for quoting them. And we do this the rather because, as the matter in discussion was the joint product of many minds, so it is only by the collective judgment of divers thoughtful observers that sound conclusions respecting it are likely to be reached. For, assuredly, to adopt the language of Burke on another theme, the Shakespearian Drama “takes in too many views, it makes too many combinations, to be so much as comprehended by shallow and superficial understandings. Profound thinkers will know it in its reason and spirit. The less inquiring will recognize it in their feelings and experience.” So that the work in question can no more be properly criticised by any one man alone, than Shakespeare could have produced it alone.

“They convey,” says Trench, “altogether a wrong impression of Calderon, who, willing to exalt and glorify him the more, isolate him wholly from his

age, presenting him to us not as one, the brightest indeed, in a galaxy of lights, but as the sole particular star in the firmament of Spanish dramatic art. Those who derive their impression from the Schlegels, especially from Augustus, would conclude him to stand thus alone,—to stand, if one might venture to employ the allusion, a poetical Melchisedec, without spiritual father, without spiritual mother, with nothing round him to explain or account for the circumstances of his greatness. But there are no such appearances in literature: great artists, poets, or painters, or others, always cluster; the conditions which produce one produce many. They are not strown, at nearly equable distances, through the life of a nation, but there are periods of great productiveness, with long intervals of comparative barrenness between; or it may be as indeed was the case with Spain, the aloe-tree of a nation's literature blossoms but once.

"And if this is true in other regions of art, above all will it be true in respect of the drama. In this, when it deserves the name, a nation is uttering itself, what is nearest to its heart, what it has conceived there of life and life's mystery, and of a possible reconciliation between the world which now is and that ideal world after which it yearns; and the conditions of a people which make a great outburst of the drama possible make it also inevitable that this will utter itself, not by a single voice, but by many. Even Shakespeare himself, towering as

he does immeasurably above all his compeers, is not a single, isolated peak, rising abruptly from a level plain, but one of a chain and cluster of mountain-summits; and his altitude, so far from being dwarfed and diminished, can only be rightly estimated when it is regarded in relation with theirs."

In another part of the same book we have the following just and appropriate passage: "Greece, England, and Spain are the only three countries, in the western world at least, which boast an independent drama, one going its own way, growing out of its own roots; not timidly asking what others have done before, but boldly doing that which its own native impulses urged it to do; the utterance of the national heart and will, accepting no laws from without, but only those which it has imposed on itself, as laws of its true liberty, and not of bondage. The Roman drama and the French are avowedly imitations; nor can all the vigour and even originality in detail, which the former displays, vindicate for it an independent position: much less can the latter, which, at least in the nobler region of tragedy, is altogether an artificial production, claim this; indeed it does not seek to do so, finding its glory in the renunciation of any such claim. Germany has some fine plays, but no national dramatic literature; the same must be said of Italy; and the period has long since passed for both when it would have been possible that this want should be supplied."

made what it is by the presence of all the others. Nothing stands alone; nothing exists merely for itself. The persons not only have each their several development, but also, besides this, and running into this, a development in common. And as each lives and moves and has his being, so each is to be understood and interpreted, with reference, explicit or implicit, to all the others. And there is not only this coherence of the characters represented, one with another, but also of them all with the events and circumstances of the representation. It is from this mutual membership, this participation of each in all, and of all in each, this co-efficient action of all the parts to a common end, — it is from this that the work derives its specific character and effect.

So that a drama may be fitly spoken of as an *organic* structure. And such it must be, to answer the conditions of a work of art. Here we have a highly complex thing; a thing made up of divers parts and elements, with a course or circulation of mutual inference and affinity pervading them all, and binding them up together, so as to give to the whole the character of a multitudinous unit: just as in the illustration, before used, of a large tree made up of innumerable little trees. And it seems plain enough, that the larger the number and variety of parts embraced in the work, that the more diversified it is in matter and movement, the greater the strength of art required for keeping everything within the terms of organic unity: while, provided

this be done, the richer and grander also is the impression produced.

Now, this is precisely the highest and hardest part of dramatic creation: in the whole domain of literary workmanship, there is no one thing so rarely attained, none that so few have been found capable of attaining, as this. And yet in this Shakespeare was absolutely — we speak advisedly — without any teacher or predecessor whatsoever; — not to say, what probably might be said without the least hazard, that it is a thing which no man or number of men could impart; for it seems to be a matter of original gift or endowment, so that no force of instruction or example were adequate to its production. And, in our view of the subject, the most distinguishing feature of the poet's genius lay in this power of broad and varied combination: his highest and most peculiar gift, we take it, was the deep intuitive perception which thus enabled him to put a multitude of things together, so that each should exactly fit and finish the others. In some of his works, as *Titus Andronicus* and the three Parts of *King Henry VI.*, though we have, especially in the latter, very considerable skill at individual character, — far more indeed than in any English plays preceding them, — there is certainly little, perhaps nothing, that can be properly called dramatic composition. In several, again, as *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *King John*, we have but the beginnings and

first stages of it. But in divers others, as *The Tempest*, the *First Part of King Henry IV.*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *King Lear*, it is found, if not in entire perfection, at least so nearly perfect that there has yet been no criticism competent to point out the defect.

We have said that, as regards the matter in hand, Shakespeare was without any instruction or example. For the Classic Drama, had he been ever so well acquainted with it, could not have helped him here at all, if indeed it would not have proved a hindrance to him; and this, because of its essential difference from the Drama in which he was called to work. This naturally leads us to start a few points of comparison between the two; for we can but start them.

Now, the Classic Drama, like the Classic Architecture, is all light, graceful, airy, in its forms; whereas the Gothic is in nature and design profound, solemn, majestic. Beauty is the life of the one; sublimity of the other. The genius of that runs to a simple expressiveness; of this, to a manifold suggestiveness. There the mind is drawn more to objects; here, more to relations. As a natural consequence, the Classic detaches things as much as possible, and sets each out by itself in the utmost clearness and definiteness of view; while the Gothic associates and combines them in the largest possible variety consistent with unity of interest and impression, so as to produce the effect of indefiniteness and

mystery. Thus the latter is like a vast cathedral, which, by its complexity of structure, while catching the eye would fain lift the thoughts to something greater and better than the world, making the spectator feel his littleness, and even its own littleness, in comparison of that which it suggests. For, in this broad and manifold diversity struggling up into unity, we may recognize the awe-inspiring grandeur and sublimity of the Gothic architecture, as distinguished from the airy, cheerful beauty of the Classic. Such was the difference between the spirit of Classic art and the spirit of Gothic art. The two were of distinct and incommunicable natures; so that no examples of the one could yield any furtherance to the creation of the other.

The peculiarity of Shakespeare, next to be noticed, in respect of those who preceded him, has reference to his mode of conceiving and working out character. We have already seen, that with several writers who went before him characters were discriminated and sustained with considerable judgment and skill. Still we feel a want of reality about them: they are not men and women themselves, but only the outsides and appearances of men and women; often, it is true, having a good measure of coherence and distinctness, but yet mere appearances; with nothing beneath or behind them, to give them real substance and solidity. Of course, therefore, the parts that are actually represented are all that they have; they stand for no more than

simply what is shown; there is nothing in them or of them but what meets the spectator's sense; so that, however good to look at, they will not bear looking into; because the outside, that which is directly seen or heard, really exhausts their whole meaning and significance.

The authors, then, as already intimated, instead of beginning at the heart of a character, and working outwards, began at the surface, and worked the other way, and so were precluded from getting beyond the surface by their mode of procedure. It is as if the shell of an egg should be fully formed and finished, before the contents were prepared; in which case the contents, of course, could not be got into it. It would have to remain a shell, and nothing more: as such, it might do well enough for a show; just as well indeed as if it were full of meat; but it would not stand the weighing; so that none but the poor innocent hens themselves would long be taken in by it.

With Shakespeare, all this is just precisely reversed. His egg is a real egg, brimful of meat, and not an empty shell; and this, because the formation began at the centre, and the shell was formed last. He gives us not the mere imitations or appearances of things, but the very things themselves. His characters *have* more or less of surface, but they *are* solids: what is actually and directly shown, is often the least part of them, never the whole: the rest is left to be inferred;

and the showing is so managed, withal, that the inferential process is naturally started and propagated in the spectator's mind.

All which clearly implies that Shakespeare conceived his persons, not from their outside, but in their rudiments and first principles. He begins at the heart of a character, and unfolds it outwards, forming and compacting all the internal parts and organs as he unfolds it; and the development, even because it is a real and true development, proceeds at every step, not by mere addition or aggregation of particulars, but by digestion and vital assimilation of all the matter that enters into the structure; there being sent, in virtue of the life that pervades the thing, just such elements, and just so much of them, to every organ, as is necessary to its formation. The result of this wonderful process is, that the characters stand for vastly more than is or can be directly seen; there is food for endless thought and reflection in them. Beneath and behind the surface, there is all the substance that the surface promises or is able to contain,—an inexhaustible stock of meaning and significance beyond what appears; so that the further they are looked into, the more of truth they are found to contain.

Thus the poet's genius seems to have dwelt "at Nature's inner shrine, where she works most when we perceive her least." There is, therefore, no extravagance in the justly-celebrated criticism of Pope. "The poetry of Shakespeare," says he, "was

inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator as an instrument of Nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him. His characters are so much Nature herself that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her."

On this point, we find, in an essay by Mr. Maurice Morgann on *The Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff*, some remarks so exceedingly apt and striking that we cannot make up our mind to withhold them:—

"The reader must be sensible of something in the composition of Shakespeare's characters, which renders them essentially different from those drawn by other writers. The characters of every drama must indeed be grouped; but in the groups of other poets the parts which are not seen do not in fact exist. But there is a certain roundness and integrity in the forms of Shakespeare, which give them an independence as well as a relation, insomuch that we often meet with passages which, though perfectly felt, cannot be sufficiently explained in words without unfolding the whole character of the speaker.

"Bodies of all kinds, whether metals, plants, or animals, are supposed to possess certain first principles of *being*, and to have an existence independent of the accidents which form their magnitude or growth. These accidents are supposed to be drawn in from the surrounding elements, but not indis-

criminally; each plant and each animal imbibes those things only which are proper to its own distinct nature, and which have, besides, such a secret relation to each other as to be capable of forming a perfect union and coalescence: but so variously are the surrounding elements mingled and disposed, that each particular body, even of those under the same species, has yet some *peculiar* of its own. Shakespeare appears to have considered the being and growth of the human mind as analogous to this system. . . .

"The reader will not now be surprised if I affirm that those characters in Shakespeare which are seen only in part are yet capable of being unfolded and understood in the whole: every part being in fact relative, and inferring all the rest. It is true that the point of action or sentiment which we are most concerned in is always held out for our special notice. But who does not perceive that there is a peculiarity about it which conveys a relish of the whole? And very frequently, when no particular point presses, he boldly makes a character act and speak from those parts of the composition which are *inferred* only, and not distinctly shown. This produces a wonderful effect; it seems to carry us beyond the poet to nature itself, and gives an integrity and truth to facts and character, which they could not otherwise obtain. And this is in reality that art in Shakespeare which, being withdrawn from our notice, we more emphatically call *nature*.

A felt propriety and truth from causes unseen, I take to be the highest point of poetic composition. If the characters of Shakespeare are thus *whole*, and, as it were, original, while those of almost all other writers are mere imitation, it may be fit to consider them rather as historic than dramatic beings; and, when occasion requires, to account for their conduct from the *whole* of character, from general principles, from latent motives, and from policies not avowed."

It is also to be noted, that Shakespeare's characters, generally, are not exhibited in any one fixed state or cast of formation. There is a certain vital limberness and ductility in them, so that upon their essential identity more or less of mutation is ever supervening. They grow on and unfold themselves under our eye: we see them in their course of development, in the act and process of becoming; undergoing divers changes, passing through divers stages, animated by mixed and various motives and impulses, passion alternating with passion, purpose with purpose, train of thought with train of thought; so that they often end greatly modified from what they were at the beginning,—the same, and yet another. Thus they have, to our minds, a past and future, as well as a present; and even in what we see of them at any given moment there is involved something both of history and of prophecy.

All this, indeed, is but a part of that complexity

which belongs to the spirit of Gothic art in all its forms. So that here we have still further reason, in the nature of the thing, why the Gothic Drama was bound to override and ignore the minor unities. For, as it is unnatural that a man should continue altogether the same character, or subject to the same passion, or absorbed in the same purpose, through a period of ten years; so it is equally against nature that he should undergo much change of character, or be occupied by various passions, or get engrossed in many purposes, the same day. If, therefore, a character is to be represented under divers phases and fluctuations, the nature of the work evidently requires much length of time, a great variety of objects and influences, and, consequently, a wide range of place. On the other hand, the clearness and simplicity of design and structure, which belong to Classic art, necessarily preclude, in the Drama, any great diversity of time and place; since, as the genius of the work requires character to be represented only under a single and uniform aspect, the time and place of the representation must needs be limited. So that the same principle which, in the Classic Drama, made it necessary to observe the minor unities, made it equally necessary to disregard them in the Gothic Drama; the complexity of the latter, with its implied vicissitudes of character, being naturally incompatible with them.

Again, the organic fitness and the correspondence

of part with part, which we have found in Shakespeare's dramatic composition, is equally maintained in his individual characterization. Now, it is quite notorious, that in his works, far more than in almost any others, everything appears to come, not from him, but from the characters; and from the characters, too, speaking, not as authors, but simply as men. The reason of this must be that the word is most admirably suited to the character, the character to the word, everything exactly fitting into and filling its place. Doubtless there are many things which, considered by themselves, might be bettered; but it is not for themselves that he uses them, but as being characteristic of the persons from whom they proceed; and the fact of their seeming to proceed from the persons, not from him, is the best possible proof of his good judgment in using them. Hence it is that in reading his works we think not of him, but only of what he is describing: we can scarce realize his existence, his individuality is so lost in the objects and characters he brings before us. That he should have known so perfectly how to avoid giving too much or too little, that he should have let out and drawn in the reins at the precise time and place where the subject required,—this, as it evinces an almost inconceivable delicacy of mind, is also one of the points wherein there was the least to be learned from his predecessors.

And not only does he so select and apportion the

several elements of a character that they coalesce into perfect organic wholeness, but also so orders and moves the several characters of a play that they may best draw out one another by mutual influences, and set off each other by mutual contrasts. And not the least wonderful thing in his works is the exquisite congruity of what comes from the persons with all the circumstances and influences under which they are represented as acting; their transpirations of character being, withal, so disposed that the principle of them shines out freely and clearly on the mind. It is true, his persons, like those in real life, act so, chiefly because they are so; but so perfectly does he seize and impart the germ of a character, along with the proper conditions of its development, that the results seem to follow all of their own accord. Thus in his delineations everything is fitted to every other thing; so that each requires and infers the others, and all hang together in most natural coherence and congruity.

To exemplify this point a little more in detail, let us take his treatment of passion. How many forms, degrees, varieties of passion he has portrayed! yet we are not aware that any instance of unfitness or disproportion has ever been successfully pointed out in his works. With but two or three exceptions at the most, so perfect is the correspondence between the passion and the character, and so freely and fitly does the former grow out of

the circumstances in which the latter is placed, that we have no difficulty in justifying and accounting for the passion. So that the passion is thoroughly characteristic, and pervaded with the individuality of its subject. And this holds true not only of different passions, but of different modifications of the same passion; the forms of love, for instance, being just as various and distinct as the characters in which it is shown. Moreover, he unfolds a passion in its rise and progress, its turns and vicissitudes, its ebbings and flowings, so that we go along with it freely and naturally from first to last. Even when, as in case of Ferdinand and Miranda, or of Romeo and Juliet, he ushers in the passion at its full height, he so contrives to throw the mind back or around upon various predisposing causes and circumstances, as to carry our sympathies through without any revulsion. Now, in this intuitive perception of the exact kind and degree of passion and character that are suited to each other; in this quick, sure insight of the internal workings of a given mind, and the why, when, and how far, it should be moved; and in this accurate letting out and curbing in of a passion, precisely as the law of its individuality requires; he shows himself far beyond the instructions of all who preceded him.

Nor is this the only direction in which he maintains the fitness of things: he keeps the matter right towards us, as well as towards his characters.

It is true, he often lays on us burdens of passion that would not be borne in any other writer. But, whether he wrings the heart with pity, or freezes the blood with terror, or fires the soul with indignation, the genial reader still rises from his pages refreshed. The reason of which is, instruction keeps pace with excitement: he strengthens the mind in proportion as he loads it. He has been called the great master of passion: doubtless he is so; yet he makes us think as intensely as he requires us to feel; while opening the deepest fountains of the heart, he at the same time unfolds the highest energies of the head. Nay, with such consummate art does he manage the fiercest tempests of our being that in a healthy mind the witnessing of them is always attended with an overbalance of pleasure. With the very whirlwinds of passion he so blends the softening and alleviating influences of poetry that they relish of nothing but sweetness and health. For while, as a philosopher, he surpassed all other philosophers in power to discern the passions of men; as an artist, he also excelled all other artists in skill "so to temper passion that our ears take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears both weep and smile."

Another point which ought not to be passed by in silence is the perfect evenhandedness of Shakespeare's representations. For among all his characters we cannot discover from the delineation itself that he preferred any one to another; though of

course we cannot imagine it possible for any man to regard Edmund and Edgar, for example, or Iago and Desdemona, with the same feelings. It is as if the scenes of his drama were forced on his observation against his will, himself being under a solemn oath to report the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He thus uniformly leaves the characters to make their own impression on us: he is their mouthpiece, not they his; and because he would not serve as the advocate of any, therefore he was able to stand as the representative of all. With the honour or shame, the right or wrong, of their actions, he has nothing to do: that they are so, and act so, is their concern, not his; and his business is, not to reform nor deprave, not to censure nor approve them, but simply to tell the truth about them, whithersoever it may lead him. Accordingly, he is not wont to exhibit either utterly worthless or utterly faultless monsters; persons too good or too bad to exist; too high to be loved, or too low to be pitied: even his worst characters (unless we should except Goneril and Regan, and even their blood is red like ours) have some slight fragrance of humanity about them, some indefinable touches, which redeem them from utter hatred and execration, and keep them within the pale of human sympathy, or at least of human pity.

Nor does he bring in any characters as the mere shadows, or instruments, or appendages of others. All the persons, high and low, contain within

themselves the reason why they are there and not elsewhere, why they are so and not otherwise. None are forced in upon the scene merely to supply the place of others, and so to be trifled with till the others are ready to return; but each is treated in his turn as though he were the main character of the piece. So true is this, that even if one character comes in as the satellite of another, he does so by a right and an impulse of his own; he is all the while but obeying, or rather executing the law of his individuality, and has just as much claim on the other for a primary as the other has on him for a satellite. The consequence is that all the characters are developed, not indeed at equal length, but with equal perfectness as far as they go; for, to make the dwarf fill the same space as the giant, were to dilute, not develop, the dwarf.

Passing allusion has already been made once or twice to Shakespeare's humour. This is so large and so operative an element of his genius that something further ought to be said of it. And perhaps there is nothing in his composition of which it is more difficult to give a satisfactory account. For it is nowise a distinct or separable thing with him, acting alone or occasionally, and so to be viewed by itself, but a perfusive and permeating ingredient of his make-up: it acts as a sort of common solvent, in which different and even opposite lines of thought, states of mind, and forms of life are melted into happy reconciliation

and co-operation. Through this, as a kind of pervading and essential sap, is carried on a free intercourse and circulation between the moral and intellectual parts of his being; and hence, perhaps, in part, that wonderful catholicity of mind which generally marks his representations.

It naturally follows from this that the poet's humour is widely diversified in its exhibitions. There is indeed no part of him that acts with greater versatility. It imparts a certain wholesome earnestness to his most sportive moods, making them like the honest and whole-hearted play of childhood, than which human life has nothing that proceeds more in earnest. For who has not found it a property of childhood to be serious in its fun, innocent in its mischief, ingenuous in its guile? Moreover, it is easy to remark that in Shakespeare's greatest dunces and simpletons and potentates of nonsense there is something that prevents contempt. A fellow-feeling springs up between us and them: our pleasure in them is mainly from what they have in common with us; it is through our sympathetic, not our selfish emotions that they interest us: we are far more inclined to laugh with them than at them, and even when we laugh at them we love them the more for that which is laughable in them. So that our delight in them still rests upon a basis of fraternal sentiment, and our intercourse with them proceeds under the great law of kindness and charity. Try this with any of the poet's

illustrious groups of comic personages, and it will be found, we apprehend, thoroughly true. What distinguishes us from them, or sets us above them in our own esteem, is never appealed to as a source or element of delectation. So that the pleasure we have of them is altogether *social* in its nature, and humanizing in its effect, ever knitting more widely the bonds of sympathy.

Here we have what may be called a foreground of comedy, but the poet's humour keeps up a living circulation between this and the serious elements of our being that stand behind it. It is true, we are not always, nor perhaps often, conscious of any stirring in these latter: what is laughable occupies the surface, and is therefore all that we directly see. But still there are deep undercurrents of earnest sentiment moving not the less really that their movement is noiseless. In the disguise of sport and mirth there is a secret discipline of humanity going on; and the effect is all the better that it steals into us unseen and unsuspected: we know that we laugh, but we do something better than laugh without knowing it, and so we are made the better by our laughter; for in that which makes us better without our knowledge, we are doubly benefited.

Not indeed but that Shakespeare has characters, as, for example, the Steward in *King Lear*, which are thoroughly contemptible, and which we follow with contempt. But it is to be observed that there

is nothing laughable in Oswald, nothing that we can either laugh with or laugh at: he is but a sort of human reptile, such as life sometimes produces, whom we regard with mortal loathing and disgust, but in whose company neither mirth nor pity can find any foothold. The feelings moved by a Bottom, a Dogberry, an Aguecheek, or a Slender are indeed very different from those which wait upon a Cordelia, an Ophelia, or a Desdemona, but there is no essential oppugnance between them: in both these cases the heart moves by the laws of sympathy, which is exactly reversed in the case of such an object as Oswald: the former all touch us through what we have in common with them; the latter touches only through our antipathies. There is therefore nothing of either comic or tragic in the part of Oswald viewed by itself; on the contrary, it moves in entire oppugnance to the proper sentiments of both comedy and tragedy.

Much of what we have said touching Shakespeare's scenes of mirth holds true, conversely, of his tragic scenes. For it is a great mistake to suppose that his humour has its sole exercise in comic representations. It carries the power of tears as well as of smiles: in his deepest strains of tragedy there is often a subtle infusion of it, and that in such a way as to heighten the tragic effect; we may feel it playing delicately beneath his most pathetic scenes, and deepening their pathos. For in his hands tragedy and comedy are not made up

of different elements, but of the same elements standing in different places and relations: what is background in the one becomes foreground in the other; what is an undercurrent in the one becomes an uppercurrent in the other; the effect of the whole depending almost, perhaps altogether, as much on what is not directly seen as on what is. So that with him the pitiful and the ludicrous, the sublime and the droll, are like the greatness and littleness of human life; for these qualities not only coexist in our being, but, which is much more, they coexist under a mysterious law of interdependence and reciprocity; insomuch that our life may in some sense be said to be great because little, and little because great.

And as Shakespeare's transports of humour draw down more or less into the depths of serious thought, and make our laughter the more refreshing and exhilarating because of what is moving silently beneath; so his tragic ecstasies take a richness of colour and flavour from the humour held in secret reserve, and forced up to the surface now and then by the superincumbent weight of tragic matter. This it is, in part, that truly makes them "awful mirth." For who does not know, that the most winning smiles are those which play round a moistening eye, and tell of serious thoughts beneath; and that the saddest face is that which wears in its expression an air of remembered joy, and speaks darkly of sunshine in the inner courts

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of the soul? For we are so made that no one part of our being moves to perfection, unless all the other parts move with it: when we are at work, whatever there is of the playful within us ought to play; when we are at play, our working energies ought to bear a part in the exercise. It is this harmonious movement of all the organs of our being that makes the proper music of life.

We cannot, nor need we, stay to illustrate the point in hand at any length, by detailed reference to the poet's dramas. The Fool's part in *King Lear* will readily occur to any one familiar with that tragedy. And perhaps there is no one part of *Hamlet* that does more to heighten the tragic effect, than the droll scene with the grave-diggers. But, besides this, there is a vein of humour running through the part of Hamlet himself, underlying his most serious hours, and giving depth and mellowness to his strains of impassioned thought. And every reflecting reader must have observed how much is added to the impression of terror in the trial scene of *The Merchant of Venice*, by the jets of fierce mirth with which Gratiano assails old Shylock; and also how, at the close of the scene, our very joy at Antonio's deliverance quickens and deepens our pity for the broken-hearted Jew who lately stood before us dressed in such fulness of terror. But indeed the poet's skill at heightening any feeling by awakening its opposite, how he manages to give strength to our most earnest sentiments by

touching some spring of playfulness, is matter of common observation.

But the poet's humour has yet other ways of manifesting itself. And among these not the least remarkable is the subtle and delicate irony which often pervades his scenes, and sometimes gives character to whole plays, as in the case of *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*. By methods that can hardly be described, he contrives to establish a sort of secret understanding with the reader, so as to arrest the impression just as it is on the point of becoming tragic. While dealing most seriously with his characters, he uses a certain guile: through them we catch, as it were, a roguish twinkle of his eye, which makes us aware that his mind is secretly sporting itself with their earnestness, so that we have a double sympathy with their passion and with his play. Thus his humour often acts in such a way as to possess us with mixed emotions: the persons, while moving us with their thoughts, at the same time start us upon other thoughts which have no place in them; and we share in all that they feel, but still are withheld from committing ourselves to them, or so taking part with them as to foreclose a due regard to other claims.

We shall dismiss the subject with a very remarkable piece of criticism by Coleridge, which is so full of large thoughts felicitously expressed that, in our view, it ought to go with every future edition of the

poet that pretends to have any critical accompaniments. It is as follows:—

"It is a painful truth that not only individuals, but even whole nations, are oftentimes so enslaved to the habits of their education and immediate circumstances as not to judge disinterestedly even on those subjects the very pleasure arising from which consists in its disinterestedness, namely, on subjects of taste and polite literature. Instead of deciding concerning their own modes and customs by any rule of reason, nothing appears rational, becoming, or beautiful to them but what coincides with the peculiarities of their education. In this narrow circle, individuals may attain to exquisite discrimination, as the French critics have done in their own literature; but a true critic can no more be such without placing himself on some central point from which he may command the whole, that is, some general rule, which, founded in reason, or the faculties common to all men, must therefore apply to each, — than an astronomer can explain the movements of the solar system without taking his stand in the sun. And let me remark that this will not tend to produce despotism, but, on the contrary, true tolerance, in the critic. He will, indeed, require, as the spirit and substance of a work, something true in human nature itself, and independent of all circumstances; but in the mode of applying it, he will estimate genius and judgment according to the felicity with which the imperishable soul of

intellect shall have adapted itself to the age, the place, and the existing manners. The error he will expose lies in reversing this, and holding up the mere circumstances as perpetual, to the utter neglect of the power which can alone animate them. For art cannot exist without, or apart from, nature; and what has man to give to his fellow-man but his own thoughts and feelings, and his observations, so far as they are modified by his thoughts or feelings?

"Let me, then, once more submit this question to minds emancipated alike from national, or party, or sectarian prejudice: Are the plays of Shakespeare works of rude uncultivated genius, in which the splendour of the parts compensates, if aught can compensate, for the barbarous shapelessness and irregularity of the whole? Or is the form equally admirable with the matter, and the judgment of the great poet not less deserving our wonder than his genius? — Or again, to repeat the question in other words: Is Shakespeare a great dramatic poet on account only of those beauties and excellences which he possesses in common with the ancients, but with diminished claims to our love and honour to the full extent of his differences from them? Or are these very differences additional proofs of poetic wisdom, at once results and symbols of living power as contrasted with lifeless mechanism, — of free and rival originality as contra-distinguished from servile imitation, or, more accurately, a blind copying of

effects instead of a true imitation of the essential principles? — Imagine not that I am about to oppose genius to rules. No! the comparative value of these rules is the very cause to be tried. The spirit of poetry, like all other living powers, must of necessity circumscribe itself by rules, were it only to unite power with beauty. It must embody in order to reveal itself; but a living body is of necessity an organized one; and what is organization but the connection of parts in and for a whole, so that each part is at once end and means? This is no discovery of criticism; it is a necessity of the human mind; and all nations have felt and obeyed it, in the invention of metre, and measured sounds, as the vehicle and *involutrum* of poetry,— itself a fellow-growth from the same life,— even as the bark is to the tree!

“No work of true genius dares want its appropriate form, neither indeed is there any danger of this. As it must not, so genius cannot, be lawless; for it is even this that constitutes it genius,— the power of acting creatively under laws of its own origination. How, then, comes it that not only single *Zoili*, but whole nations have combined in unhesitating condemnation of our great dramatist, as a sort of African nature, rich in beautiful monsters; as a wild heath where islands of fertility look the greener from the surrounding waste, where the loveliest plants now shine out among unsightly weeds, and now are choked by their parasitic

growth, so intertwined that we cannot disentangle the weed without snapping the flower?—In this statement I have had no reference to the vulgar abuse of Voltaire, save as far as his charges are coincident with the decisions of Shakespeare's own commentators and (so they would tell you) almost idolatrous admirers. The true ground of the mistake lies in the confounding mechanical regularity with organic form. The form is mechanic when on any given material we impress a predetermined form, not necessarily arising out of the properties of the material; as when to a mass of wet clay we give whatever shape we wish it to retain when hardened. The organic form, on the other hand, is innate; it shapes, as it develops, itself from within, and the fulness of its development is one and the same with the perfection of its outward form. Such as the life is, such is the form. Nature, the prime genial artist, inexhaustible in diverse powers, is equally inexhaustible in forms; —each exterior is the physiognomy of the being within, its true image reflected and thrown out from the concave mirror: and even such is the appropriate excellence of her chosen poet, of our own Shakespeare; himself a nature humanized, a genial understanding directing self-consciously a power and an implicit wisdom deeper even than our consciousness.

“I greatly dislike beauties and selections in general; but as proof positive of his unrivalled excel-

lence, I should like to try Shakespeare by this criterion. Make out your amplest catalogue of all the human faculties, as reason or the moral law, the will, the feeling of the coincidence of the two called the conscience, the understanding or prudence, wit, fancy, imagination, judgment; and then of the objects on which these are to be employed, as the beauties, the terrors, and the seeming caprices of nature, the realities and the capabilities, that is, the actual and the ideal, of the human mind, conceived as an individual or as a social being, as in innocence or in guilt, in a play-paradise, or in a war-field of temptation; — and then compare with Shakespeare under each of these heads all or any of the writers in prose and verse that have ever lived! Who that is competent to judge doubts the result? And ask your own hearts, — ask your own common-sense, — to conceive the possibility of this man being, — I say not, the drunken savage of that wretched sciolist, whom Frenchmen, to their shame, have honoured before their elder and better worthies, — but the anomalous, the wild, the irregular genius of our daily criticism! What! are we to have miracles in sport? Or, I speak reverently, does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?

“Poetry in essence is as familiar to barbarous as to civilized nations. The Laplander and the savage Indian are cheered by it as well as the inhabitants of London and Paris: its spirit takes up and incor-

porates surrounding materials, as a plant clothes itself with soil and climate, whilst it exhibits the working of a vital principle within independent of all accidental circumstances. And, to judge with fairness of an author's works, we ought to distinguish what is inward and essential from what is outward and circumstantial. It is essential to poetry that it be simple, and appeal to the elements and primary laws of our nature; that it be sensuous, and by its imagery elicit truth at a flash; that it be impassioned, and be able to move our feelings and awaken our affections. In comparing different poets with each other, we should inquire which have brought into the fullest play our imagination and our reason, or have created the greatest excitement and produced the completest harmony. If we consider great exquisiteness of language and sweet-ness of metre alone, it is impossible to deny to Pope the character of a delightful writer; but whether he be a poet, must depend upon our definition of the word; and, doubtless, if everything that pleases be poetry, Pope's satires and epistles must be poetry. This I must say, that poetry, as distinguished from other modes of composition, does not rest in metre; and that it is not poetry if it make no appeal to our passions or our imagination. One character belongs to all true poets, that they write from a principle within, not originating in any thing without; and that the true poet's work in its form, its shapings, and its modifications, is distinguished

from all other works that assume to belong to the class of poetry, as a natural from an artificial flower, or as the mimic garden of a child from an enamelled meadow. In the former the flowers are broken from their stems and stuck into the ground; they are beautiful to the eye and fragrant to the sense, but their colours soon fade, and their odour is transient as the smile of the planter; — while the meadow may be visited again and again with renewed delight; its beauty is innate in the soil, and its bloom is of the freshness of nature.

"The next ground of critical judgment, and point of comparison, will be as to how far a given poet has been influenced by accidental circumstances. As a living poet must surely write, not for the ages past, but for that in which he lives, and those which are to follow, it is, on the one hand, natural that he should not violate, and, on the other, necessary that he should not depend on, the mere manners and modes of his day. See how little does Shakespeare leave us to regret that he was born in his particular age! The great era in modern times was what is called the Restoration of Letters: the ages preceding it are called the dark ages; but it would be more wise, perhaps, to call them the ages in which we were in the dark. It is usually overlooked that the supposed dark period was not universal, but partial and successive, or alternate; that the dark age of England was not the dark age of Italy, but that one country was in its light and

vigour, whilst another was in its gloom and bondage. But no sooner had the Reformation sounded through Europe like the blast of an archangel's trumpet, than from king to peasant there arose an enthusiasm for knowledge; the discovery of a manuscript became the subject of an embassy; Erasmus read by moonlight, because he could not afford a torch, and begged a penny, not for the love of charity, but for the love of learning. The three great points of attention were religion, morals, and taste: men of genius as well as men of learning, who in this age need to be so widely distinguished, then alike became copyists of the ancients; and this, indeed, was the only way by which the taste of mankind could be improved, or their understandings informed. Whilst Dante imagined himself an humble follower of Virgil, and Ariosto of Homer, they were both unconscious of that greater power working within them which in many points carried them beyond their supposed originals. All great discoveries bear the stamp of the age in which they are made:— hence we perceive the effects of the purer religion of the moderns, visible for the most part in their lives; and in reading their works we should not content ourselves with the mere narratives of events long since passed, but should learn to apply their maxims and conduct to ourselves.

“Having intimated that times and manners lend their form and pressure to genius, let me once more

draw a slight parallel between the ancient and modern stage, the stages of Greece and of England. The Greeks were polytheists; their religion was local; almost the only object of all their knowledge, art, and taste, was their gods; and, accordingly, their productions were, if the expression may be allowed, statuesque, whilst those of the moderns are picturesque. The Greeks reared a structure which in its parts, and as a whole, filled the mind with the calm and elevated impression of perfect beauty and symmetrical proportion. The moderns also produced a whole, a more striking whole; but it was by blending materials and fusing the parts together. And as the Pantheon is to York Minster or Westminster Abbey, so is Sophocles compared with Shakespeare: in the one a completeness, a satisfaction, an excellence, on which the mind rests with complacency; in the other a multitude of interlaced materials, great and little, magnificent and mean, accompanied, indeed, with the sense of a falling short of perfection, and yet, at the same time, so promising of our social and individual progression, that we would not, if we could, exchange it for that repose of the mind which dwells on the forms of symmetry in the acquiescent admiration of grace. This general characteristic of the ancient and modern drama might be illustrated by a parallel of the ancient and modern music: the one consisting of melody arising from a succession only of pleasing sounds; the modern

embracing harmony also, the result of combination and the effect of a whole.

"I have said, and I say it again, that great as was the genius of Shakespeare, his judgment was at least equal to it. Of this any one will be convinced who attentively considers those points in which the dramas of Greece and England differ, from the dissimilitude of circumstances by which each was modified and influenced. The Greek stage had its origin in the ceremonies of a sacrifice, such as of the goat to Bacchus, whom we most erroneously regard as merely the jolly god of wine; for among the ancients he was venerable, as the symbol of that power which acts without our consciousness in the vital energies of nature, — the *vinum mundi*, — as Apollo was that of the conscious agency of our intellectual being. The heroes of old under the influences of this Bacchic enthusiasm performed more than human actions: hence tales of the favourite champions soon passed into dialogue. On the Greek stage the chorus was always before the audience; the curtain was never dropped, as we should say; and change of place being therefore, in general, impossible, the absurd notion of condemning it merely as improbable in itself was never entertained by any one. If we can believe ourselves at Thebes in one act, we may believe ourselves at Athens in the next. If a story lasts twenty-four hours or twenty-four years, it is equally improbable. There seems to be no just boundary but what the feelings

prescribe. But on the Greek stage, where the same persons were perpetually before the audience, great judgment was necessary in venturing on any such change. The poets never, therefore, attempted to impose on the senses by bringing places to men, but they did bring men to places, as in the well-known instance in the *Eumenides*, where, during an evident retirement of the chorus from the orchestra, the scene is changed to Athens, and Orestes is first introduced in the temple of Minerva, and the chorus of Furies come in afterwards in pursuit of him.

"In the Greek drama there were no formal divisions into scenes and acts; there were no means, therefore, of allowing for the necessary lapse of time between one part of the dialogue and another, and unity of time in a strict sense was, of course, impossible. To overcome that difficulty of accounting for time, which is effected on the modern stage by dropping a curtain, the judgment and great genius of the ancients supplied music and measured motion, and with the lyric ode filled up the vacuity. In the story of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, the capture of Troy is supposed to be announced by a fire lighted on the Asiatic shore, and the transmission of the signal by successive beacons to Mycenæ. The signal is first seen at the 21st line, and the herald from Troy itself enters at the 486th, and Agamemnon himself at the 783d line. But the practical absurdity of this was not felt by the audi-

ence, who, in imagination, stretched minutes into hours, while they listened to the lofty narrative odes of the chorus which almost entirely filled up the interspace. Another fact deserves attention here, namely, that regularly on the Greek stage a drama, or acted story, consisted in reality of three dramas, called together a trilogy, and performed consecutively in the course of one day. Now, you may conceive a tragedy of Shakespeare's as a trilogy connected in one single representation. Divide *Lear* into three parts, and each would be a play with the ancients; or take the three *Aeschylean* dramas of Agamemnon, and divide them into, or call them, as many acts, and they together would be one play. The first act would comprise the usurpation of *Ægisthus*, and the murder of Agamemnon; the second, the revenge of Orestes, and the murder of his mother; and the third, the penance and absolution of Orestes; — occupying a period of twenty-two years.

"The stage in Shakespeare's time was a naked room with a blanket for a curtain; but he made it a field for monarchs. That law of unity, which has its foundations, not in the factitious necessity of custom, but in nature itself, the unity of feeling, is everywhere and at all times observed by Shakespeare in his plays. Read *Romeo and Juliet*: — all is youth and spring; — youth with its follies, its virtues, its precipitancies; — spring with its odours, its flowers, and its transiency; it is one and the same

feeling that commences, goes through, and ends the play. The old men, the Capulets and the Montagues, are not common old men; they have an eagerness, a heartiness, a vehemence, the effect of spring: with Romeo, his change of passion, his sudden marriage, and his rash death, are all the effects of youth; — whilst in Juliet love has all that is tender and melancholy in the nightingale, all that is voluptuous in the rose, with whatever is sweet in the freshness of spring; but it ends with a long deep sigh like the last breeze of the Italian evening. This unity of feeling and character pervades every drama of Shakespeare.

“It seems to me that his plays are distinguished from those of all other dramatic poets by the following characteristics:—

“1. Expectation in preference to surprise. It is like the true reading of the passage; — ‘God said, Let there be light, and there was *light*;’ not there *was* light. As the feeling with which we startle at a shooting star compared with that of watching the sunrise at the pre-established moment, such and so low is surprise compared with expectation.

“2. Signal adherence to the great law of nature, that all opposites tend to attract and temper each other. Passion in Shakespeare generally displays libertinism, but involves morality; and if there are exceptions to this, they are, independently of their intrinsic value, all of them indicative of individual character, and, like the farewell admonitions of a

parent, have an end beyond the parental relation. Thus the Countess's beautiful precepts to Bertram, by elevating her character, raise that of Helena her favourite, and soften down the point in her which Shakespeare does not mean us not to see, but to see and to forgive, and at length to justify. And so it is in Polonius, who is the personified memory of wisdom no longer actually possessed. This admirable character is always misrepresented on the stage. Shakespeare never intended to exhibit him as a buffoon; for although it was natural that Hamlet—a young man of fire and genius, detesting formality, and disliking Polonius on political grounds, as imagining that he had assisted his uncle in his usurpation—should express himself satirically, yet this must not be taken as exactly the poet's conception of him. In Polonius a certain induration of character had arisen from long habits of business; but take his advice to Laertes, and Ophelia's reverence for his memory, and we shall see that he was meant to be represented as a statesman somewhat past his faculties; his recollections of life all full of wisdom, and showing a knowledge of human nature, whilst what immediately takes place before him, and escapes from him, is indicative of weakness.

"But as in Homer all the deities are in armour, even Venus, so in Shakespeare all the characters are strong. Hence real folly and dulness are made by him the vehicles of wisdom. There is no diffi-

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culty for one being a fool to imitate a fool; but to be, remain, and speak like a wise man and a great wit, and yet so as to give a vivid representation of a veritable fool, — *hic labor, hoc opus est.* A drunken constable is not uncommon, nor hard to draw; but see and examine what goes to make up a Dogberry.

“3. Keeping at all times in the high road of life. Shakespeare has no innocent adulteries, no interesting incests, no virtuous vice: he never renders that amiable which religion and reason alike teach us to detest, or clothes impurity in the garb of virtue, like Beaumont and Fletcher, the Kotzebues of the day. Shakespeare’s fathers are roused by ingratitude, his husbands stung by unfaithfulness; in him, in short, the affections are wounded in those points in which all may, nay, must, feel. Let the morality of Shakespeare be contrasted with that of the writers of his own or the succeeding age, or of those of the present day, who boast their superiority in this respect. No one can dispute that the result of such a comparison is altogether in favour of Shakespeare; even the letters of women of high rank in his age were often coarser than his writings. If he occasionally disgusts a keen sense of delicacy, he never injures the mind; he neither excites nor flatters passion, in order to degrade the subject of it; he does not use the faulty thing for a faulty purpose, nor carries on warfare against virtue, by causing wickedness to appear as no wickedness, through the medium of a morbid sympathy with the unfortu-

nate. In Shakespeare vice never walks as in twilight; nothing is purposely out of its place: he inverts not the order of nature and propriety,—does not make every magistrate a drunkard or glutton, nor every poor man meek, humane, and temperate; he has no benevolent butchers, nor any sentimental rat-catchers.

“4. Independence of the dramatic interest on the plot. The interest in the plot is always in fact on account of the characters, not *vice versa*, as in almost all other writers; the plot is a mere canvass and no more. Hence arises the true justification of the same stratagem being used in regard to Benedick and Beatrice,—the vanity in each being alike. Take away from the *Much Ado About Nothing* all that which is not indispensable to the plot, either as having little to do with it, or, at best, like Dogberry and his comrades, forced into the service, when any other less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night-constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action;—take away Benedick, Beatrice, Dogberry, and the reaction of the former on the character of Hero,—and what will remain? In other writers the main agent of the plot is always the prominent character; in Shakespeare it is so, or is not so, as the character is in itself calculated, or not calculated, to form the plot. Don John is the main-spring of the plot of this play, but he is merely shown and then withdrawn.

“5. Independence of the interest on the story

as the ground-work of the plot. Hence Shakespeare never took the trouble of inventing stories. It was enough for him to select from those that had been already invented or recorded such as had one or other, or both, of two recommendations, namely, suitableness to his particular purpose, and their being parts of popular tradition,—names of which we had often heard, and of their fortunes, and as to which all we wanted was to see the man himself. So it is just the man himself, the Lear, the Shylock, the Richard, that Shakespeare makes us for the first time acquainted with. Omit the first scene in *Lear*, and yet everything will remain; so the first and second scenes in *The Merchant of Venice*. Indeed it is universally true.

“6. Interfusion of the lyrical—that which in its very essence is poetical—not only with the dramatic, as in the plays of Metastasio, where at the end of the scene comes the *aria* as the *exit* speech of the character,—but also in and through the dramatic. Songs in Shakespeare are introduced as songs only, just as songs are in real life, beautifully as some of them are characteristic of the person who has sung or called for them, as Desdemona’s ‘Willow,’ and Ophelia’s wild snatches, and the sweet carollings in *As You Like It*. But the whole of *A Midsummer-Night’s Dream* is one continued specimen of the dramatized lyrical.

“7. The characters of the *dramatis personæ*, like those in real life, are to be inferred by the reader;

they are not told to him. And it is well worth remarking that Shakespeare's characters, like those in real life, are very commonly misunderstood, and almost always understood by different persons in different ways. The causes are the same in either case. If you take only what the friends of the character say, you may be deceived, and still more so, if that which his enemies say; nay, even the character himself sees himself through the medium of his character, and not exactly as he is. Take all together, not omitting a shrewd hint from the clown or the fool, and perhaps your impression will be right; and you may know whether you have in fact discovered the poet's own idea, by all the speeches receiving light from it, and attesting its reality by reflecting it.

"Lastly, in Shakespeare the heterogeneous is united, as it is in nature. You must not suppose pressure or passion always acting on or in the character! — passion in Shakespeare is that by which the individual is distinguished from others, not that which makes a different kind of him. Shakespeare followed the main march of the human affections. He entered into no analysis of the passions or faiths of men, but assured himself that such and such passions and faiths were grounded in our common nature, and not in the mere accidents of ignorance or disease. This is an important consideration, and constitutes our Shakespeare the morning star, the guide and the pioneer, of true philosophy."



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— **BALTHASAR**, name assumed by Portia ; *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1, line 163.

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- BOYS, OLIVER DE, eldest son of Sir Rowland de Boys ; *As You Like It*, i. 1 ; iii. 1 ; iv. 3 ; v. 2, [4].
- BOYS, ORLANDO DE, youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys ; *As You Like It*, i. 1, 2 ; ii. 3, 6, 7 ; iii. 2 ; iv. 1 ; v. 2, 4.
- BRABANTIO, a senator ; *Othello*, i. 1, 2, 3.
- BRAKENBURY, Sir Robert, Lieutenant of the Tower ; *Richard III.*, i. 1, 4 ; iv. 1.
- BRANDON, Sir William ; *Richard III.*, [v. 3].
- BRANDON ; *Henry VIII.*, i. 1.
- BRETAGNE, Arthur, Duke of, nephew to King John ; *King John*, ii. 1 ; iii. 1, [2], 3 ; iv. 1, 3.
- BRETAGNE, Duke of ; *Henry V.*, [ii. 4].
- BRETHREN (see also ALDERMEN) ; 2 *Henry VI.*, [ii. 1] ; 3 *Henry VI.*, iv. 7.
- BROOK, name assumed by Ford ; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii. 2, etc.
- BROTHERS, Two (Leonati) apparitions ; *Cymbeline*, v. 4.
- BRUTUS, DECIUS, a conspirator against Caesar ; *Julius Caesar*, [i. 2.] ; ii. 1, 2 ; iii. 1.

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BRUTUS, JUNIUS, a tribune of the people ; *Coriolanus*, i. 1 ; ii. 1, 2, 3 ; iii. 1, 3 ; iv. 2, 6 ; v. 1.

— BRUTUS, MARCUS, one of the conspirators against Cæsar ; *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2 ; ii. 1, 2 ; iii. 1, 2 ; iv. 2, 3 ; v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

BUCKINGHAM, Humphrey Stafford, Duke of ; 2 *Henry VI.*, i. 1, 3, 4 ; ii. 1 ; iii. 1 ; iv. 4, 8, 9 ; v. 1.

BUCKINGHAM, Henry Stafford, second Duke of ; *Richard III.*, i. 8 ; ii. 1, 2 ; iii. 1, 2, 4, 5, 7 ; iv. 2 ; v. 1 ; *Ghost*, v. 3.

BUCKINGHAM, Edward Stafford, third Duke of ; *Henry VIII.*, i. 1 ; ii. 1.

BULLCALF, Peter, a recruit ; 2 *Henry IV.*, iii. 2.

— BULLEN, Anne, Maid of Honour to Queen Katharine, and afterwards Queen herself ; *Henry VIII.*, i. 4 ; ii. 3 ; *Queen*, [iv. 1].

BURGH, HUBERT DE ; *King John*, iii. [2], 8 ; iv. 1, 2, 3 ; v. 3, 6.

BURGUNDY, Philip, Duke of ; *Henry V.*, v. 2 ; 1 *Henry VI.*, ii. 1, 2 ; iii. 2, 3 ; iv. 7 ; v. 2.

BURGUNDY, Duke of ; *King Lear*, i. 1.

BUSBY, Sir John, one of King Richard's servants ; *Richard II.*, i. [3], 4 ; ii. [1], 2 ; iii. 1.

BUTTS, Dr., physician to the King ; *Henry VIII.*, v. 2.

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CADE, Jack, a rebel : 2 *Henry VI.*, iv. 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 10.

— CÆSAR, JULIUS ; *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2 ; ii. 2 ; iii. 1 ; *Ghost*, iv. 3.

— CÆSAR, OCTAVIUS, a triumvir ; *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 1 ; v. 1, 5 ; *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 4 ; ii. 2, 3, 6, 7 ; iii. 2, 6, 8, 12 ; iv. 1, 6, 11 ; v. 1, 2.

CAITHNESS, a nobleman of Scotland ; *Macbeth*, v. 2, [4].

CAIUS, Dr., a French physician ; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 4 ; ii. 3 ; iii. 1, 2, 3 ; iv. [2], 5 ; v. 3, 5.

CAIUS, kinsman to Titus ; *Titus Andronicus*, [iv. 3].

CAIUS, name assumed by Kent; *King Lear*, v. 3, line 284.

CAIUS, MARCIUS. See CORIOLANUS.

CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks; *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 3; v. 2.

— CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave; *The Tempest*, i. 2; ii. 2; iii. 2; iv. 1; v. 1.

— CALPURNIA, wife to Caesar; *Julius Caesar*, i. 2; ii. 2.

CAMBIO, name given to Lucentio; *The Taming of the Shrew*, ii. 1, line 84.

CAMBRIDGE, Richard, Earl of; *Henry V.*, ii. 2.

— CAMILLO, a lord of Sicilia; *The Winter's Tale*, i. 1, 2; vi. 2, 4; v. 3.

CAMPBELL, Cardinal; *Henry VIII.*, ii. 2, 4; iii. 1.

CANDIDUS, lieutenant-general to Antony; *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 7, 10.

CANTERBURY, Henry Chicheley, Archbishop of; *Henry V.*, i. 1, 2. See also BOURCHIER, CRANMER.

CANTERBURY, William Warham, Archbishop of; *Henry VIII.*, [ii. 4].

CAPHIS, servant to one of Timon's creditors; *Timon of Athens*, ii. 1, 2.

CAPELET, surname of Diana, daughter to a widow of Florence; *All's Well That Ends Well*, v. 3, line 147.

CAPTAINS (Sea and otherwise); *Twelfth Night*, i. 2; *Richard II.*, ii. 4; 1 *Henry VI.*, ii. 2; iii. 2; iv. 4; 2 *Henry VI.*, iv. 1; *Titus Andronicus*, i. 1; *Hamlet*, iv. 4; *King Lear*, v. 3; *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 4; *Cymbeline*, iv. 2; v. 3.

CAPUCIUS, ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.; *Henry VIII.*, iv. 2.

— CAPULET, head of a Veronese house, at variance with the Montagues; *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1, 2, 5; iii. [1], 4, 5; iv. 2, 4, 5; v. 3.

— CAPULET, Lady, wife to Capulet; *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1, 3; iii. 1, 4, 5; iv. 2, 3, 4, 5; v. 3.

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- CAPULET, Second, an old man, cousin to Capulet ; *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 5.
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- CARRIERS ; 1 *Henry IV.*, ii. 1, 4.
- CASCA, a conspirator against Cæsar ; *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2, 3 ; ii. 1, [2] ; iii. 1.
- CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam ; *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 2 ; v. 3.
- CASSIO, Michael, Othello's lieutenant ; *Othello*, i. 2 ; ii. 1, 8 ; iii. 1, 3, 4 ; iv. 1 ; v. 1, 2.
- CASSIUS, a conspirator against Cæsar ; *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2, 3 ; ii. 1 ; iii. 1, [2] ; iv. 2, 3 ; v. 1, 3.
- CATESBY, Sir William ; *Richard III.*, i. 8 ; iii. 1, 2, [5], 7 ; iv. 2, 3, 4 ; v. 3, 4.
- CATLING, Simon, first Musician ; *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 5.
- CATO, YOUNG, friend to Brutus and Cassius ; *Julius Cæsar*, v. 3, 4.
- CELIA, daughter to Frederick ; *As You Like It*, i. 2, 3 ; ii. 4 ; iii. 2, 4, [5] ; iv. 1, 3, [4].
- CERES, presented by a spirit ; *The Tempest*, iv. 1.
- CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus ; *Pericles*, iii. 2, 4 ; v. 3.
- CESARIO, name assumed by Viola ; *Twelfth Night*, i. 4, to v. 1.
- CHAMBERLAIN ; 1 *Henry IV.*, ii. 1.
- CHAMBERLAIN, The LORD ; *Henry VIII.*, i. 3, 4 ; ii. 2, 3 ; iii. 2 ; v. 3, 4.
- CHANCELLOR, The LORD ; *Henry VIII.*, [iv. 1] ; v. 3.
- CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick ; *As You Like It*, i. 1, 2.
- CHARLES VI., King of France ; *Henry V.*, ii. 4 ; iii. 5 ; v. 2.
- CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King Charles VII., of France ; 1 *Henry VI.*, i. 2, [5], 6 ; ii. 1 ; iii. 2, 3 ; iv. 7 ; v. 2, 4.
- CHARMIAN, an attendant on Cleopatra ; *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 2, 3, 5 ; ii. 5 ; iii. 3, 11, [13] ; iv. [2], 4, 13, 15 ; v. 2.

CHATHAM, The Clerk of ; 2 *Henry VI.*, iv. 2.
 CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John ; *King John*, i. 1 ; ii. 1.
 CHILD ; *The Winter's Tale* (Perdita), [ii. 3 ; iii. 8] ; 3 *Henry VI.* (afterwards Edward V.), [v. 7] ; *Henry VIII.* (Elizabeth), [v. 5] ; *Titus Andronicus*, [iv. 2 ; v. 1, 8].
 CHIRON, one of the sons of Tamora ; *Titus Andronicus*, i. 1 ; ii. 1, [2], 8, 4 ; iv. 2, [4] ; v. 2.
 CHORISTERS ; *Henry VIII.*, [iv. 1].
 CHORUS ; *The Winter's Tale*, [ii. 8 ; iii. 8] ; *Henry V.*, i., ii., iii., iv., v., *Epilogue* ; *Romeo and Juliet*, i., ii. ; *Pericles*, i., ii., iii., iv. 1, 4 ; v. 1, 2, 3.
 — CICERO, a senator ; *Julius Caesar*, i. [2], 8.
 — CINNA, a conspirator against Caesar ; *Julius Caesar*, i. 8 ; ii. 1, [2] ; iii. 1.
 — CINNA, the Poet ; *Julius Caesar*, iii. 8.
 CINQUE PORTS, Four Barons of the ; *Henry VIII.*, [iv. 1].
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 CLARENCE, George, Duke of, son to Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York ; 3 *Henry VI.*, *George*, ii. 2, 3, 6 ; *Clarence*, iii. 2 ; iv. 1, 2, [3], 6, 8 ; v. 1, 3, [4], 5, 7 ; *Richard III.*, i. 1, 4 ; *Ghost*, v. 3.
 CLARENCE, Boy, son of ; *Richard III.*, ii. 2.
 CLARENCE, Girl, daughter of ; *Richard III.*, ii. 2 ; [v. 1].
 — CLAUDIO, a young gentleman ; *Measure for Measure*, i. 2 ; iii. 1 ; iv. 2 ; [v. 1].
 — CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence ; *Much Ado About Nothing*, i. 1 ; ii. 1, 3 ; iii. 2 ; iv. 1 ; v. 1, 3, 4.
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CLEON, governor of Tarsus ; *Pericles*, i. 4 ; [ii.] ; iii. 3 ; iv. 3, [4].

— CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt ; *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 1, 2, 3, 5 ; iii. 3, 7, 11, 13 ; iv. 2, 4, 8, 12, 13, 15 ; v. 2.

CLERK ; *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1 ; 2 *Henry VI.* (of Chat-ham), iv. 2.

CLIFFORD, Thomas, Lord ; 2 *Henry VI.*, iv. 8, 9 ; v. 1, 2.

CLIFFORD, YOUNG, Lord Clifford's son ; 2 *Henry VI.*, v. 1, 2.

CLIFFORD, John, Lord ("Young Clifford" of 2 *Henry VI.*) ; 3 *Henry VI.*, i. 1, 3, 4 ; ii. 2, 4, 6.

CLITUS, a servant to Brutus ; *Julius Caesar*, v. 5.

CLOTEX, son to the Queen by a former husband ; *Cymbeline*, i. 2 ; ii. 1, 3 ; iii. 1, 5 ; iv. 1, 2.

CLOWN, servant to Countess Rousillon ; *All 's Well That Ends Well*, i. 3 ; ii. 2, 4 ; iii. 2 ; iv. 5 ; v. 2.

CLOWN, son of old Shepherd ; *The Winter's Tale*, iii. 3 ; iv. 3, 4 ; v. 2.

CLOWN ; *Titus Andronicus*, iv. 3, 4.

CLOWN, servant to Othello ; *Othello*, iii. 1, 4.

CLOWN ; *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2.

CLOWNS, Two, grave-diggers ; *Hamlet*, v. 1. See also COSTARD, FESTE, GOBBO, LAUNCE, SPRED, TOUCHSTONE.

COBWEB, a fairy ; *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iii. 1 ; iv. 1.

COLEVILE, Sir John ; 2 *Henry IV.*, iv. 3.

COMINIUS, a Roman general against the Volscians ; *Coriolanus*, i. 1, 6, 9 ; ii. 1, 2 ; iii. 1, 2, 3 ; iv. 1, 6 ; v. 1.

COMMONERS ; *Julius Caesar*, i. 1.

COMMONS ; 2 *Henry VI.*, iii. 2.

CONRADE, a follower of Don John ; *Much Ado About Noth-ing*, i. 3 ; iii. 3 ; iv. 2 ; [v. 1].

CONSPIRATORS, Three; *Coriolanus*, v. 6.
CONSTABLE of France, Charles d'Albret; *Henry V.*, ii. 4; iii. 5, 7; iv. 2, 5.
CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur; *King John*, ii. 1; iii. 1, 4.
— CORDELIA, one of Lear's daughters; *King Lear*, i. 1; iv. 4, 7; v. [2], 8.
— CORIN, a shepherd; *As You Like It*, ii. 4; iii. 2, 4, [5]; v. 1.
— CORIOLANUS, CAIUS MARCIUS; *Coriolanus, Marcius*, i. 1, 4, 5, 6, 8, to line 68; thence *Coriolanus*, 9; ii. 1, 2, 8; iii. 1, 2, 3; iv. 1, 4, 5; v. 2, 3, 6.
CORNELIUS, a courtier; *Hamlet*, i. 2; [ii. 2].
CORNELIUS, a physician; *Cymbeline*, i. 5; v. 5.
CONWALL, Duke of; *King Lear*, i. 1; ii. 1, 2, 4; iii. 5, 7.
COSTARD, a clown; *Lover's Labour's Lost*, i. 1. 2; iii. 1; iv. 1, 2, 3; v. 1, 2.
COURT, Alexander, a soldier in the army of Henry V.; *Henry V.*, iv. 1.
COURTESAN; *The Comedy of Errors*, iv. 3, 4; v. 1.
COVENTRY, Mayor of; 3 *Henry VI.*, [v. 1].
— CRANMER, Thomas, Archbiishop of Canterbury; *Henry VIII.*, v. 1, 2, 5.
— CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas; *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 2; iii. 2; iv. 2, 4, 5; v. 2.
— CRIER; *Henry VIII.*, ii. 4.
— CROMWELL, Thomas (afterwards Earl of Essex), servant to Wolsey; *Henry VIII.*, iii. 2; v. 3.
CUPID; *Timon of Athens*, ii. 2.
CURAN, a courtier; *King Lear*, ii. 1.
— CURIO, a gentleman attending on the Duke; *Twelfth Night*, i. 1, [4]; ii. 4; [v. 1].
— CURTISS, a servant to Petruchio; *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 1.
— CYMBELINE, King of Britain; *Cymbeline*, i. 1; ii. 3; iii. 1, 5; iv. 3; v. [2, 3], 5.

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DANCER, A, speaker of Epilogue; 2 *Henry IV.*
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DARDANIUS, a servant to Brutus; *Julius Cæsar*, v. 5.
DAUGHTER of Antiochus; *Pericles*, i. 1.
DAUPHIN; *King John* (Lewis), ii. 1; iii. 1, 4; v. 2, 5;
Henry V. (Lewis), ii. 4; iii. 5, 7; iv. 2, 5; 1 *Henry VI.* (Charles), i. 2, [5], 6; ii. 1; iii. 2, 3; iv. 7; v. 2, 4.
DAVY, servant to Shallow; 2 *Henry IV.*, v. 1, 3.
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DEMETRIUS, son to Tamora; *Titus Andronicus*, i. 1; ii. 1, 2, 3, 4; iv. 2, [4]; v. 2.
DEMETRIUS, a friend to Antony; *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 1.
DENNIS, servant to Oliver de Boys; *As You Like It*, i. 1.
DENNY, Sir Antony; *Henry VIII.*, v. 1.
DERBY, Thomas, Earl of, also called Stanley; *Richard III.*,
Derby, i. 3; ii. 1, [2]; *Stanley*, iii. 2; *Derby*, iii. 4;
Stanley, iv. 1, 2, 4; *Derby*, iv. 5; v. 3, 5.
DERCETAS, a friend to Antony; *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 14; v. 1.
DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio, and wife to Othello;
Othello, i. 3; ii. 1, 3; iii. 3, 4; iv. 1, 2, 3; v. 2.
DIANA (Capilet), daughter to a widow; *All 's Well That Ends Well*, iii. 5; iv. 2, 4; v. [1], 3.
DIANA; *Pericles*, v. 1.
DICK, the butcher; 2 *Henry VI.*, iv. 2, 3, 6, 7.
DIOMEDES, a Grecian prince; *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3;
iii. 3; iv. 1, [3], 4, 5; v. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 9.

DIOMEDES, an attendant on Cleopatra; *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 14, 15.

DION, a lord of Sicilia; *The Winter's Tale*, iii. 1, 2; v. 1.

DIONYZA, wife to Cleon; *Pericles*, i. 4; iii. 3; iv. 1, 3, [4].

DOCTORS; *Macbeth*, iv. 8; v. 1, 3; *King Lear*, iv. 4, 7.
See also APOTHECARY, BUTTS, CAIUS, CORNELIUS.

- DOGBERRY, a constable; *Much Ado About Nothing*, iii. 3, 5; iv. 2; v. 1.

DOLABELLA, a friend to Caesar; *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 12; v. 1, 2.

- DOLL TEARSHEET; *2 Henry IV.*, ii. 4; v. 4.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS. See ENOBARBUS.

- DONALBAIN, a son of Duncan, king of Scotland; *Macbeth*, [i. 2, 4, 6]; ii. 3; iii. 8.

DOOR-KEEPER; *Henry VIII.*, v. 2, 3. See also PORTERS.

DORCAS, a shepherdess; *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 4.

DORICLES, assumed name of Florizel; *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 4, line 146.

DORSET, Thomas, Marquis of, son of Lady Grey, afterwards queen to Edward IV.; *Richard III.*, i. 3; ii. 1, 2; iv. 1.

DORSET, Thomas Grey, second Marquis of; *Henry VIII.*, [iv. 1].

DORSET, Marchioness of; *Henry VIII.*, [v. 3].

DOUGLAS, Archibald, Earl of; *1 Henry IV.*, iv. 1, 3; v. 2, 3, 4.

DRAWERS; *2 Henry IV.*, ii. 4.

DROMIO of Ephesus, twin brother to Dromio of Syracuse, and attendant on Antipholus of Ephesus; *The Comedy of Errors*, i. 2; ii. 1; iii. 1; iv. 1, 4; v. 1.

DROMIO of Syracuse, twin brother to Dromio of Ephesus, and attendant on Antipholus of Syracuse; *The Comedy of Errors*, i. 2; ii. 2; iii. 1, 2; iv. 1, 2, 3, 4; v. 1.

DUKE, A, living in banishment; *As You Like It*, ii. 1, 7; v. 4. (He is called "Duke Senior," in stage-directions.)

DULL, a constable; *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1, 2; iv. 2; v. 1.

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— DUNCAN, King of Scotland ; *Macbeth*, i. 2, 4, 6.
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— EDEAR, son to Gloucester ; *King Lear*, i. 2; ii. 1, 3; iii. 4, 6; iv. 1, 6; v. 1, 2, 3.
— EDMUND, bastard son to Gloucester ; *King Lear*, i. 1, 2; ii. 1, 2; iii. 3, 5, [7]; iv. 2; v. 1, 3.
EDWARD, son of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York ; afterwards Earl of March and Edward IV. ; 2 *Henry VI.*, v. 1; 3 *Henry VI.*, i. 1, 2; ii. 1, 2, 3, 6; *Edward IV.*, iii. 2; iv. 1, 3, 5, 7, 8; v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7; *Richard III.*, ii. 1.
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EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward V. ; son of Edward IV. ; 3 *Henry VI.*, [v. 7]; *Richard III.*, iii. 1; *Ghost*, v. 3.
EGEUS, father to Hermia ; *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, i. 1; iv. 1.
EGLAMOUR, agent for Silvia in her escape ; *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv. 3; v. 1.
EGYPTIAN ; *Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 1.
ELBOW, a simple constable ; *Measure for Measure*, ii. 1; iii. 2.
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ELIZABETH, queen to King Edward IV. ; 3 *Henry VI.*, *Lady Grey*, iii. 2; *Queen*, iv. 1, 4; v. 7; *Richard III.*, i. 3; ii. 1, 2, 4; iv. 1, 4.
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ELY, John Morton, Bishop of ; *Richard III.*, iii. 4.
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- **EMILIA**, a lady attending on Hermione ; *The Winter's Tale*, ii. 2.
- **EMILIA**, wife to Iago ; *Othello*, ii. 1 ; iii. 1, 3, 4 ; iv. 2, 3 ; v. 1, 2.
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- EPHEBUS**, Solinus, Duke of ; *The Comedy of Errors*, i. 1 ; v. 1.
- EPITOGUES** ; *The Temepest*, *As You Like It*, *All's Well That Ends Well*, *2 Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, *Henry VIII.*
- EROS**, a friend to Antony ; *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 5, 11 ; iv. 5, 7, 14.
- ERFINGHAM**, Sir Thomas ; *Henry V.*, iv. 1, [3].
- ESCALUS**, an ancient lord ; *Measure for Measure*, i. 1 ; ii. 1 ; iii. 2 ; iv. 4 ; v. 1.
- ESCALUS**, Prince of Verona ; *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1 ; iii. 1 ; v. 3.
- ESCANES**, a lord of Tyre ; *Pericles*, [i. 8] ; ii. 4.
- ESSEX**, Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, Earl of ; *King John*, i. 1.
- EUPHRONIUS**, an ambassador from Antony to Caesar ; *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 12, 13.
- EVANS**, Sir Hugh, a Welsh parson ; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 1, 2 ; iii. 1, 2, 3 ; iv. 1, 2, 4, 5 ; v. 4, 5.
- EXECUTIONERS** ; *King John*, iv. 1.
- EXETER**, Thomas Beaufort, Duke of, uncle to the King ; *Henry V.*, i. 2 ; ii. 2, 4 ; [iii. 1] ; iv. 3, 6, 7, 8 ; v. 2 ; *1 Henry VI.*, i. 1 ; iii. 1, [4] ; iv. 1 ; v. 1, 5 ; *3 Henry VI.*, i. 1 ; ii. 5 ; iv. 8.
- EXTON**, Sir Pierce ; *Richard II.*, v. 4, 5, 6.

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— FALSTAFF, Sir John ; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 1, 3 ; ii. 2 ; iii. 3, 5 ; iv. 2, 5 ; v. 1, 5 ; *1 Henry IV.*, i. 2 ; ii. 2, 4 ; iii. 3 ; iv. 2 ; v. 1, 3, 4 ; *2 Henry IV.*, i. 2 ; ii. 1, 4 ; iii. 2 ; iv. 3 ; v. 1, 3, 5.

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FASTOLFE, Sir John ; *1 Henry VI.*, iii. 2 ; iv. 1.

FATHER, A, who has killed his son ; *3 Henry VI.*, ii. 5.

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— FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples ; *The Tempest*, i. [1], 2 ; iii. 1 ; iv. 1 ; v. 1.

— FERDINAND, King of Navarre ; *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1 ; ii. 1 ; iv. 3 ; v. 2.

— FESTE, a clown, servant to Olivia ; *Twelfth Night*, i. 5 ; ii. 3, 4 ; iii. 1 ; iv. 1, 2 ; v. 1.

FIDELE, name assumed by Imogen ; *Cymbeline*, iii. 6, line 61.

FIENDS, appearing to La Pucelle ; *1 Henry VI.*, [v. 3].

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FLAVIUS, steward to Timon ; *Timon of Athens*, i. 2 ; ii. 2 ; iii. 4 ; iv. 2, 3 ; v. 1.

FLAVIUS, a tribune ; *Julius Cæsar*, i. 1.

FLEANCE, son to Banquo ; *Macbeth*, ii. 1, [3].

FLORENCE, Duke of ; *All 's Well That Ends Well*, iii. 1, 3.

- FLORIMEL, Prince of Bohemia ; *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 4 ; v. 1, [3].
- FLUELLEN, an officer in King Henry's army ; *Henry V.*, iii. 2, 6 ; iv. 1, 7, 8 ; v. 1.
- FLUTE, Francis, a bellow-mender ; *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, i. 2. ; iii. 1 ; iv. 2 ; *Twelfth*, v. 1.
- FOOL ; *Timon of Athens*, ii. 2.
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- FORD, a gentleman dwelling at Windsor ; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii. 1, 2 ; iii. 2, 3, 5 ; iv. 2, 4 ; v. 1, 5.
- FORD, Mistress ; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, [i. 1] ; ii. 1 ; iii. 3 ; iv. 2, 4 ; v. 3, 5.
- FORESTERS ; *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 1 ; *As You Like It*, iv. 2. See also KEEPERS.
- FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway ; *Hamlet*, iv. 4 ; v. 2.
- FRANCE, King of ; *All 's Well That Ends Well*, i. 2 ; ii. 1, 3 ; v. 3 ; *Epilogue*.
- FRANCE, King of ; *King Lear*, i. 1. See also CHARLES, LEWIS, PHILIP.
- FRANCE, Princess of ; *Love's Labour's Lost*, ii. 1 ; iv. 1 ; v. 2.
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- FRANCIS ; *1 Henry IV.*, ii. 4.
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MACDUFF, a nobleman of Scotland; *Macbeth*, [i. 6]; ii. 3, 4; iv. 3; v. 4, 6, 7, 8.
MACDUFF, Lady; *Macbeth*, iv. 2.
MACDUFF, SON OF, *Macbeth*, iv. 2.
MACMORRIS, an officer in King Henry's army; *Henry V.*, iii. 2.
MACENAS, friend to Cæsar; *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 2, 4, [6, 7]; iii. 6; iv. 1; v. 1, [2].
MAGNIFICENTS of Venice; *The Merchant of Venice*, [iv. 1].
MALCOLM, son of Duncan, King of Scotland; *Macbeth*, i. 2, 4, [6]; ii. 3; iv. 3; v. 4, 6, 7, 8.

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia ; *Twelfth Night*, i. 5 ; ii. 2, 3, 5 ; iii. 4 ; iv. 2 ; v. 1.

MAMILLIUS, young prince of Sicilia ; *The Winter's Tale*, i. 2 ; ii. 1.

MAN, PORTER'S ; *Henry VIII.*, v. 4.

MAN, Old ; *Macbeth*, ii. 4.

MAN, Old ; *King Lear*, iv. 1.

MARCELLUS, an officer ; *Hamlet*, i. 1, 2, 4, 5.

MARCH, Edmund Mortimer, Earl of ; 1 *Henry VI.*, ii. 5.

MARCUS, CAIUS, afterwards Coriolanus ; *Coriolanus*, *Marcus*, i. 1, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9 (to line 68) ; thence *Coriolanus*, ii. 1, 2, 3 ; iii. 1, 2, 3 ; iv. 1, 4, 5 ; v. 2, 3, 6.

MARCUS, YOUNG, son to Coriolanus ; *Coriolanus*, v. 8.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people, and brother to Titus ; *Titus Andronicus*, i. 1 ; ii. 2, 4 ; iii. 1, 2 ; iv. 1, 3 ; v. 2, 3.

MARCUS ANTONIUS, or MARK ANTONY, a triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar ; *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2 ; ii. 2 ; iii. 1, 2 ; iv. 1 ; v. 1, 4, 5 ; *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 1, 2, 3 ; ii. 2, 3, 6, 7 ; iii. 2, 4, 7, 9, 11, 13 ; iv. 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 12, 14, 15.

MARDIAN, a eunuch ; *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 5 ; ii. 5 ; iv. [18], 14.

MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam ; *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 7.

MARGARET, a gentlewoman attending on Hero ; *Much Ado About Nothing*, ii. 1 ; iii. 1, 4 ; v. 2, [4].

MARGARET, daughter of Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry VI. ; 1 *Henry VI.*, v. 3 ; 2 *Henry VI., Queen*, i. 1, 3 ; ii. 1, 3 ; iii. 1, 2 ; iv. 4, [9] ; v. 1, 2 ; 3 *Henry VI.*, i. 1, 4 ; ii. 2, 5 ; iii. 3 ; v. 4, 5 ; *Richard III.*, i. 3 ; iv. 4.

MARGARET, PLANTAGENET, a young daughter to George, Duke of Clarence ; *Richard III.*, *Girl*, ii. 2 ; [iv. 1].

MARIA, a lady attending on the Princess of France ; *Love's Labour's Lost*, ii. 1 ; iv. 1 ; v. 2.

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MARIA, Olivia's woman ; *Twelfth Night*, i. 8, 5 ; ii. 3, 5 ; iii. [1], 2, 4 ; iv. 2.

MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo ; *Measure for Measure*, iv. 1, 6 ; v. 1.

MARIANA, neighbour and friend to the Widow ; *All's Well That Ends Well*, iii. 5.

MARINA, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa ; *Pericles*, [iii. 1, 8] ; iv. 1, 2, 6 ; v. 1, 3.

MARINER ; *The Tempest*, i. 1 ; *The Winter's Tale*, iii. 3.
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MARSHAL ; *Pericles*, ii. 3.

MARSHAL, The LORD ; *Richard II.*, i. 3.

MARTEXT, Sir Oliver, a vicar ; *As You Like It*, iii. 3.

MARTIUS, a son to Titus Andronicus ; *Titus Andronicus*, i. 1 ; ii. [2], 8 ; [iii. 1].

MARULLUS, a tribune ; *Julius Caesar*, i. 1.

MASKERS ; *Much Ado About Nothing*, ii. 1 ; *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2 ; *Henry VIII.*, i. 4 ; *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 4, 5 ; *Timon of Athens*, i. 2.

MASTER-GUNNER ; *1 Henry VI.*, i. 4.

MASTER of a Ship ; *The Tempest*, i. 1 ; [v. 1] ; *2 Henry VI.*, iv. 1.

MATE ; *2 Henry VI.*, iv. 1.

MAYORS ; *1 Henry VI.* (London), i. 8 ; iii. 1 ; *2 Henry VI.* (St. Alban's), ii. 1 ; *3 Henry VI.* (York), iv. 7 ; (Coventry), [v. 1] ; *Richard III.* (London), iii. 1, 5, 7 ; *Henry VIII.*, [iv. 1 ; v. 5].

MELUN, a French lord ; *King John*, v. [2], 4.

MENAS, friend to Pompey ; *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 1, 6, 7.

MENECRATES, friend to Pompey ; *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 1.

MENELAUS, brother to Agamemnon ; *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3 ; iii. 3 ; iv. 5 ; v. 1, [7, 9].

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus ; *Coriolanus*, i. 1 ; ii. 1, 2, 3 ; iii. 1, 2, 3 ; iv. 1, 2, 6 ; v. 1, 2, 4.

MERTWITH, a nobleman of Scotland ; *Macbeth*, v. 2, 4.

MERCADIN, a lord attending on the Princess of France; *Lover's Labour's Lost*, v. 2.

MERCHANTS; *The Comedy of Errors*, i. 2; iv. 1; v. 1; *Timon of Athens*, i. 1.

MERCUTIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo; *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 4; ii. 1, 4; iii. 1.

MESSALA, a friend to Brutus and Cassius; *Julius Caesar*, iv. 8; v. 1, [2], 8, 5.

MESSENGERS; *Measure for Measure*, iv. 2; *Much Ado About Nothing*, i. 1; iii. 5; v. 4; *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Induction*, ii.; *King John*, iv. 2; v. 8, 5; *1 Henry IV*, iv. 1; v. 2; *2 Henry IV*, iv. 1; *Henry V*, ii. 4; iii. 7; iv. 2; *1 Henry VI*, i. 1, 4; ii. 2, 3; iv. 8; *2 Henry VI*, i. 2; iv. 4, 7, 9; *3 Henry VI*, i. 2; ii. 1, 2; v. 1, 4; *Richard III*, ii. 4; iii. 2; iv. 4; v. 3; *Henry VIII*, iv. 2; *Coriolanus*, i. 1, 4, 6; ii. 1; iv. 6; v. 4; *Titus Andronicus*, iii. 1; *Timon of Athens*, i. 1; v. 2; *Julius Caesar*, v. 1; *Macbeth*, i. 5; iv. 2; v. 5; *Hamlet*, iv. 7; *King Lear*, iv. 2, 4; *Othello*, i. 3; *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 2, 4; ii. 5; iii. 3, 7; iv. 6; *Cymbeline*, ii. 3; v. 4; *Pericles*, i. 1.

METELLUS CIMBER, a conspirator against Cæsar; *Julius Caesar*, ii. 1, [2]; iii. 1.

MICHAEL, Sir, friend to the Archbishop of York; *1 Henry IV*, iv. 4.

MICHAEL, one of Cade's followers; *2 Henry VI*, iv. 2.

MILAN, Duke of, father to Silvia; *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 4; iii. 1, 2; v. 2, 4.

MINOLA, family name of Baptista; *The Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 2, line 148.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero; *The Tempest*, i. 2; iii. 1; iv. 1; v. 1.

MONTAGUE, John Nevill, Marquess of; *3 Henry VI*, i. 1, 2; [ii. 1, 2, 6]; iv. i, [6], 8; v. 1.

MONTAGUE, head of a Veronese house at variance with the Capulets; *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1; iii. 1; v. 3.

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MOPSA, a shepherdess ; *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 4.
MOROCCO, Prince of, a suitor to Portia ; *The Merchant of Venice*, ii. 1, 7.
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MORTIMER, Sir Hugh, uncle to Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York ; 3 *Henry VI.*, [i. 2].
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MORTON, a retainer of Northumberland's ; 2 *Henry IV.*, i. 1.
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MUTIUS, son to Titus Andronicus ; *Titus Andronicus*, i. 1.
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 NATHANIEL, one of Petruchio's servants ; *The Taming of
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 NORFOLK, Duchess of ; *Henry VIII.*, [iv. 1, v. 5]. See also
 BIGOT.
 NORTHUMBERLAND, Henry Percy, first Earl of ; *Richard II.*,
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NYMPHS ; *The Tempest*, [iv. 1]. Ariel as water-nymph ; *The Tempest*, i. 2.

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OBERON, King of the Fairies ; *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii. 1, 2 ; iii. 2 ; iv. 1 ; v. 1.
OCTAVIA, sister to Octavius Cæsar, and wife to Antony ; *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 3 ; iii. 2, 4, 6.
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OLIVER, eldest son of Sir Rowland de Boys ; *As You Like It*, i. 1 ; iii. 1 ; iv. 5 ; v. 2, [4].
OLIVER, MARTEXT, SIR, a vicar ; *As You Like It*, iii. 3.
OLIVIA, the Countess ; *Twelfth Night*, i. 5 ; iii. 1, 4 ; iv. 1, 3 ; v. 1.
OPHELIA, daughter to Polonius ; *Hamlet*, i. 3 ; ii. 1 ; iii. 1, 2 ; iv. 5.
ORLANDO, youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys ; *As You Like It*, i. 1, 2 ; ii. 3, 6, 7 ; iii. 2 ; iv. 1 ; v. 2, 4.
ORLEANS, Charles d'Angoulême, Duke of ; *Henry V.*, iii. 7 ; iv. 2, 5.
ORLEANS, John, Count of Dunois and Longueville (illegitimate son of Louis, Duke of Orleans), Bastard of ; *1 Henry VI.*, i. 2 ; ii. 1 ; iii. 2, 3 ; iv. 7 ; [v. 2, 4].

ORANO, Duke of Illyria; *Twelfth Night*, i. 1, 4; ii. 4; v. 1.
OSRIO, a courtier; *Hamlet*, v. 2.
OSTLER; *1 Henry IV.*, ii. 1.
OSWALD, steward to Goneril; *King Lear*, i. 3, 4; ii. 2, [4]; iii. 7; iv. 2, 5, 6.
OTEGAKE, Hugh, a watchman; *Much Ado About Nothing*, iii. 3; iv. 2; [v. 1].
OTHELLO, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state; *Othello*, i. 2, 3; ii. 1, 3; iii. 2, 3, 4; iv. 1, 2, 3; v. 1, 2.
OUTLAWS, Three; *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv. 1; v. 3, 4.
OVERDONE, Mistress; *Measure for Measure*, i. 2; iii. 2.
OXFORD, John de Vere, thirteenth Earl of; *3 Henry VI.*, iii. 8; iv. [3], 3, 6, 8; v. 1, 2, 4, 5; *Richard III.*, v. 2, [3].

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PAGE, George, a gentleman dwelling at Windsor; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 1; ii. 1, 3; iii. 1, 2, 3, 4; iv. 2, 4; v. 2, 5.
PAGE, ANNE, daughter to Mistress Page; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 1; iii. 4; v. 5.
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PAGE, WILLIAM, a boy, son to Page; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, iv. 1.
PAGES; *As You Like It*, v. 4; *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Induction*, ii., i. 1; *All's Well That Ends Well*, i. 1; *2 Henry IV.*, i. 2; ii. [1], 2, 4; [v. 1, 8, 5]; *Richard III.*, iv. 2; *Henry VIII.*, v. 1; *Romeo and Juliet*, [iii. 1]; v. 3; *Timon of Athens*, ii. 2.
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PANTHINO, servant to Antonio ; *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 3 ; ii. 2, 3.

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PARIS, Governor of ; 1 *Henry VI.*, [iv. 1].

PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram ; *All 's Well That Ends Well*, i. 1, [2] ; ii. 1, 3, 4, 5 ; iii. [3], 5, 6 ; iv. 1, 3 ; v. 2, 3.

PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katharine ; *Henry VIII.*, iv. 2.

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PATROCLUS, a Grecian prince ; *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 1, 3 ; iii. 3 ; iv. 5 ; v. 1.

PAULINA, wife to Antigonus ; *The Winter's Tale*, ii. 2, 3 ; iii. 2 ; v. 1, 3.

PEASEBLOSSOM, a fairy ; *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iii. 1 ; iv. 1.

PEDANT ; *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 2, 4 ; v. 1, [2].

PEDRO, Don, prince of Arragon ; *Much Ado About Nothing*, i. 1 ; ii. 1, 8 ; iii. 2 ; iv. 1 ; v. 1, 3, 4.

PEMBROKE, William Marshall, Earl of ; *King John*, [i. 1] ; iv. 2, 3 ; v. [2], 4, 7.

PEMBROKE, William Herbert, Earl of ; 3 *Henry VI.*, [iv. 1].

PEOPLE ; *Coriolanus*, v. 6. See also CITIZENS, COMMONERS, COMMONS.

PERCY, HENRY, surnamed Hotspur, son of the first Earl of Northumberland ; *Richard II.*, *Percy*, ii. 3 ; iii. [1], 3 ; iv. 1 ; v. 3, 6 ; 1 *Henry IV.*, *Hotspur*, i. 3 ; ii. 3 ; iii. 1 ; iv. 1, 3 ; v. 2, 3, 4.

PERCY, LADY, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer ; 1 *Henry IV.*, ii. 3 ; iii. 1 ; 2 *Henry IV.*, ii. 3.

PERCY, Thomas, Earl of Worcester. See WORCESTER.

PERRITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione; *The Winter's Tale*, [ii. 8; iii. 8]; iv. 4; v. 1, 3.

PERICLES, Prince of Tyre; *Pericles*, i. 1, 2, 4; [ii.], ii. 1, [2], 8, 5; [iii.], iii. 1, 8; [iv. 4]; v. 1, 3.

PETER, Friar; *Measure for Measure*, iv. 5, 6; v. 1.

PETER, one of Petruchio's servants; *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 1.

PETER OF POMYRST, a prophet; *King John*, iv. 2.

PETER (Thump), an armourer's man; *2 Henry VI.*, i. 3; ii. 3.

PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse; *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4, [5]; iv. 5.

PETITIONERS, Two; *2 Henry VI.*, i. 8.

PETO; *1 Henry IV.*, ii. 2, 4; [iii. 8]; *2 Henry IV.*, ii. 4.

PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, suitor to Katharine; *The Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2; ii. 1; iii. 2; iv. 1, 3, 5; v. 1, 2.

PHEBE, a shepherdess; *As You Like It*, iii. 5; v. 2, 4.

PHILARIO, an Italian, friend to Posthumus; *Cymbeline*, i. 4; ii. 4.

PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon; *Pericles*, iii. 2.

PHILIP, one of Petruchio's servants; *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 1.

PHILIP THE BASTARD, half-brother to Robert Faulconbridge; *King John*, i. 1; ii. 1; iii. 1, 2, 3; iv. 2, 3; v. 1, 2, 6, 7.

PHILIP, Augustus, King of France; *King John*, ii. 1; iii. 1, 4.

PHILO, friend to Cæsar; *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 1.

PHILOSTRATE, master of the revels to Theseus; *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, [i. 1]; v. 1.

PHILOTUS, servant to one of Timon's creditors; *Timon of Athens*, iii. 4.

PHRYNIA, a mistress to Alcibiades; *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3.

PINCH, a schoolmaster; *The Comedy of Errors*, iv. 4.

PINDARUS, servant to Cassius; *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 2; v. 3.

PIRATES; *Pericles*, iv. 1, 2.

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PISTOL, a sharper attending on Falstaff ; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 1, 8 ; ii. 1, 2 ; v. 5 ; 2 *Henry IV.*, ii. 4 ; v. 3, 5 ; *Henry V.*, ii. 1, 3 ; iii. 2, 6 ; iv. 1, 4 ; v. 1.

PLANTAGENET, RICHARD, Duke of York, son to Richard, Earl of Cambridge ; 1 *Henry VI.*, *Plantagenet*, ii. 4, 5 ; iii. 1 ; *York*, [iii. 4] ; iv. 1, 3 ; v. 3, 4 ; 2 *Henry VI.*, i. 1, 3, 4 ; ii. 2, 3 ; iii. 1 ; v. 1, 2, 3 ; 3 *Henry VI.*, i. 1, 2, 4.

PLANTAGENET, MARGARET, daughter to George, Duke of Clarence ; *Richard III.*, *Girl*, ii. 2 ; [iv. 1].

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POISONER in the dumb show ; *Hamlet*, iii. 2.

POLIXENES, King of Bohemia ; *The Winter's Tale*, i. 2 ; iv. 2, 4 ; v. 3.

POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain ; *Hamlet*, i. 2, 3 ; ii. 1, 2 ; iii. 1, 2, 3, 4.

POMFRET, Peter of, a prophet ; *King John*, iv. 2.

POMPEY, servant to Mistress Overdone ; *Measure for Measure*, i. 2 ; ii. 1 ; iii. 2 ; iv. 2, 3.

POMPEY, represented by Costard ; *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2.

POMPEY, OR POMPEIUS, SEXTUS ; *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 1, 6, 7.

POPILIUS LENA, a senator ; *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1.

PORTER ; 2 *Henry IV.*, i. 1 ; 1 *Henry VI.*, ii. 3 ; *Henry VIII.*, v. 4 ; *Macbeth*, ii. 3. See also **KEEPERS**.

PORTIA, a rich heiress ; *The Merchant of Venice*, i. 2 ; ii. 1, 7, 9 ; iii. 2, 4 ; iv. 1, 2 ; v. 1.

PORTIA, wife to Brutus ; *Julius Cæsar*, [i. 2] ; ii. 1, 4.

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'PRENTICES, TWO ; 2 *Henry VI.*, ii. 3.

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PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan ; *The Tempest*, i. 2 ; iii.
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PROTEUS, a gentleman of Verona ; *The Two Gentlemen of
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PUBLIUS, a senator ; *Julius Caesar*, ii. 2 ; iii. 1.
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PUCK, or Robin Goodfellow ; *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*,
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PYRAMUS, represented by Bottom ; *A Midsummer-Night's
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QUEEN, wife to Richard II., Isabel of France, who was really
a child at the date of the play ; *Richard II.*, ii. 1, 2 ; iii.
4 ; v. 1.
QUEEN, wife to Cymbeline ; *Cymbeline*, i. 1, 5 ; ii. 3 ; iii. 1, 5.
QUEEN, PLAYER- ; *Hamlet*, iii. 2.
QUICKLY, Mistress, servant to Dr. Caius ; *The Merry Wives*

of Windsor, i. 4; ii. 1, 2; iii. 4, 5; iv. 1, 5; v. 1, 5.
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap; 1 *Henry IV.*, ii. 4; iii. 3; 2 *Henry IV.*, ii. 1, 4; v. 4. Married to Pistol; *Henry V.*, ii. 1, 3.

QUINCE, Peter, a carpenter; *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, i. 2; iii. 1; iv. 2; *Prologue*, v. 1.

QUINTUS, son to Titus Andronicus; *Titus Andronicus*, i. 1; ii. [2], 3; [iii. 1].

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RAMBURES, a French lord; *Henry V.*, iii. 7; iv. 2, [6].

RATCLIFF, Sir Richard; *Richard III.*, [ii. 2]; iii. 3, 4, [6]; iv. 4; v. 3.

REAPERS; *The Tempest*, [iv. 1].

REBECK, Hugh, second Musician; *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 5.

REGAN, daughter to King Lear; *King Lear*, i. 1; ii. 1, 2, 4; iii. 7; iv. 5; v. 1, 3.

REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples; 1 *Henry VI.*, i. 2, 6; ii. 1; iii. 2; v. [2], 3, 4.

REYNALDO, servant to Polonius; *Hamlet*, ii. 1.

RICHARD II., KING; *Richard II.*, i. 1, 3, 4; ii. 1; iii. 2, 3; iv. 1; v. 1, 5.

RICHARD, son of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, afterwards Duke of Gloucester and Richard III.; 2 *Henry VI.*, v. 1, 2, 3; 3 *Henry VI.*, i. 1, 2; ii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6; *Gloucester*, iii. 2; iv. 1, [3], 5, 7, 8; v. 1, 3, [4], 5, 6, 7; *Richard III.*, i. 1, 2, 3; ii. 1, 2; iii. 1, 4, 5, 7; *King Richard*, iv. 2, 3, 4; v. 3, 4, [5].

RICHARD III., KING. See above.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York. See YORK.

RICHMOND, Henry, Earl of; afterwards Henry VII.; 3 *Henry VI.*, [iv. 6]; *Richard III.*, v. 2, 3, 5.

RIVERS, Anthony Woodville, Lord, brother to Lady Grey; 3 *Henry VI.*, iv. 4; *Richard III.*, i. 3; ii. 1, 2; iii. 8; *Ghost*, v. 3.

ROBIN, page to Falstaff; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, [i. 3]; ii. 2; iii. 2, 3.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW, Puck; *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii. 1, 2; iii. 1, 2; iv. 1; v. 1.

ROCHMERIAN, John Fisher, Bishop of; *Henry VIII.*, [ii. 4].

RODRIGO, a Venetian gentleman; *Othello*, i. 1, 2, 3; ii. 1, 3; iv. 2; v. 1.

ROGUES, name of second Gentleman; *The Winter's Tale*, v. 2.

ROMAN CITIZENS; *Coriolanus*, i. 1; ii. 3; iii. 1, 3; iv. 6; *Julius Caesar*, i. 1; iii. 2, 3.

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ROMEO, son to Montague; *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1, 2, 4, 5; ii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6; iii. 1, 3, 5; v. 1, 3.

ROSALIND, daughter of the banished Duke; *As You Like It*, i. 2, 3; ii. 4; iii. 2, 4, 5; iv. 1, 3; v. 2, 4; *Epilogue*.

ROSALINE, a lady attending on the Princess of France; *Love's Labour's Lost*, ii. 1; iv. 1; v. 2.

ROSENCRANTZ, a courtier; *Hamlet*, ii. 2; iii. 1, 2, 3; iv. [1], 2, 3, 4.

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Ross, a nobleman of Scotland; *Macbeth*, i. 2, 3, [4, 6]; ii. [3], 4; iii. [1], 4; iv. 2, 3, [4]; v. 8.

ROTHERHAM, Thomas, Archbishop of York; *Richard III.*, ii. 4.

ROUSILLON, Bertram, Count of; *All's Well That Ends Well*, i. 1, 2; ii. 1, 3, 5; iii. 3, [6], 6; iv. 2, 3; v. 3.

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RUGBY, John, servant to Dr. Caius; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 4; ii. 3; [iii. 1, 2].

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SAINT ASAPH, Standish, Bishop of ; *Henry VIII.*, [ii. 4].

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SALARINO, friend to Antonio and Bassanio ; *The Merchant of Venice*, i. 1 ; ii. 4, 6, 8 ; iii. 1, 3.

SALERIO, friend to Antonio and Bassanio ; *The Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2 ; iv. 1.

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SANDS, Lord ; *Henry VIII.*, i. 3, 4 ; called *Sir William*, [ii. 1].

SATURNINUS, son to a late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor ; *Titus Andronicus*, i. 1 ; ii. 2, 3 ; iv. 4 ; v. 3.

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SHYLOCK, a rich Jew ; *The Merchant of Venice*, i. 3 ; ii. 5 ; iii. 1, 3 ; iv. 1.

SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to Posthumus, as an apparition ; *Cymbeline*, v. 4.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, a tribune of the people ; *Coriolanus*, i. 1 ; ii. 1, 2, 3 ; iii. 1, 3 ; iv. 2, 6 ; v. 1, 4.

SILENCE, a country justice ; *2 Henry IV.*, iii. 2 ; v. 3.

SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army ; *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 1.

SILVIA, beloved of Valentine ; *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 1, 4 ; iv. 2, 3, 4 ; v. 1, 3, 4.

SILVIUS, a shepherd ; *As You Like It*, ii. 4 ; iii. 5 ; iv. 3 ; v. 2, 4.

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SIMPLY, Peter, servant to Slender ; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 1, 2, 4 ; iii. 1 ; iv. 5.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces ; *Macbeth*, v. 4, 6, 7, 8.

SIWARD, Young, son to the Earl of Northumberland ; *Macbeth*, v. [4], 7.

SLENDER, Abraham, cousin to Shallow ; *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 1; ii. 8; iii. 1, 2, 4; v. 2, 5.

SLY, Christopher, a tinker ; *The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, 1, 2; i. 1.

SMITH, the weaver ; *2 Henry VI.*, iv. 2, 6, 7.

SNARE, a sheriff's officer ; *2 Henry VI.*, ii. 1.

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TITUS LARTIUS, a Roman general against the Volscians; *Coriolanus*, *Titus*, i. 1; *Lartius*, 4, 5, 7, 9; [ii. 1]; iii. 1.

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2 *Henry IV.*, i. 3 ; iv. 1, 2. See SCROOP.
YORK, Joan Holland, Duchess of, wife to Edmund of Langley ; *Richard II.*, v. 2, 3.
YORK, Cicely Nevill, Duchess of, mother to Edward IV. ;
Richard III., ii. 2, 4 ; iv. 1, 4.
YORK, Edmund Langley, Duke of, uncle to King Richard II. ;
Richard II., ii. 1, 2, 3 ; iii. 1, 3 ; iv. 1 ; v. 2, 3, [6].
YORK, Edward Plantagenet, Duke of, son to Edmund of Langley, and cousin to King Henry V., *Henry V.*, iv. 3.
See also sub AUMERLE.
YORK, Richard Plantagenet, Duke of, son of Richard, Earl of Cambridge ; 1 *Henry VI.*, *Plantagenet*, ii. 4, 5 ; iii. 1 ;
York, [iii. 4] ; iv. 1, 3 ; v. 3, 4 ; 2 *Henry VI.*, i. 1, 3, 4 ;
ii. 2, 3 ; iii. 1' ; v. 1, 2, 3 ; 3 *Henry VI.*, i. 1, 2, 4.
YORK, Richard, Duke of, son to King Edward IV. ; *Richard III.*, ii. 4 ; iii. 1 ; *Ghost*, v. 3.
YORK, Thomas Beverley, Mayor [properly Lord Mayor] of ;
3 *Henry VI.*, iv. 7.





BIBLIOGRAPHY

In 1596, the third edition of *Venus and Adonis*.

In 1597, the first editions of *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard II.*, and *Richard III.*

In 1598, the second editions of *Lucrece*, *Richard II.*, and *Richard III.*, and the first of *Love's Labour's Lost* and 1 *Henry IV.*

In 1599, the fourth edition of *Venus and Adonis*, the second of *Romeo and Juliet* and 1 *Henry IV.*, and the first of *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

In 1600, the fifth edition of *Venus and Adonis*; the third of *Lucrece*; the first and second of 2 *Henry IV.*, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and *The Merchant of Venice*; the second of *Titus Andronicus* and *The Passionate Pilgrim*; and the first of *Henry V.* and *Much Ado About Nothing*.

In 1601, *The Phanix and the Turtle* appeared in Chester's *Love's Martyr*.

In 1602, the sixth and seventh editions of *Venus and Adonis*, the third of *Richard III.*, the second of *Henry V.*, and the first of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

In 1603, the first edition of *Hamlet*.

In 1604, the third of 1 *Henry IV.* and the second of *Hamlet*.

In 1605, the fourth of *Richard III.* and the third of *Hamlet*.

In 1607, the fourth edition of *Lucrece*.

In 1608, the fourth edition of 1 *Henry IV.*, the third of *Richard II.* and *Henry V.*, and the first and second of *King Lear*.

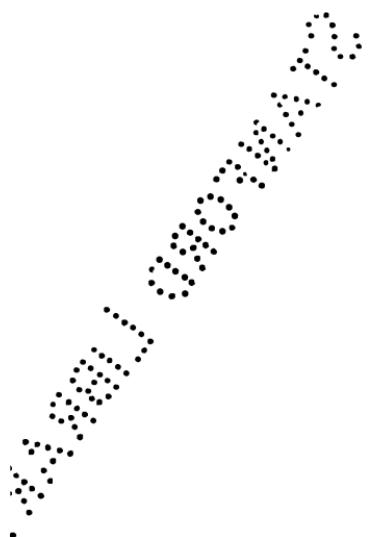


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In 1609, the third and fourth editions of *Romeo and Juliet* (undated, but probably belonging to this year); the first and second of *Troilus and Cressida* and *Pericles*; and the first of the *Sonnets* (including *A Lover's Complaint*).

In 1611, the fourth edition of *Hamlet*, and the third of *Titus Andronicus* and *Pericles*.

In 1612, the fifth edition of *Richard III.* and the third of *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

In 1613, the fifth edition of 1 *Henry IV.*

In 1615, the fourth edition of *Richard II.*

In 1616, the fifth edition of *Lucrece*.

After the death of Shakespeare the following quartos were published before the folio appeared:—

In 1617, the eighth edition of *Venus and Adonis*.

In 1619, the fourth edition of *Pericles* and the second of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

In 1620, the ninth edition of *Venus and Adonis*.

In 1622, the sixth edition of *Richard III.* and 1 *Henry IV.* and the first of *Othello*.

THE FOUR FOLIOS. — The folio of 1623 was nominally edited by John Heming and Henry Condell, two of Shakespeare's friends and fellow-actors, and was brought out by a syndicate of five publishers and printers, William and Isaac Jaggard, William Aspley, John Smethwick, and Edward Blount. The Jaggards were printers, the others publishers or booksellers. William Jaggard had printed *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599.

The folio is a volume of 906 pages, including the page facing the title and occupied by Ben Jonson's verses in praise of the portrait of Shakespeare on the title-page. It contains thirty-six of the thirty-seven plays commonly ascribed to Shakespeare (*Pericles* being omitted), arranged, as in the majority of modern editions, under the heads of "Comedies," "Histories," and "Tragedies." These three divisions are paged separately, but have no special headings, except in the table of contents, in which *Troilus and Cressida* is omitted.

Of the thirty-six plays in the volume it will be seen that only sixteen had been already published in quarto. The other twenty, including many of the best works of Shakespeare, were these: *The Tempest*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Measure for Measure*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *As You Like It*, *All's Well That Ends Well*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Winter's Tale*, *King John*, the three Parts of *Henry VI*, *Henry VIII*, *Coriolanus*, *Timon of Athens*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Macbeth*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Cymbeline*.

The typographical execution of the volume demands particular attention, on account of the confused and contradictory descriptions of it given by some of the editors and commentators and the use that the Baconians have made of it.

According to Donnelly and the Baconians generally, the folio was *edited by Bacon*, being a collection of his plays carefully revised, corrected, and

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put into the shape in which he desired to hand them down to posterity.

Shakespearian critics, on the other hand, assume that the folio is just what it purports to be—a collection of the plays supposed to be written by William Shakespeare, made seven years after his death by two of his fellow-actors, who had no skill or experience in editing, and whose share in bringing out the book appears to have been limited to putting into the hands of the publishers the best copies of the plays they could get; these being partly manuscripts used in the theatre, and partly the earlier quarto editions of single plays, which had also been used by the actors in learning their parts. These critics believe that internal evidence shows, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the plays in the folio could not have been carefully revised or seen through the press by any person who had had experience in editing, printing, or publishing. That Francis Bacon could have edited them or supervised their publication is inconceivable—except to a fool or a Baconian.

The typographical execution of the volume, according to Collier (as quoted by Donnelly) "does credit to the age," being "on the whole, remarkably accurate." He adds: "So desirous were the editors and printers of correctness that they introduced changes for the better even while the sheets were in progress through the press." These corrections, however, are few and far between, and they are

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mostly of such palpable errors of the type as might catch the eye of the printer while working off the sheets. It should be understood, moreover, that Collier, like other Shakespeare editors, assumes that the folio had no editing worthy the name, and that the "copy" furnished to the printers was mutilated manuscripts and poorly-printed quarto editions used in the theatre. The typographical faults and defects of the volume were due to the "copy" rather than to the printer.

Craik, in his *English of Shakespeare*, says: "As a typographical production it is better executed than the common run of the English popular printing of that date. It is rather superior, for instance, in point of appearance, and very decidedly in correctness, to the second folio, produced nine years later. Nevertheless, it is obviously, to the most cursory inspection, very far from what would now be called even a tolerably-printed book. There is probably not a page in it which is not disfigured by many minute inaccuracies and irregularities, such as never appear in modern printing. The punctuation is throughout rude and negligent, even where it is not palpably blundering. The most elementary proprieties of the metrical arrangement are violated in innumerable passages. In some places the verse is printed as plain prose; elsewhere prose is ignorantly and ludicrously exhibited in the guise of verse. Indisputable and undisputed errors are of frequent occurrence, so gross that it is impossible they could

have been passed over, at any rate in such numbers, if the proof-sheets had undergone any systematic revision by a qualified person, however rapid. They were probably read in the printing-office, with more or less attention, when there was time, and often, when there was any hurry or pressure, sent to press with little or no examination. Everything betokens that editor or editing of the volume, in any proper or distinctive sense, there could have been none. The only editor was manifestly the head workman in the printing-office."

Craik goes on to state some of the evidences which a "closer inspection" reveals that the volume not only had no proper editing, but was put in type from imperfect "copy" obtained from the theatre. There are errors which cannot "be sufficiently accounted for as the natural mistakes of the compositor," and which "can only be explained on the supposition that he had been left to depend upon a manuscript which was imperfect, or which could not be read." It is a significant fact that "deformities of this kind are apt to be found accumulated at one place; there are, as it were, nests or eruptions of them; they run into constellations; showing that the manuscript had there got torn or soiled, or that the printer had been obliged to supply what was wanting in the best way he could, by his own invention or conjectural ingenuity."¹

¹ In an article on "The Text of Shakespeare" in *The North British Review* for February, 1854, Craik has shown

But the case of the folio is in some respects even worse than Craik makes it out. He says, for example, that "in one instance at least we have actually the names of the actors by whom the play was performed prefixed to their portions of the dialogue, instead of those of the *dramatis personæ*;" and that this "shows very clearly the text of the play in which it occurs (*Much Ado About Nothing*) to have been taken from the playhouse copy, or what is called the prompter's book." In this play, a stage direction in ii. 3 reads thus in the folio: "*Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jacke Wilson.*" Jack Wilson was evidently the singer who took the part of Balthasar. Again, in iv. 2, we find "*Kemp*" nine times and "*Kem.*" three times prefixed to Dogberry's speeches, and "*Cowley*" twice and "*Couley*" once to the speeches of Verges. William Kemp (see page 351) and Richard Cowley are known to have been actors of the time in London.

There are other instances of the kind apparently not known to Craik. In 3 *Henry VI.*, i. 2, we find, "*Enter Gabriel,*" instead of "*Enter Messenger,*" and "*Gabriel*" is the prefix to the speech that follows. Again, in iii. 1, of the same play, we read "*Enter Sinklo and Humfrey, with Crossebowes in their hands,*" where the modern editions have "*Enter*

that the number of readings in the folio which "must be admitted to be clearly wrong, or in the highest degree suspicious, probably amounts to not less than twenty on a page, or about twenty thousand in the whole volume."

two Keepers," etc.; and in the dialogue following we have "Sink." five times, "Sinklo" twice, and "Sin." once for the 1st Keeper, and "Hum." eight times for the 2d Keeper. The same Sinklo appears also in *The Taming of the Shrew*, scene 1 of induction, "Sincklo" being the prefix to the speech of one of the Players ("I think 'twas Soto," etc.). The 1600 Quarto of *2 Henry IV.* has also, in v. 4, "Enter Sincklo and three or foure officers." He was evidently an actor of subordinate parts, and nothing else is known of him except that he played in *The Seven Deadly Sins* and in *The Malcontent* in 1604. In the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v. 1, the folio has "Tawyer with a Trumpet before them" where the actors in the clowns' interlude first enter. Collier, Grant White, Dyce, and others suspected *Tawyer* to be the name of the actor who filled the part of "presenter" and introduced the characters of the play; and it has been proved that they were right.

There is another class of irregularities in the folio which I do not remember to have seen classified, though the separate facts are referred to by many editors. *The Tempest*, the first play in the volume, is divided throughout into acts and scenes. We have "Actus primus, Scena prima," "Scena Secunda," "Actus Secundus. Scena Prima," and so on to the end. The next three plays, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Measure for Measure*, are similarly divided. Then come five plays divided only into *acts*, though the

first heading in two of them is "*Actus primus, Scena prima*" — *The Comedy of Errors*, *Much Ado*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and *The Merchant of Venice*. *As You Like It*, which follows, has acts and scenes. In *The Taming of the Shrew*, the induction is not marked, the play beginning with "*Actus primus. Scena Prima*." The next heading is "*Actus Tertius*" [sic] in the proper place; and further on we find "*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima*," and "*Actus Quintus*." *All's Well* is divided only into acts; *The Winter's Tale* into acts and scenes. The "Histories" are all divided in full, except *Henry V.* (acts), 1 *Henry VI* (decidedly "mixed"), 2 *Henry VI*, and 3 *Henry VI* (not divided at all). In 1 *Henry VI*, acts i. and ii. are not divided into scenes; act iii. is rightly divided; "*Actus Quartus. Scena prima*" covers the first four scenes of act iv.; "*Scena secunda*" corresponds to scene 1 of act v.; "*Scena Tertia*" includes scenes 2, 3, and 4; and only the fifth scene is put under the heading "*Actus Quintus*."

Of the "Tragedies," *Coriolanus*, *Titus Andronicus*, and *Julius Cæsar* are divided only into acts; *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Othello*, and *Cymbeline*, into acts and scenes; *Troilus and Cressida*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Timon of Athens*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, into neither. In *Hamlet*, three scenes of act i. and two of act ii. are marked, the remainder of the play having no division whatever.

The only plays in the folio which have lists of

dramatis personæ (in every instance at the end) are *The Tempest*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Measure for Measure*, *The Winter's Tale*, *2 Henry IV.*, *Timon of Athens*, and *Othello*. In *2 Henry IV.* and *Timon* a full page, with ornamental headpiece and tailpiece, is given to this list of "The Actors Names." The omission in the twenty-nine other plays cannot be due to want of space, as an examination of the book will show. In several instances an entire page is left blank at the end of a play.

The wretched editing—or want of editing—in the folio is also shown in the retention of matter for which the author had substituted a revised version. We can easily see how this might result from the use of old stage manuscripts for "copy" in the printing-office. The revised passages were inserted in the manuscript, but the original form was allowed to remain. It may have been retained for the benefit of an actor who had already learned it, the later and longer version being the one which a new actor would learn. The two may have been distinguished by arbitrary marks in the margin, intelligible to the actors, but liable to be overlooked or misinterpreted by the compositor.

A notable example of such duplication of matter occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3 (see page 163 above). In this instance the blunder of the compositor was committed in "setting up" the quarto of 1598, which, as the repetition of sundry typographical errors proves, was used as "copy" for

the folio. The title-page of the quarto describes the play as "newly corrected and augmented," and there are many indications of revision besides the one mentioned.

Again, in the last scene of *Timon of Athens*, the epitaph of the misanthrope reads thus (except in spelling) in the folio:—

"Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft;
Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked
caitiffs left!"

Here lie I, Timon, who, alive, all living men did hate;
Pass by and curse thy fill, but pass and stay not here thy
gait."

We have here the two epitaphs given in North's *Plutarch* as follows:—

"Now it chanced so, that the sea getting in, it compassed his tomb round about, that no man could come to it; and upon the same was written this epitaph:—

"Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked
wretches left."

It is reported that Timon himself when he lived made this epitaph; for that which is commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:—

"Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate:
Pass by and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy
gait."

Shakespeare cannot have meant to use both epitaphs. He seems to have written both in the manuscript while hesitating between them, and afterwards to have neglected to strike one out.

The printing of words and phrases from foreign languages in the folio indicates wretched editing or proof-reading, or both. Latin is given with tolerable accuracy, though we meet with *cruces* like that in *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1, where Holofernes is represented as saying: “*Bome boon for boon prescian*, a little scratcht, 'twil serue.” This is in reply to Nathaniel’s “*Laus deo, bene intelligo*,” which Theobald conjectures to be misprinted for “*Laus deo, bone, intelligo*;” with the response: “*Bone! — bone for bene!* Priscian a little scratched; 'twill serve;” that is, Holofernes takes Nathaniel’s *bone* (which *he* means to be the vocative of the adjective) as a slip for *bene*, the adverb—which is natural enough, *bene intelligo* being a common phrase. Some editors, however, retain the *bene intelligo* in the preceding speech, and put the reply of Holofernes into French, thus: “*Bon, bon, fort bon, Priscian!*” etc. But the pedant does not elsewhere use French, and Latin would be more natural here.

French, Spanish, and Italian are almost invariably misprinted in the folio, sometimes ridiculously so. In the *Merry Wives*, for instance (i. 4), “*un boitier vert*” appears as “*unboyteene vert*;” and “*Ma foi, il fait fort chaud: je m'en vais a la cour — la grande affaire*” (Rowe’s emendation), as “*mai foy,*

il fait fort chando, Je man voi a le Court la Grand affaires ;" and "un garçon" (v. 5) as "oon garsoon." In *Henry V.* (iv. 5) "*O Seigneur ! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu !*" is perverted into "*O sigeur le iour et perdia, toute et perdie.*" The Italian *capocchia* of *Troilus and Cressida* (iv. 2) becomes *chipochia*; "*mercantante,*" in *The Taming of the Shrew* (iv. 2), "*marcantant ;*" and in *Love's Labour's Lost* (iv. 2) "*Venetia, Venetia, chi non ti vede non ti pretia*" (as it appears in Howell's *Letters* and in some modern editions, though others give it somewhat differently) is rendered "*vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche,*" which exactly follows the quarto of 1598, showing that neither the folio printer nor the editor or proof-reader made any attempt to correct the fearful distortion of the Venetian proverb in the earlier edition used as "copy." Whether the "*Fortuna delarguar*" of the same play (v. 2) is corrupt Spanish for *fortuna de la guerra*, or *del agua*, or *de la guarda*, the editors cannot decide; but it is probably the first, though it does not exactly suit the context.

It would take too much space to illustrate, even in this brief way, all the faults and defects of the folio, regarded solely from the printer's or proof-reader's point of view, but the facts already given are certainly enough to show that the book had no editing worthy of the name. Heming and Condell doubtless did the work as well as they could, but not as Shakespeare, if he had lived, would have done

it, or as Bacon, if the book had been his, would have done it.

The folio contains a dedicatory letter addressed thus: —

“To the Most Noble and Incomparable Paire of Brethren. VVilliam, Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the Kings most Excellent Maiesty. and Philip, Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Maiesties Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords.”

The dedication is followed by the preface of the player-editors, which is partly as follows: —

“It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liv'd to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected and publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers.”

Then follow commendatory poems by Ben Jonson, Leonard Digges, "I. M." (probably James Mabbe, a fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, described by Anthony Wood as "a learned man, good author, and a facetious conceited wit"), and Hugh Holland (a Welshman, fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and author of some poor verse).

Next comes "The Names of the principal Actors in all these Plays," twenty-six in number, headed by "William Shakespeare" and "Richard Burbridge." The editors, "John Hemmings" and "Henry Condell," are also included in the list.

The second folio (1632) was a reprint of the first, with few changes for the better except (as Prof. C. Alphonso Smith, of the Louisiana State University, has shown in the Leipsic *Englische Studien* for Dec. 1901) in *syntactical* corrections, the majority of which "are to be found in the concord of subject and predicate, and especially in the change of a singular predicate into the plural."

The commendatory poems of the first folio are reprinted, with three additional poems. The first, which is anonymous, reads thus:—

"Upon the effigies of my worthy friend, the author, Master William Shakespeare and his works.

Spectator, this Life's Shaddow is; To see
The truer image and a livelier be
Turne Reader. But, observe his Comicke vaine,
Laugh, and proceed next to a Tragick straine,

Then weep; So when thou find'st two contraries,
Two different passions from thy rapt soule rise,
Say (who alone effect such wonders could)
Rare *Shake-speare* to the life thou dost behold."

The second is Milton's well-known "Epitaph on the admirable dramatic poet, W. Shakespeare." The third is a much longer piece (77 lines), of great merit, "On worthy Master Shakespeare and his poems," signed "The friendly admirer of his endowments, I. M. S." who has not been positively identified. No poet or other person of that time whose initials were I. M. S. is known who could have written the lines. They have been ascribed to Chapman, to "John Marston (Student)," to "Jasper Mayne (Student)," and "John Milton (Senior)," or "John Milton (Student)." It has also been suggested that the initials stand for, "In Memoriam Scriptoris."

The third folio, a reprint of the second with few variations of any value or interest, was first published in 1663. It was re-issued the next year with this statement on the title-page: "Unto this impression is added seven Playes never before printed in folio, viz.: *Pericles, Prince of Tyre.* *The London Prodigall.* *The History of Thomas Ld. Cromwell.* *Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.* *The Puritan Widow.* *A Yorkshire Tragedy.* *The Tragedy of Locrine.*" *Pericles* (see page 454 above) is the only one of these plays in which Shakespeare could have had any hand.

The fourth folio (1685) was a reprint of that of 1664 (including the seven plays just mentioned), with the spelling somewhat modernized but no other change.

MODERN EDITIONS. — After the publication of the fourth folio in 1685 no collected edition of Shakespeare's works appeared until 1709, when Nicholas Rowe's, in six octavo volumes, was brought out. It followed the text of the fourth folio, the plays being arranged in the same order. The poems were not included. A second edition was issued in 1714, in eight volumes, and a ninth volume containing the poems was added. Rowe made some corrections of the text, and modernized the spelling and punctuation, besides prefixing a list of *dramatis personæ* to each play. His *Life of Shakespeare*, which appeared in this edition, has been described above (page 8).

Among other complete editions that are of any critical value, the following may be named: A. Pope's (6 vols., 1723-25; other eds. in 1728, 1735, and 1768); Louis Theobald's (7 vols., 1733; other eds. in 1740, 1752, etc.); Sir Thomas Hanmer's (6 vols., 1744); Bishop Warburton's (8 vols., 1747); Dr. Samuel Johnson's (8 vols., 1765); Edward Capell's (10 vols., 1768); George Steevens's revision of Johnson's ed. (10 vols., 1773; 2d ed. 1778); Isaac Reed's revision of the preceding (10 vols., 1785); Edmund Malone's (10 vols., 1790); Steevens's with Boydell's illustrations (9 vols., 1802; in

parts, 1791–1802); Reed's (first ed. with his name, 21 vols., 1803; 2d ed. 1813); Alexander Chalmers's 10 vols., 1805); the *Variorum of 1821*, edited by James Boswell from a corrected copy left by Malone (21 vols.); S. W. Singer's (10 vols., 1826); Charles Knight's Pictorial ed. (8 vols., 1838–43); J. P. Collier's (8 vols., 1842–44; 2d ed. 6 vols., 1858); G. C. Verplanck's (3 vols., 1844–47); H. N. Hudson's (11 vols., 1851–56); J. O. Halliwell's, afterward Halliwell-Phillipps's (16 vols. folio, 1853–65; only 150 copies printed); Singer's 2d ed. (10 vols., 1856); R. Grant White's (12 vols., 1857–66); Alexander Dyce's (6 vols., 1857; 2d ed. 9 vols., 1864–67; 3d ed. 9 vols., 1875); Howard Staunton's (3 vols., 1858–60); the Cambridge ed., by W. G. Clark and W. Aldis Wright (9 vols., 1863–66; 2d ed., by W. A. Wright, 1891–93); Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke's ed. (3 vols., 1863–66); W. J. Rolfe's (40 vols., 1870–83; Friendly ed. 20 vols., 1884); Horace Howard Furness's *New Variorum* ed. (13 vols. issued, 1871–1901); Clarke and Wright's Globe ed. (the standard for line-numbers, 1874); H. N. Hudson's Harvard ed. (20 vols., 1880–81); R. G. White's Riverside ed. (6 vols., 1883); the Henry Irving ed., by Sir Henry Irving and F. A. Marshall (8 vols., 1888–90); the Bankside ed., by Appleton Morgan *et al.* (20 vols., including the twenty plays of which early quartos exist, 1888–92); the Temple ed., by Israel Gollancz (40 vols., 1894–96; reprinted later in 12 vols.); the Leopold

ed. (1 vol., 1877, with Delius's text, and a biographical and critical introduction by F. J. Furnivall); W. J. Craig's Oxford ed. (1 vol., 1894); C. H. Herford's Eversley ed. (10 vols., 1899).

Editions of single plays and series of plays (mostly for educational use) are too numerous to be catalogued here. The Clarendon Press and Rugby series, and Charles Wordsworth's *Shakespeare's Historical Plays* (3 vols., 1883), are noteworthy among those which have some critical value. *Shakespeare's Comedies*, illustrated by E. A. Abbey (4 vols., 1896), deserves special commendation.

The POEMS and SONNETS are included in most of the recent standard editions. The first complete edition of both was issued in 1709 (see page 221 above). An incomplete edition appeared in 1640 (page 221). The SONNETS were first collected in 1609 (page 328). The best modern edition is Edward Dowden's larger ed. (1881). Another important one is Thomas Tyler's (1890). G. Wyndham's *Poems of Shakespeare* (1898) is also valuable.

The first complete American edition of the works (with life, glossary, and notes by Dr. Johnson) was published in 8 vols. in 1795-96, at Philadelphia. The first Boston edition (including only the plays) was in 8 vols., 1802-04. Three editions of this appeared, each reset, stereotyping being then unknown. An edition in 17 vols. was published at Philadelphia in 1809, and one in 7 vols. (edited by O. W. B. Peabody, though his name does not appear

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in it) in Boston in 1836 (reprints of Reed's text had been issued in 1813 and 1814). An edition of the plays in 10 vols. (Reed's text) appeared in New York in 1821, and again in 1824. The first American edition of the **SPURIOUS AND DOUBTFUL PLAYS** was published at New York, in 1848.

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